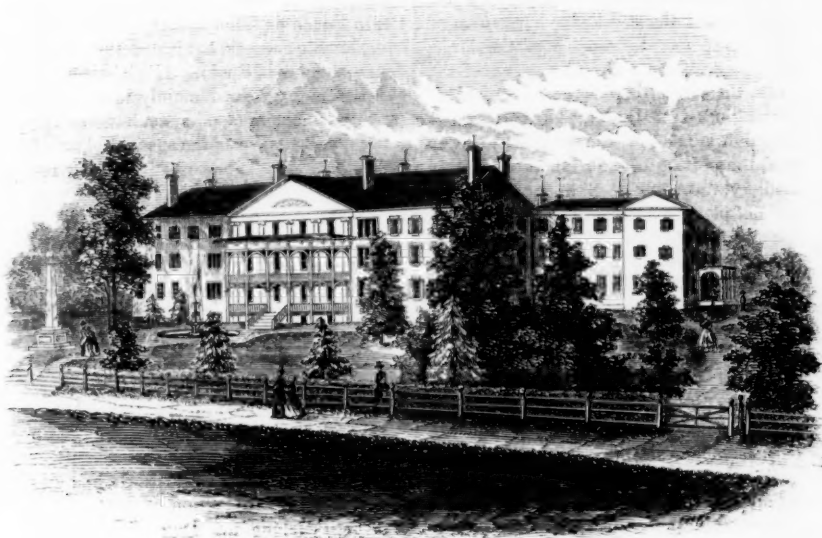


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NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1856.



AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB, HARTFORD.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

II.—DEAF MUTES.

FEW persons who have not devoted special thought to the subject have any adequate idea of the extent to which congenital deafness, or the loss of the sense of hearing occurring in infancy, affects the whole intellectual and moral condition of the deaf mute.

So large a portion of our ideas, often unconsciously to ourselves, are acquired through the medium of the ear, that those who are cut off from this mode of attaining knowledge cannot readily, and certainly not if uninstructed, make good their

loss by the greater activity of the other senses.

To the deaf mute a profound silence reigns over the earth unbroken by the slightest sound, a silence like that which might have been felt by Noah as he stood forth upon Ararat after the subsidence of the flood. Nature, even in her most somber mood, is never silent; in the sultry noon of summer, or the midnight of autumn, there are still myriads of voices whose blended sounds constitute the melody of nature; the droning hum of the bee, the manifold symphonies of the insect world, the hoarse wooing of the frog, the lowing of kine, and in the city the thou-

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sand additional sounds which, even in the stillest moments, proclaim the presence of human and animal life; all these, to us though unnoticed perhaps in detail, yet convey an impression of society, of companionship, which does much to prevent the gloom which perfect silence would occasion. Of all these the deaf mute is unconscious; and while the deprivation of these familiar sounds would be to us a source of regret, our sympathy for his misfortune is heightened when we remember that those grander harmonies of nature, the sweet melodies of the birds, nature's orchestra, the whispering of the pines, the ripple of the brooklet, the glad gushing of the waterfall, the deep bass of the mighty cataract, the roar of the ocean surf, the pealing of the thunder, Heaven's artillery, these, which all excite in us emotions of pleasure, of awe, and of reverence, are forever shut out from the conception of the deaf, and the sensations which they excite in us must either remain undeveloped in his mind or be excited by other causes.

But it is chiefly in relation to the abstract idea of God, of heaven, of a future state, and of human salvation, that the deprivation of the sense of hearing calls for our deepest sympathy. Vague and imperfect indeed are the views which the untaught deaf mute entertains of the Supreme Being. The thousand evidences of his goodness and love which the Christian mother points out to her child, are lost upon him; earnestly as she may seek to convey ideas to his mind, they are but imperfectly understood. Other methods and more thorough instructions are required to convey to the mind thus shut out from earthly objects, these great truths.

Thoughtful men for more than a thousand years had commiserated their condition and sought to unstop their deaf ears, and pour into their benighted minds the light of life; yet, though occasional cases of improvement aroused hope, and skillfully concocted theories of instruction drew the attention of the public to them, no deliverer had arisen who could utter the "Ephphatha" which should remove the barriers of ignorance, and raise to manhood and intelligence this class so long neglected.

But time rolled on, and the deliverers came. The thoughts, the suggestions, the plans already formed were tried, a part rejected, the rest adopted and improved. Let us briefly state what had been accom-

plished prior to the eighteenth century. The Venerable Bede, in his History of the English Church, records, as a miracle, that about the year 690, John, Bishop of Hagulstad, taught a deaf mute to speak, and to repeat after him words and sentences. The good bishop's example seems not to have been followed for the next eight hundred or nine hundred years, for history records no subsequent case of the instruction of deaf mutes till about the middle of the sixteenth century, when Pedro Ponce de Leon undertook, and with considerable success, the instruction of the deaf and dumb in Spain. His labors seem to have been confined mainly to their instruction in reading and articulation. He relates, as instances of the successful result of his teaching, that one of his pupils received the orders of priesthood, and performed his duties in his parish acceptably, and that another became a military officer, and distinguished himself in martial exercises.

In Italy, about the same period, Jerome Cardan, a philosopher of some distinction, sketched the principles of deafmute instruction, but never reduced them to practice.

The first published treatise on the subject of deaf-mute instruction appeared in Spain in 1620. It was written by Juan Paulo Bonet, a Benedictine monk, and was entitled, "The Reduction of Letters and Art of Teaching the Dumb to Speak." To him, it is supposed, we are indebted for the manual alphabet, which is so generally used throughout Christendom. In 1644, and again in 1648, an English writer by the name of John Bulwer, published treatises on the instruction of deaf mutes, and suggested for the first time the use of pantomimic signs, as a means of teaching them language.

The first practical teacher of the deaf and dumb in England was Dr. John Wallis, Mathematical Professor at Oxford. His plan of instruction embraced a moderate use of the sign language. The number of pupils under his care was never large, but he seems to have continued to instruct deaf mutes for nearly half a century, for in 1653 he mentions having already instructed two, and in 1698 he gives an outline of the plan he was then practicing.

In 1680 George Dalgarno, a Scotchman by birth, but at that time master of a private grammar-school at Oxford, published a work, entitled "Didascalocophus; or, the

Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor," in which he expresses a preference for a written language and a manual alphabet over the attempts at articulation and reading on the lip. To him we are indebted for the two-handed alphabet, now commonly used in Great Britain.

In 1670 Father Lana Terzi, a Jesuit of Breseia, Italy, attempted, with what success is not known, to teach language to the deaf and dumb. In 1691 John Conrad Amman, a Swiss physician in Leyden, published a work on the subject of their instruction, to which subsequent teachers have been much indebted. These are all the known instances of the instruction of deaf mutes prior to the eighteenth century, and at the commencement of that century it is believed that not one of the schools named was in existence.

Passing over the experiments of Kerger, Raphel, and others, in Germany, who, in the early part of the eighteenth century, made some attempts at teaching deaf mutes, we come to the period when Samuel Heinicke, one of the founders of the system of deaf mute instruction, commenced his labors.

To him, more than to any other man, is due the establishment and extension of that plan of instruction which aims to enable the deaf and dumb to speak and to read from the lip the words of others.

Few men have been more justly esteemed, admired, and loved than Heinicke. He was born in 1729, and his early years were passed in the quiet but thoughtful labors of the farm. He then entered upon military life, but with a mind thirsting for improvement, and after seven years' service as one of the body-guard of the Elector of Saxony, he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Jena. In 1759 he was engaged as a teacher at Hamburgh, and Eppendorff, a village adjacent. Here, in the language of his biographer, "he consecrated himself to God and humanity by enlightening the ignorant, comforting the forsaken, drying the tears of those who wept, and ministering aid to all who were in distress." As early as 1754 he had become interested in the instruction of a deaf and dumb child at Dresden, and this interest increased as he met with others in the same situation, till in 1772 he could no longer refrain from devoting himself to their instruction, and accordingly removed to Leipsic with nine pupils, on the invita-

tion of the Elector of Saxony, who founded and supported the institution organized by him in May, 1772. This was the first institution for deaf mutes ever established or supported by civil government. It is still maintained with a full tide of prosperity.

In France, the efforts of Vanin in Paris, and Rousset in Nismes, had demonstrated that deaf mutes could be instructed, and in 1749, a Spaniard, of Jewish descent, named Pereira, who had been engaged since 1743 in teaching the deaf and dumb, exhibited the results of his labors before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and satisfied them that this unfortunate class could be taught to speak and to understand. His teaching, like that of Wallis in England, and Heinicke in Germany, was directed to the cultivation of articulation and to instruction in reading from the lip.

But the time had come when a new system of teaching was to be introduced, one dimly conceived, indeed, by some of those who had attempted the instruction of deaf mutes, but never developed, and, as has been the case in all great moral movements, Providence had raised up and educated the man for the occasion. Charles Michael, Abbé De l'Épée, born at Versailles in 1712, had been educated for the clerical profession, but the liberality of his views, and the large-hearted character of the man, had rendered him obnoxious to the Archbishop of Paris, and as he was looking forward to some secular pursuit, a little incident directed his attention to the class to whose improvement he subsequently devoted himself with the most untiring philanthropy and zeal.

Visiting a family one day, he observed two young females very intently engaged upon their needlework. He addressed them repeatedly, but they neither replied nor lifted their eyes from their work. While he was wondering at this apparent rudeness, their mother entered the room, and explained that they were deaf and dumb; that they had received until recently from Father Farnin, a member of the Society of Christian Brothers, a little instruction by means of pictures, but that he was now dead, and she feared they were doomed to hopeless ignorance.

The heart of the good abbé was touched. "Believing," he would say in after years, "that these two unfortunates would live and die in ignorance of religion, if I made no effort to instruct them, my heart



ABBE DE L'ÉPÉE.

was filled with compassion, and I promised that, if they were committed to my charge, I would do all for them that I was able."

The Abbé De l'Épée had, at the age of sixteen, been taught by his tutor, a principle which now became the basis of his process of instruction; namely, "that there is no more natural and necessary connection between abstract ideas, and the articulate sounds which strike the ear, than there is between the same ideas and the written characters that address themselves to the eye." He was fully convinced that written language might be made the medium of thought to the deaf and dumb, and he only sought the means of teaching them to understand this language, of interpreting to their ignorant minds the thoughts that lay hid in these written and printed words. In their natural language of signs he saw the instrument of effecting his object; and familiarizing himself with them, he enlarged, corrected, and systematized this language until the vivid narrative, the searching question, or the logical argument, could be conveyed by this process with even more force than in words.

De l'Épée was a philanthropist in the highest sense of the term. From 1755 till his death in 1789, he devoted himself and all the means at his command, to the edu-

cation of the *indigent* deaf and dumb; he refused pecuniary aid, and would not receive the children of the rich as his pupils. "It is to the poor only," he would say, "that I have devoted myself."

Numerous were the privations which he voluntarily incurred in food, clothing, and fuel, that he might provide liberally for his little flock.

Even the year before his death, when laboring under the weight of seventy-seven years of toil, he denied himself fuel through the long winter, that he might have the more to expend for his children, as he called them; and when at last the importance of his pupils compelled him to provide it, he mourned over the money expended far more sorrowfully than he would ever have done over any personal privation or injury.

Loving and childlike in his character and habits, De l'Épée was admirably adapted to win the affection of these simple-hearted children of nature, and often was their love for him manifested in the most striking manner. It is related that on one occasion, in a familiar conversational lecture, he alluded to his own death as probably not far distant. This, to his pupils, was a new and distressing thought: they had never contemplated the possibility of his





ABBE SICARD.

decease, and the sudden cry of anguish which burst from every lip, told how fearful a shock had been given to their hearts, even by the idea. Gathering around him, with sobs and cries they laid hold of his garments, as if to detain him on earth. Overwhelmed at this evidence of their attachment, the venerable man, himself weeping with excess of emotion, spoke to them of the future beyond the grave, and of the blissful reunion of the good there, and eventually succeeded in calming the turbulence of their grief, and leading them to the source of all consolation.

France, amid all her gayety, frivolity, and recklessness, has ever cherished the memory of this great and good man; she has reared at Versailles, his native city, a beautiful monument to his memory, a statue, on the pedestal of which are appropriate inscriptions and designs in commemoration of the noble work he accomplished for God and humanity.

In the autumn of last year, (1855,) the centennial anniversary of the organization of a school for deaf mutes by De L'Epée, was held at Paris, and most of the Eu-

ropean Institutions for the deaf and dumb were represented.

On the death of De l'Epée in 1789, the Abbé Sicard, a pupil of his, and at that time at the head of an institution for deaf mutes at Bordeaux, was called to fill his place. Possessing a vigorous and fertile imagination, and extraordinary skill in the language of pantomime, in which the French are greater proficient than any other nation in the world, he greatly extended the compass of the sign language, and rendered it capable of conveying abstract ideas to an extent previously deemed impossible.

The earlier years of his career were, however, rife with danger and suffering. In 1792, during the reign of terror, he was arrested as a royalist, in the midst of his pupils, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. In 1795 he was appointed professor of grammar in the Normal school, and soon after made a member of the Institute; but falling under the displeasure of the directory, he was sentenced to exile, from which he saved himself by concealment; but it was not till after the fall of the Directory that he was enabled to resume his

duties as principal of the school for deaf mutes.

In consequence of his adherence to the Bourbon dynasty, Sicard was no favorite with Napoleon, and, though tolerated, was never encouraged by him; and his secret correspondence with the Count de Provence (afterward Louis XVIII.) being discovered, he came near being involved in difficulties with the imperial government. After the restoration of the Bourbons, numerous honors were conferred on him by Louis XVIII. and the Emperor of Russia. Among his pupils two have arrived at very considerable distinction, Jean Massieu and Laurent Clerc. Though both deaf from birth, they possessed high intellectual capacity, and have both been of great service to the cause of deaf-mute instruction. The Abbé Sicard has given a very full account of the process pursued in the education of Massieu in a charming work, entitled "*Cours d'Instruction d'un Sourd-muet de Naissance.*"

Sicard died in 1822, and after his decease, Massieu returned to his native city, Bordeaux, from whence he subsequently removed to Lille, in the north of France, where he remained as principal of a deaf and dumb institution, till his death in 1846. Clerc had come to this country with Mr. Gallaudet previous to the death of the Abbé Sicard.

A system of instruction so beneficent, and producing results so surprising in a class hitherto generally supposed incapable of much improvement, could not be confined to the country in which it was at first developed, and accordingly we find that the Abbé Sylvestri, a pupil of De l'Épée, had established a school for deaf mutes in Rome in 1784; and Alea, another of his pupils, had organized one at Madrid in 1798.

In 1801, Assarrotti, an Italian, established a school at Genoa, following the system of the Abbé Sicard, though with considerable modifications of his own.

In Scotland, Thomas Braidwood established a school for deaf mutes at Edinburgh, in 1760. He adopted the plan of teaching articulation and reading on the lip, in preference to the sign language; and while he was quite successful as a teacher of deaf mutes, it is little to his credit that, for nearly sixty years, his plan of instruction was retained as an art and mystery in his own family, and communi-

cated to no one out of it, except at an enormous price, and then only on their giving bonds not to communicate it to others. Such exclusiveness in regard to matters affecting the temporal, intellectual, or moral welfare of the human family, is fit only for the charlatan, who conceals his ignorance, and dupes his employers by high-sounding words, and a pretense of knowledge which he never possessed. The school at Edinburgh was given up in 1783, when Braidwood removed to Hackney, near London, where he died in 1806. His widow, assisted by her grandchildren, continued the school till 1816. Of the grandsons, Thomas, the elder, after teaching for a time at Hackney, removed to Edgbaston, near Birmingham, where he established a school for deaf mutes; John taught at Edinburgh for one or two years, and then removed to America.

The Braidwood family and their immediate relatives and pupils, monopolized the business of deaf-mute instruction up to about 1820. The London Institution, founded in 1792, by the philanthropic exertions of Rev. John Townsend, a dissenting minister of that city, was under the superintendence of Dr. Watson, a near relative of the Braidwoods. The Edinburgh Institution was first under the care of John Braidwood, and afterward of Rev. R. Kinniburgh, a pupil of the family, and under bonds not to communicate their processes; the General Institution, near Birmingham, though originated by the zeal of Dr. De Lys, was superintended by Thomas Braidwood; in 1806, Dr. Orpen, a noble-hearted Dublin physician, having raised sufficient funds to establish an asylum for deaf mutes in that city, found it impossible to obtain an experienced teacher, because the Braidwood family had no one to furnish. His school was finally opened by two young men without previous experience, but who succeeded very well. After teaching for two years, one of them was allowed, on the payment of seven hundred and fifty dollars, to receive three months' instruction from Rev. Mr. Kinniburgh! The visit of the Abbé Sicard to England, in 1815, and the course pursued in regard to Mr. Gallaudet, to which we shall advert more particularly by and by, as well as the comparative results of the two systems of teaching, all tended to overthrow this exclusive system, and to demonstrate to the nations the great truth,



GALLAUDET.

that in the intellectual as in the moral world, the day of patents and monopolies was past.

Before proceeding to speak of the institutions for the instruction of deaf mutes in this country, let us state briefly what were the results attained up to 1815, (the period of Mr. Gallaudet's visit to England.)

1. The ability of the deaf mute to acquire an education, once denied, was generally conceded.

2. On the continent, and to some extent in Great Britain, either by private charity or by governmental assistance, education was offered to all classes of the deaf and dumb, the poor as well as the rich.

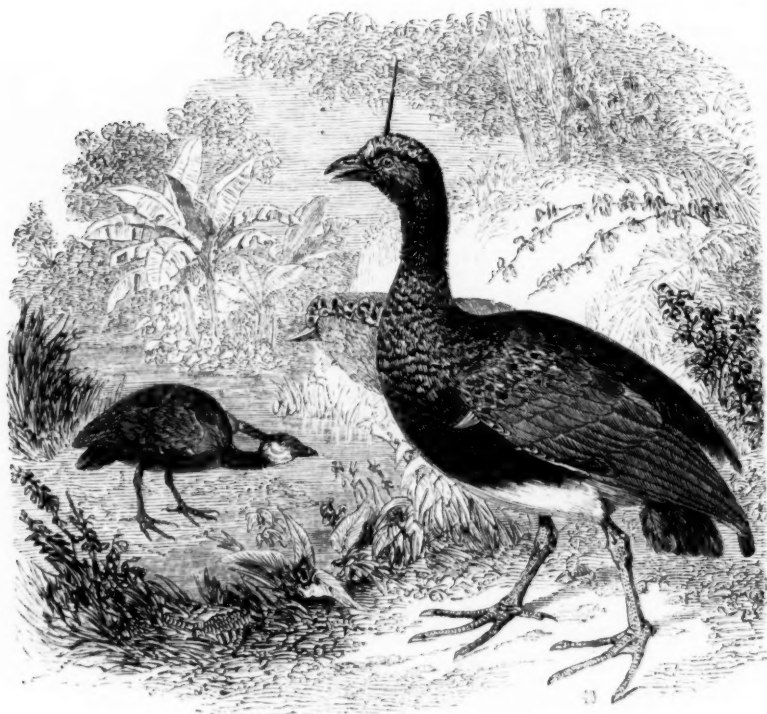
3. This instruction had become a permanent system, in which the schools were maintained, endowed, and continued from one generation to another.

4. Two modes of instruction had been adopted in different countries; namely,

that of Amman Heinicke and Braidwood, by articulation, and that of De l'Épée and Sicard, by the sign language; and experience had even then demonstrated, that though articulation was useful to those who lost their hearing after some years' enjoyment of that faculty, yet with the great body of deaf mutes, the sign language was much to be preferred, as giving a greater range of thought, and enabling the pupil to make more rapid progress.

Long, indeed, had been the intellectual night through which the deaf mute had passed, but day had at last dawned, and light and hope illumined his future.\*

\* The writer would acknowledge his great obligations, in the preparation of this article, to a paper published some years since by Hon. Henry Barnard, entitled "Deaf Mute Instruction and Institutions," and also to the able historical articles of Professor Porter, of the American Asylum, in the American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb.



## BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

## CHAPTER FIFTH CONTINUED.

## WADING AND SWIMMING BIRDS.

MANY of the varieties of the large ornithological family of *Grallatores* we must pass over with but a brief mention of their names. There is the hollow-sounding *Bittern*, with its notes like those of a bull-frog; the *Plover*, of several varieties; the *Sand-piper*, which is said to possess the power of removing its eggs from one nest to another when frightened by the approach of an enemy; the *Oyster-catcher*, whose name denotes his favorite food; together with those universal favorites of the epicure, the *Snipe* and the *Woodcock*.

The *Corn-crake*, or *Land Rail*, also belongs to this family; a cunning creature, of which it is said that it will put on the semblance of death when exposed to danger. We are told, on the authority of an English naturalist, that a gentleman had a

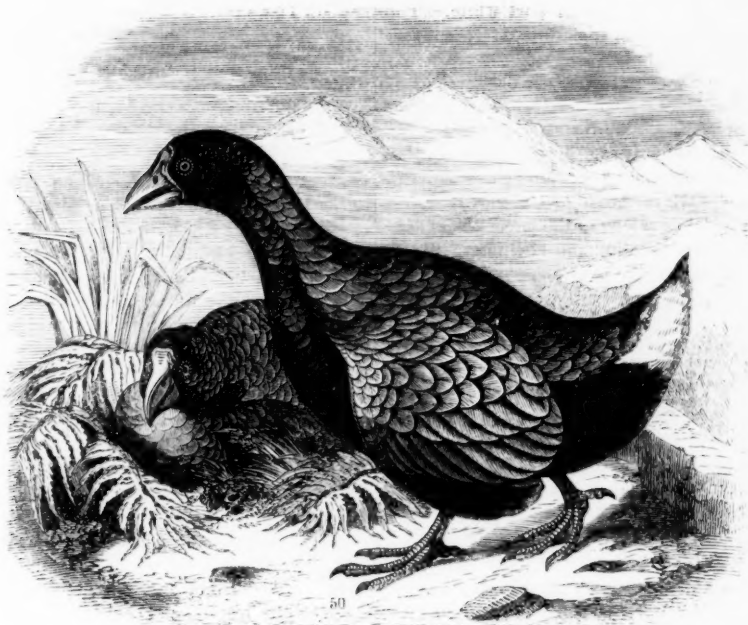
corn-crake brought to him by his dog, to all appearance quite dead. As it lay on the ground he turned it over with his foot, and was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up; its head fell, its legs hung loose, and it appeared again quite dead. He then put it into his pocket, and before long he felt it all alive, and struggling to escape. He then took it out; it was as lifeless as before. Having laid it again upon the ground, and retired to some distance, the bird in about five minutes warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed.

The *Horned Screamer*, (No. 49.) in the delineation of which our artist has exceeded himself, is a beautiful South American bird, larger than a common

goose, having a long spear-shaped horn projecting from the forehead. It lives in marshy or inundated places, which it makes to resound with its wild and loud cry.

It does not enter the great woods, perching only momentarily on dead branches. It sends forth shrill and piercing cries, which may be heard at a considerable distance; whence its English name. Bajou states that its food consists only of aquatic plants and seeds; though others, before him, have averred that it also fed on reptiles. It never attacks other birds,

and the only use it makes of its arms is when the males dispute for the possession of the females. Once paired, however, the two quit each other no more; and when one dies, the other soon pines away with grief. The screamers construct their nests in the form of an oven, at the foot of a tree, according to Pison, but Bajou tells us that he has found them in bushes some distance from the ground, and often in reeds. The female in general lays but two eggs, of the size of those of a goose, and there is but one brood, in the month of January or February, except when the eggs are



destroyed by any accident, and then a second takes place in April or May. As soon as the young are in a fit state to fly, they follow the mother, who gradually accustoms them to seek subsistence alone, after which they quit her. The flesh of the young, though black, is good eating; but that of the old is hard, and less agreeable to the taste.

The *Notornis* is a curious bird, found only in Australia. The one represented by Mr. Gould, from whose splendid work other naturalists copy, and from which our engraving (No. 50) is taken, was captured near the Isle of Resolution, by

the seal-fishers. Having, noticed the marks made by the bird on the snow, they followed it to the place whither it withdrew, when it took flight, running rapidly before the dogs, which followed it, and at last captured it. It uttered piercing cries and struggled for a long time. It was kept alive for four days; its body was roasted and eaten by the sailors, who found its flesh of an agreeable flavor.

The *Notornis* approaches the rails in the form of its beak and the general color of its plumage, and is unlike them in the weakness of its wings; its primary feathers are very short. It cannot fly, but it

runs with great speed. It probably has the power of swimming; the thickness of its plumage leads to the belief that it has a preference for damp spots. The head, neck, breast, and upper part of the belly and sides are of a beautiful purple-blue; the back, rump, and upper part of the tail are of a deep green olive, tipped with copper-green; a beautiful blue stripe separates the purple-blue of the neck from the green of the back; the lower part of the belly and the thighs are of a dull bluish black; the wings are of a beautiful deep blue; the long feathers are tipped with green, forming a crescent where the wing is extended. The tail is deep green; its under part white. The beak, talons, and iris are of a brilliant red. The height is two feet.

Here we must close our descriptions of the Wading family. Our next chapter will introduce the *Natatores*, or swimming birds, properly so designated. In the meantime, and in recalling the wonderful handiwork of the great Creator, as it has passed in review, in the preceding chapters, how beautiful and how instructive is the strain of the poet:

"Ye birds that fly through the fields of air,  
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear;  
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise;  
Ye would bid us all groveling scenes despise;  
Ye would tell us that all pursuits are vain,  
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain—  
That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven;  
Ye would teach us to fix our aim in heaven.

Beautiful birds of lightsome wing,  
Bright creatures that come with the voice of  
spring;

We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,  
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of  
scorn!

Though rainbow-splendor around you glows,  
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows;  
O! what a lesson for glory are ye,  
How ye preach the grace of humility!

Swift birds that skim o'er the stormy deep,  
Who steadily onward your journey keep,  
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,  
But press still forward, by night or day—  
As in your unvarying course ye fly  
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky;  
O! may we, without delay, like you,  
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,  
And surround Heaven's gate in melodious  
throng,

Who rise with the earliest beams of day,  
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay;  
You remind us that we should likewise raise  
The voice of devotion and song of praise;  
There's something about you that points on high,  
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!"

#### CHAPTER SIXTH.

THAT large class of the feathered creation, known as the *NATATORES*, or *Swimming Birds*, now claims attention. They are distinctly marked, being all web-footed, and are equally at home on the land and in the water.

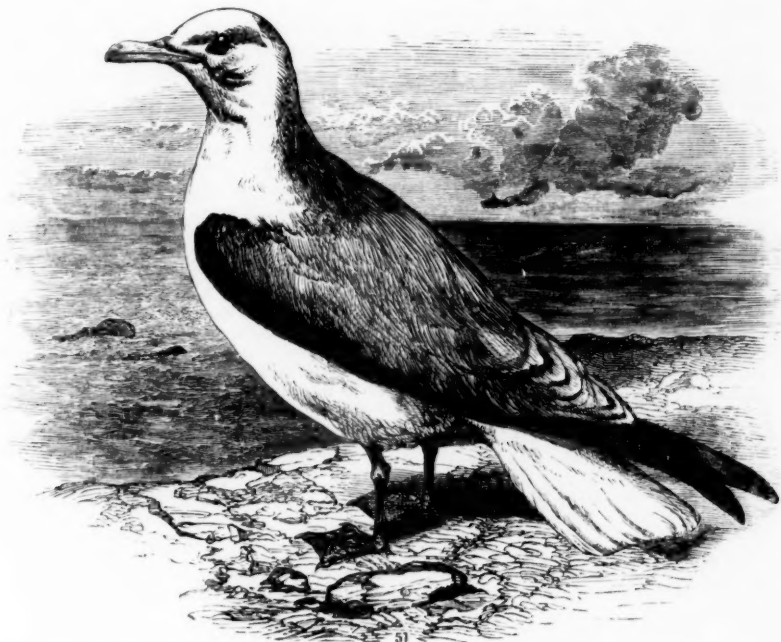
The first place in this class belongs to the family of the *Gulls*, of which there are many varieties, some of which are found in all parts of the world. It is of the *Common Gull* (figure 51) that the poet sings, descriptively:

"On nimble wing, the gull  
Sweeps booming by, intent to cull,  
Voracious, from the billow's breast,  
Mark'd far away, his destined feast:  
Behold him now, deep plunging, dip  
His sunny pinion's sable tip  
In the green wave; now lightly skim  
With wheeling flight the water's brim,  
Wave in blue sky his silver sail  
Aloft, and frolic with the gale,  
Or sink again his breast to lave,  
And float upon the foaming wave:  
Oft o'er his form your eyes may roam,  
Nor know him from the feathery foam,  
Nor 'mid the rolling waves, your ear,  
On yelling blast, his clamor hear."

The largest and most remarkable of the gull family is the *Skua*, an inhabitant of the Arctic regions of Europe, Asia, and America. It is a bird of remarkable boldness. In the breeding season it is, indeed, ferocious. It is said by Selby that it will, at that time, attack even man, without hesitation, should he happen to approach the site of its nest; and so impetuous is its attack, that the natives of the Shetland Isles are compelled, on such occasions, to defend themselves by holding up a knife or sharp stick, on which the assailant has been frequently known to transfix and kill itself, while making pounces on the head of the intruder. Dogs, foxes, and other animals are instantly attacked, and so severely dealt with by the wings and beak of the strong, pugnacious skua, as to be soon driven to a hasty retreat, and no bird is permitted to approach with impunity; the eagle itself being beaten off with the utmost fury, should it happen to venture within the limits of the breeding territory.

In some places where these birds abound, they become the guardians of the young lambs, which the people consider perfectly safe in summer; and as a return for this protection, they are never molested, being held in no less esteem than the stork in





Holland, or the ibis in Egypt. Other gulls are, however, exposed to the attacks of these robbers, probably because, being the most diligent pursuers of fish, they are sure to find from their exertions a never-failing supply.

The nest of the skua consists of dried weeds. There are two eggs of a dark olive-green, blotched with brown. The head is of a deep brown; the neck and the under plumage brownish-gray, marbled or tinged with reddish-brown. The bill and legs are black.

The duties of incubation being over, the skua retires from the open sea, and passes a solitary life during the winter, far from land.

The largest variety of the gull family is the *Wandering Albatross*, which has been known to measure seventeen feet and a half from wing to wing. It may frequently be seen in the stormy solitudes of the Southern Ocean, accompanying ships for whole days without ever resting on the waves.

"How oft, thou wanderer of the stormy deep,  
Is the poor sea-boy waken'd from his dream  
Of home and home's delights; when half asleep,  
High in the shrouds, he hears *thy* startling  
scream.

"Safe in the storm, unhurt by wave or wind,  
Or through the fearful tempest dost thou soar,  
The fleetest vessels leaving far behind,  
Uncheck'd amid the elemental roar.

"Alas! how sure the hand that guides thy wing,  
How safe the rudder, instinct, shapes thy  
course;

Ah! how unlike things made by hands of  
clay—  
Thy piercing eyes, thy pinions' matchless  
force."

Cassell says,

"The albatross has been called by the Dutch, the Cape sheep, on account of its extreme corpulence. The beak of the bird is very powerful, but it seldom acts except on the defensive. It gets rid of the sea-gulls, who are constantly teasing it, in a singular manner, by descending rapidly through the air, and plunging the assailant into the water. The general color is a dull white, clouded with pale brown, the wings being black; the bill is yellow; the legs flesh-color. Its weight has been variously stated at from twelve to twenty-eight pounds.

"Small marine animals and the spawn of fishes form the chief food of this bird; but it also greedily devours all kinds of fishes when they can be obtained. So voracious is it that it may be taken with a hook and line, baited merely with a piece of sheep's skin.

"To the flying-fish these birds are peculiarly obnoxious; driven by the dolphin out of the water, to vibrate their finny wings in a short

flight through the air, they sweep upon them, and seize them with their powerful beak, the edges of which, in both mandibles, are sharp as a knife. Fish of many pounds in weight are securely grasped by this formidable instrument, and borne away with the utmost ease. Their voracity is equal to their powers, and they are capable of swallowing a very large fish at a bolt.

"A poor fellow who fell overboard from a man-of-war, off the island of St. Paul's, in the Southern Indian Ocean, was immediately perceived by two or three albatrosses; the boat was lowered with all speed, but nothing was found excepting his hat, pierced through and through with the violent stroke of their beaks, the first of which had, most probably, penetrated the skull and caused instant death.

"From the great weight of the birds they have much difficulty in raising themselves into the air, which they do by striking the surface of the water with their feet, but when once on the wing their flight is rapid. It is apparently performed with great ease, as they appear to do little more than sway themselves in the air, sometimes inclining to the left and at other times to the right, gliding with great rapidity over the surface of the sea. It is only in bad weather that their flight is at any great elevation. Their voice resembles the braying of an ass."

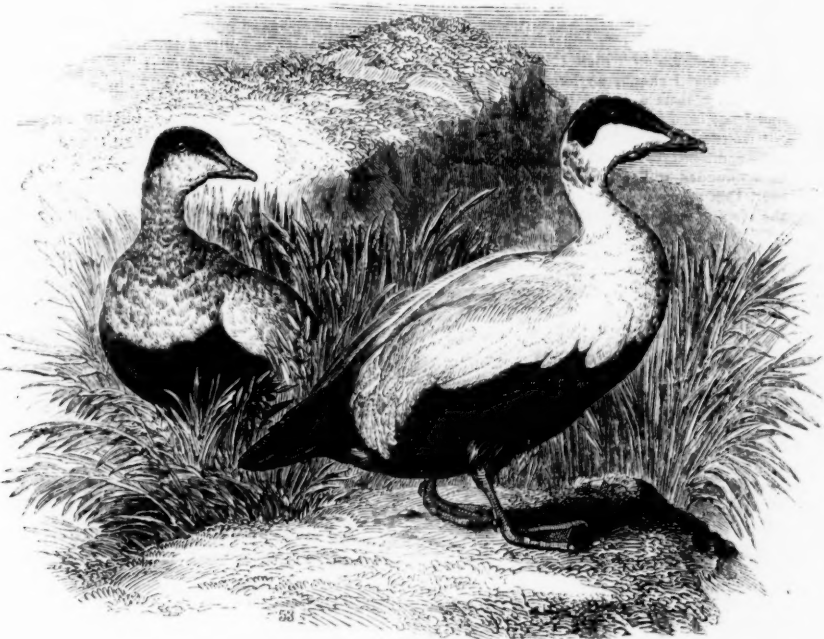
In every part of the wide ocean is to be seen the *Stormy Petrel*, or, as the

sailors call it, "Mother Carey's Chicken." On the approach of a storm, these birds fly in the wake of a ship, and their appearance is regarded as an omen of evil. But as well, says Wilson, might they curse the midnight light-house, that, star-like, guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it.

Barry Cornwall thus sweetly sings :

"A thousand miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the roaring sea;  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :  
The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds,  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,  
The mighty cables, and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—  
They strain and they crack, and hearts like  
stone  
Their natural hard proud strength disown.  
"Up and down! up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's  
crown,  
And amid the flashing and feathery foam  
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—





A home, if such a place may be,  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea—  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young, and teach them to spring  
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

"O'er the deep! o'er the deep!  
Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish  
sleep,  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,  
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard!  
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:  
Yet he ne'er falters: so, Petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!"

Of the *Swan* family we give a spirited illustration, being a pair of the black-necked variety, (No. 52,) natives of Chili, the River Plate, and other parts of South America. The originals from which our engraving is taken, were presented by the Earl of Derby to the Zoological Society of London, in the waters of whose garden they enjoy themselves almost as well as if in their native rivers.

There is a variety of the swan that is almost entirely black; and hence the old adage, which has come down to us from the ancient Romans,

*Cygnus simillima nigro,*

has lost its pertinence, it having been supposed that all swans were necessarily white. There is another variety, known as the *Hooper*, or Whistling Swan, which is a winter visitor to the British Isles: and yet another variety, known as *Bewick's Swan*, of which we have the following account from Mr. Blackwall:

"On the morning of the 10th of December, 1829, a flock of twenty-nine swans, mistaken by many persons who saw them for wild geese, was observed flying over the township of Crumpsall, at an elevation not exceeding fifty yards above the surface of the earth. They flew in a line, taking a northerly direction, and their loud calls, for they were very clamorous when on the wing, might be heard to a considerable distance. I afterward learned that they alighted on an extensive reservoir near Middleton, belonging to Messrs. Burton and Sons, calico-printers, where they were shot at, and an individual had one of its wings so severely injured that it was disabled from accompanying its companions in their retreat. A short time since, I had an opportunity of seeing this bird, which resembled the rest of the flock with which it had been associated, and found, as I had anticipated, that it was precisely similar to the small swan preserved in the Museum at Manchester, which, I should state, was purchased in the fish-market in that town about five or six years ago.

"Twenty-nine of these birds congregated together, without a single whistling swan among them, is a fact so decisive of the distinctness of the species, especially when taken in connection with those external characters and internal structure in which it differs from the hooper, that I should no longer have deferred to describe it as a new bird to ornithologists, had I not been anticipated by Mr. Yarrell.

"Of the habits and manners of this species, little could be ascertained from a brief inspection of a wounded individual; I may remark, however, that when on the water, it had somewhat the air and appearance of a goose, being almost wholly devoid of that grace and majesty by which the mute swan is so advantageously distinguished. It appeared to be a shy and timid bird, and could only be approached near by stratagem, when it intimated its apprehension by uttering its call. It carefully avoided the society of a mute swan which was on the same piece of water.

"On the 28th of February, 1830, at half past ten in the morning, seventy-three swans of the new species were observed flying over Crumpsall in a southeasterly direction, at a considerable elevation. They flew abreast, forming an extensive line, like those seen on the 10th of December, 1829; like them, too, they were mistaken for wild geese by most persons who saw them with whom I had an opportunity of conversing on the subject; but their superior dimensions, the whiteness of their plumage, their black feet, easily distinguished as they passed overhead, and their reiterated calls, which first directed my attention to them, were so strikingly characteristic, that skillful ornithologists could not be deceived with regard to the genus to which they belonged. That these birds were not hoopers may be safely inferred from their great inferiority in point of size.

"I was informed, that when the wild swans were shot at, near Middleton, on the 10th of December, 1829, one of them was so reluctant to abandon the bird which was wounded on that occasion, that it continued to fly about the spot for several hours after the rest of the flock had departed, and that, during the whole of this period, its mournful cry was heard almost incessantly. In consequence of the protracted disturbance caused by the persevering efforts of Messrs. Burton's workmen to secure its unfortunate companion, it was at last, however, compelled to withdraw, and was not seen again till the 23d of March, when a swan, supposed to be the same individual, made its appearance in the neighborhood, flew several times round the reservoir in lofty circles, and ultimately descended to the wounded bird, with which, after a cordial greeting, it immediately paired. The newly-arrived swan, which proved to be a male bird, soon became accustomed to the presence of strangers; and when I saw it on the 4th of April, was even more familiar than its captive mate. As these birds were strongly attached to each other, and seemed to be perfectly reconciled to their situation, which in many respects was an exceedingly favorable one, there was every reason to believe that a brood would be obtained from them. This expectation, however, was not destined to be realized. On the 13th of April, the male swan, alarmed by some

strange dogs which found their way to the reservoir, took flight and did not return; and on the 5th of September, in the same year, the female bird, whose injured wing had recovered its original vigor, quitted the scene of its misfortunes, and was seen no more."

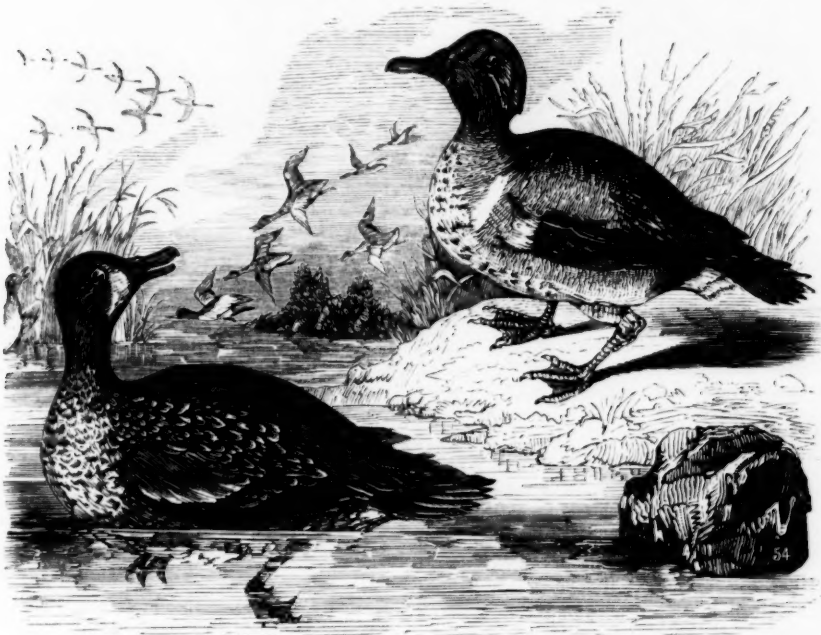
No. 53 is a very striking delineation of the *Eider Duck*, a native of the Arctic seas, chiefly prized for its soft and expansive down, which is sold, even in Lapland, for two rix-dollars a pound. Shaw says, two handfuls, squeezed together, are sufficient to fill a quilt five feet square. It is with this down, plucked from their own bodies, that they make their nests, which, in the temporary absence of the female, are robbed by those who make a living by this kind of theft.

The *Common Wild Duck*, or *Mallard*, is found in Europe, Asia, and America. They are naturally very shy birds. They fly at a considerable height, in large flocks, usually in the form of a triangle. Before alighting on any spot, they fly several times round it, as if to reconnoiter it, and then descend with great precaution. They generally keep at a distance from the shore when they swim; and when the greater part of them sleep upon the water, with their heads under their wings, some of the party are always awake to watch over the common safety, and to apprise the sleepers of approaching danger. The extreme wariness of these birds renders much patience and ingenuity necessary on the part of the fowler. They rise vertically from the water with loud cries; and in the nighttime their flight over head may be known by the hissing noise they make. They are more active by night than by day; indeed, those that have been seen by day have generally been roused by a sportsman, or by some bird of prey.

Singular modes of capturing wild ducks are practiced. In some ponds frequented by these birds, five or six wooden figures, cut and painted to represent ducks, and sunk by pieces of lead nailed to their bottoms, so as to float at the usual depth on the surface, are anchored in a favorable position for being raked from a concealment of brushwood, &c., on shore. The appearance of these decoys usually attracts passing flocks, which alight, and are soon shot down. Sometimes eight or ten of these painted ducks are fixed in a frame, in various swimming postures, and secured to the bow of the gunner's skiff, projecting before it in such a manner that the weight

of the frame sinks the figures to their proper depth; the skiff is then dressed with sedge, or coarse grass, in an artful manner, as low as the water's edge; and under cover of this, which appears like a covey of ducks swimming by a small island, the gunner floats down, sometimes to the very skirts of a congregated multitude, and speedily pours in a destructive and repeated fire of shot among them. In winter, when detached pieces of ice are occasionally floating in the river, some of the fowlers on the Delaware paint their whole skiff, or canoe, white, and laying

themselves flat at the bottom, with their hand over the side silently managing a small paddle, direct it imperceptibly into or near a flock, before the ducks have distinguished it from a floating mass of ice, and generally do great execution among them. A whole flock has sometimes been thus surprised asleep, with their heads under their wings. On land, another stratagem is sometimes practiced with great success: A large, tight hoghead is sunk in the flat marsh or mud, near the place where ducks are accustomed to feed at low water, and where, otherwise, there is



no shelter. The edges and top are artfully concealed with tufts of long coarse grass and reeds, or sedge. From within this the fowler, unseen and unsuspected, watches the collecting party, and, when a sufficient number offers, sweeps them down with great effect.

Among the methods resorted to in different countries for the capture of wild ducks, another is so remarkable as to require particular notice. On the River Ganges, in India, at Ceylon, and in China, a man wades into the water up to his chin, and, having his head covered with

an empty calabash, approaches the place where the ducks are, and they, not regarding an object so commonly seen upon the water, suffer the man to mingle freely among the flock, when he has nothing to do but to pull them under water by the legs, one by one, until he is satisfied, and then returns to the shore as unsuspected by the remainder as when he first came among them. For this purpose the earthen vessels used by the Gentoos, called kutcharee pots, which are thrown away as defiled after having been once used for cooking rice, are often employed instead





of calabashes; and some authors state that hollow wooden vessels, with holes to see through, are sometimes used for the same purpose.

Of the *Teal* we give two varieties. No. 54 is a pair of the Blue and White winged variety, and No. 55 is the *Chinese Teal*; or, as it is sometimes called, the *Mandarin Duck*. This latter is remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, and it is said never mates a second time. From a pair of these birds, in an aviary at Macao, the drake happened one night to be stolen. The duck was perfectly inconsolable, like Calypso after the departure of Ulysses. She retired into a corner, neglected her food and person, refused all society, and rejected with disdain the proffer of a second love. In a few days, the purloined duck was recovered and brought back. The mutual demonstrations of joy were excessive; and what is more singular, the true husband, as if informed by his partner of what had happened in his absence, pounced upon the would-be lover, tore out his eyes, and injured him so much that he soon after died of the wounds he received.

This variety is confined mainly to the sea-coasts and rivers of Asia. The former species (54) is distributed over a great part of Europe and America. They both belong to the family of ducks, of whom, in descriptive verse, the poet says:

"Now o'er our heads compact they fly:  
See, as we speak, careering high,  
A flock of wild ducks cloud the air  
In wedge-like shape triangular;  
And gray geese there, outstretch'd, combine  
Their troop in one unbroken line.  
Now in small bands dispersed, or each  
His prey pursuing o'er the beach,  
On their strong legs they wade; divide  
Deep down the gulfy food, and glide  
Afar unseen; or, rising, meet  
The breasting wave with wary feet;  
Their strokes alternately advance,  
And cleave secure the deep expanse."

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will: and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out means.—*Feltham's Resolves.*





PARSONAGE BUILDINGS, LEKSAND.

## RAMBLES IN DALECARLIA.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

IT had been particularly enforced upon me at Stockholm, and had become one of the plans of my journey, to be at Leksand on Sunday. Miss Bremer recommended me, in the note to which I have alluded in a former article, to be present at church service, especially at Leksand, so that I might "see the picturesque costumes of the people and their coming to the church over the lake, in their large boats, rowing with ten or eleven pair of oars." Sunday at Leksand brought with it several new guests at our little inn, persons who had also come hither to witness the peculiar features of the day at this remote place.

At an early hour on Saturday evening two posting carriages arrived with the family of a clergyman from the south of Sweden. Great bustle succeeded this important event in our humble inn, and we were quite at a loss to conjecture how so many people could be stowed away in so small an establishment. The post-boys

flew about with the luggage, and the *slikas* were running hither and thither with jugs of water and fresh linen.

The beds, by the way, are never made up in Sweden until ordered. I must give the people of Dalecarlia the credit of supplying linen clean and white, and beds that are comfortable for Scandinavian beds; that is to say, they answer the purpose of sleeping if one is contented to lie as straight in his bed as he must expect to some time in his narrow house. For my own part, I have rarely laid myself after the fatigues of the day in a Scandinavian bed without the force of the following text of Scripture coming fully to mind: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Indeed, a bed of sufficient length "that a man can stretch himself on it," would be a perfect anomaly in a Swedish inn. I have often blessed my stars that I measured something less than five feet eight, and have in the meantime looked with compassion on my unfortunate fellow-travelers who had attained

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

what is generally deemed the more enviable height of six feet. The covering used in the North is mostly of a bag of down or feathers, just wide enough to cover the coffin-like box supposed to do duty as bedstead. Once within the box, should the unfortunate wight make a single turn in the course of the night, he will be sure to find "the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." In fact, he will awaken to the unpleasant consciousness that he is minus any covering. Should he reach for the lost bag, he will be sure to hit his elbow against the side of the box, which requires only a lid to render its adaptedness to burial purposes complete. Indeed, the whole seems better fitted to receive the body for its last sleep than for the repose which one seeks on the pathway to it. There is something classical in this; the Greeks represented Death and his twin brother, Sleep, as two beautiful infants reposing in the arms of Night. It is a pleasing fancy; but for beds I should prefer not to be reminded of the resemblance between the two brothers.

Soon after the clergyman's family were established at the inn, the loud crack, crack, of the post-boy's whip announced another arrival. The carriage was a more modern and *recherché* affair than any posting carriage I had yet seen in Sweden. A gentlemen and lady alight; they are speaking French. There is a something characteristic of the *grande nation* in the little things monsieur is taking out from the carriage box, madame meantime occupied in petting her poodle and watching the safe delivery of the whole into the hands of Jacques, so I hear him called, who bows, and constantly raises his hat to monsieur and madame with all the grace of a thoroughbred Parisian servant. There is no mistaking this party; there is a certain air of *haut ton* about them, and Jacques exhibits that peculiar deference and precision of bearing, although doubtless of the school of Louis Philippe and the last Bonaparte, which would have done honor to the age of Louis *le Grand*. The Parisian servant has withal a wonderful tact at impressing upon the minds of others the importance of monsieur and madame. He has at last succeeded in gaining the united attention of all the *garçons, flikas, and jomfrus* of the establishment, and the master and

mistress in addition. The bell which hangs in the little gallery outside the rooms occupied by the clergyman's family, has been ringing several times, and still remains unanswered. Everything seems to indicate that the newly-arrived guests are people of consequence, and the knowing look and peculiar manner of Jacques at once confirm this impression. Who can they be? Were they an English party there would be nothing to excite any especial degree of curiosity in all this; but the French so rarely abandon the charms of *la belle Paris*, to wander over other lands, and, above all, through a province so wild and remote as that of Dalecarlia. It had been so quiet at the little inn since our arrival; scarce a carriage of any description had been seen passing, save the rude carts of the peasantry, that the sudden change to all this bustle and excitement has, I must confess, aroused my curiosity. Mr. Irving, in his graphic description of a rainy Sunday at a country inn, could have felt no more desirous of ascertaining who was "the stout gentleman," than I found myself to learn who were the remarkable personages who were monopolizing so completely the comforts of our quiet and retired inn.

It is not long that a very distinguished guest remains in a European country inn before one, if he chances to be a quiet and unknown individual, will find his own comforts materially diminished for the sake of lavishing all that the establishment can furnish upon the prince or lord, one of which the stranger is sure to be in the estimation of the landlord.

A short time had elapsed after this arrival extraordinary when my room, which chanced to be the best in the house, was besieged by some three or four servants, demanding the few extra articles of furniture which it contained for the new guests. Happening to be in particularly good humor, I allowed my solitary armchair, with a small table which I had used as a writing desk, as well as some other articles, to be appropriated to the use of the distinguished strangers, without the slightest attempt at demurring. I then surveyed the apartment, and was disposed to congratulate myself that after such an incursion so much was left for my comfort. But, as the fates would have it, I was left in this philosophical and agree-

able state of mind but a brief period, when a sudden knock at the door announced that something more was wanted. What can it be now? said I to myself. It may be the bed and bedstead; these I resolved to surrender at discretion. But no; it was the sofa on which I had just thrown myself in the absence of an arm-chair. This was a little too much, even for my equanimity, and I announced that if madame could not possibly get on without my sofa, that I had resolved to go with it, being at the moment in possession. Here was an obstacle to the further progress of sacking my apartment, which seemed unexpected, and to produce a momentary pause in the operations of the pillagers. But the *flika* assured me that madame, the princess, could not possibly exist over Sunday without a sofa. But who is the princess? demanded I, and was assured that she was of the blood royal of France. Here I threw myself on my American nationality, and declared to the *flika* that I was a sovereign of America. She evidently knew little, if anything, of my kingdom, and doubtless thought it very strange that their humble inn should be at the same moment honored with the presence of an American sovereign and a prince of the blood royal of France. This ruse, however, secured me the possession of the sofa, and I now imagined that further inroads would be discontinued; but no, the master had seen me reading at breakfast a French paper, the *Journal des Debats*. Another knock at the door, and the master sent his compliments, asking for the loan of the French paper for the prince. How provoking! it was evident that an American sovereign was of far less importance at Leksand than a French prince. But I was resolved to be amiable, and accordingly sent the prince the journal which I had that day received from Stockholm. As the allied powers were at that time in possession of the Baltic, I made up my mind to pocket the affront, thinking, however, for a moment, of throwing myself on the tender mercies of Mr. Secretary Marcy.

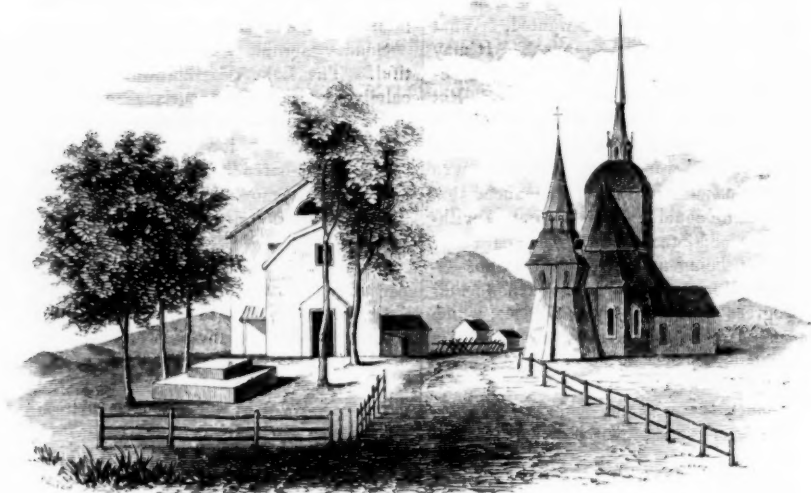
The people of the humble inn at Leksand were on this occasion nearer correct in their estimate of the rank of their guest than such persons usually are. He proved to be a distinguished French general, whom the Emperor of the French had sent on a special mission to Sweden,

and had, as it appeared, availed himself of the opportunity to see something of the interior of the country.

Sunday morning was bright and beautiful. The Lake of Silja was sleeping calmly, its mirror-like surface reflecting distinctly the wooded hill-sides and cottages, save where it was slightly ruffled by the many-oared boats, already, at the hour of seven, moving in the direction of the house of prayer. One must be up betimes in Dalecarlia if he would witness the assembling of the people at church. Already the avenue of birches, which led from near my window to the sacred edifice, was gay with the many-colored costumes of the females, the neat white cap of the matron contrasting pleasantly with the dazzling red of the maid. Scarlet bodices and black skirts, with yellow aprons, present altogether a combination of colors somewhat questionable when viewed only as a matter of taste; yet the effect of hundreds of persons in these colors walking in the same direction, forming various groups along the grassy pathway, and occasionally seen through the foliage of the trees, is singularly picturesque and novel.

Finding the people moving in the direction of the church at so early an hour, we hurried to the shore of the lake to witness the arrival of the Leksand Church fleet. At the same moment some twenty of these curious craft were in sight. Among them were numerous boats manned by twenty or twenty-five oars each. It was interesting to watch them as they glided out from beyond one promontory or another into the center of the lake, all converging to the same point. These boats are of a peculiar build, and resemble closely those now used upon the Bosphorus. They are very high and sharp fore and aft, the outline being very graceful. They are particularly well rowed, and the hundreds of oars now rising together, and again striking the water in exact time, produced an effect singularly pleasing. The picturesqueness of the whole scene is greatly increased by the brilliancy of the costumes. An artist could desire nothing finer than the snowy white of the caps and sleeves, with scarlet waists and yellow aprons, contrasted with the bright blue of the lake and deep green of the shores.

As the boats near the shore there is a little strife discernible in the rapidly in-



THE CHURCH OF MORA.

creasing strokes of the oars ; but this does not seem to engender the least unkind feeling. It was a motley crew which landed on that fine Sunday morning from the numerous boats. The passengers stepped on shore in the greatest possible quiet and order. All ages were here represented ; the aged and decrepit were carefully helped out of the boats by the stalwart youths, while the young mother stepped cautiously to the shore, giving a glance of maternal pride and affection at the infant which she carried in her arms. The father lifted out the children of different ages, and placed them upon a sure footing.

The newly-married swains were known by the embroidered shoulders of their coats, their sweet-hearts' tributes of affection previous to marriage. An occasional sly and modest glance from the maidens, directed toward youths who were noble specimens of manly vigor, with countenances honest, ingenuous, and pleasing, if not handsome, attracted my attention. The hair of the maidens was, in some instances, cut short ; indeed, this ornament of the sex is turned to advantage in Dalecarlia. The peasant girl in humble circumstances often sells guard chains, bracelets, &c., braided from her own hair, and very pretty are some of these ornaments. Not so with the males ; their

hair is generally long. Miss Bremer says of them :

" Among the men you behold muscular forms, and not unfrequently noble heads, adorned with a rich growth of hair, which, parted on the forehead and crown of the head, falls down over the neck in those rich, natural locks, with which romance so proudly embellishes its heroes, but which we can recollect to have seen nowhere but among the peasants of Dalecarlia."

The Dalecarlian peasant women cannot be said to possess any great degree of beauty, yet there is a something in their round faces, fair complexions, blue eyes, and white teeth, to which may be added singularly cheerful faces, which is altogether pleasing. The men are oftentimes fine specimens of physical development. Their powerful and muscular frames, with finely-formed limbs, more of the Herculean than of the Apollo stamp, set off to advantage by their peculiar costume, added to honest, open, and good-natured countenances, present a *tout ensemble* which cannot fail to excite admiration. They seem to occupy the same relative position in the family of man that the works of Michael Angelo do in art. Whatever may be the emotion inspired by their appearance, it is surely not one of contempt.

A strong and a brave people are the Dalecarlians. According to the saga "of

burning gold," the plow and the battle-ax fell from heaven into the land of their ancestors, and are even at the present day "the symbols of their life and character."

The bushes along the borders of the lake served for the toilets of the women, where, after arranging their hair and inspecting their dresses, they moved in the direction of the church, each one carrying a Prayer Book wrapped in a snowy white handkerchief.

One of the last boats which arrived brought a corpse for burial. The coffin was placed upon the shoulders of four men, who passed on in the direction of the

church-yard. The effect of the small procession of rustics, in their quaint costumes, as they wound around the wooded pathway which led in that direction, was picturesque in the extreme.

The novel scene of the arrival of the *Leksand Church fleet* was deeply impressive. My mind naturally reverted to the fleets of the sea-kings of old, as well as to the allied fleet at that moment cruising near us in the Baltic, with missiles designed to carry death and destruction in their blighting course. But here, in place of deadly weapons, each one carried in his hand the *arms of life*; for as one after another landed from the boats, I observed



THE PEASANT WOMEN OF MORA.

that each carried the book of prayer; and the destination of the fleet was not an armed fortress, but a place of worship of the "Prince of Peace." I confess I have never in my life felt so disposed to venerate those philanthropists, however fruitless may be their efforts, who devote themselves to the glorious principles of peace. But pardon, dear reader, my pen is an errant one; and I have really no intention of writing a dissertation on the principles of the Peace Society.

The Church of Leksand was on this occasion crowded to the utmost extent of its capacity. The season is here comparatively short, which allows many of the people the privilege of attending Di-

vine service. The interior appearance of the church and congregation did not differ materially from that I have before described in Dalecarlia. Here I observed the same marked division in the sexes. After the service there was the same congregating of the people in the church-yard to learn the news of the day.

"Where do you come from?" was the frequent inquiry of the simple-minded peasants. Abrupt as was this mode of address, it was well intended, and I was disposed to receive it as such.

"From America," I replied to one of these questioners.

"America!" said he; "is that further off than England?"



"O yes; three thousand miles."

At this reply the honest peasant stared at me in perfect amazement, and had one dropped down from the moon he would scarcely have excited more curiosity. He soon circulated among the crowd, and informed them of the fact that I had come a distance of three thousand miles beyond England. The people gathered about me as if I had been a wild animal on exhibition. I answered all their queries so far as my stock of Swedish would serve, and could hear often among them the words repeated, "three thousand miles!" No wonder that the distance looked formidable to the honest peasants, who had scarce any of them ever been beyond sight of the smoke of their own chimneys; and when one multiplies three thousand by seven, the length of a Swedish mile, the distance would seem formidable to persons who had seen much more of the world than the honest Dalesmen.

There is one pleasing custom among this people which I have thus far neglected to mention. It cannot be said of them, as the Psalmist has said of some, "Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord." Old and young here on Sunday morning raise their hats to the stranger and say, "God's peace rest upon you."

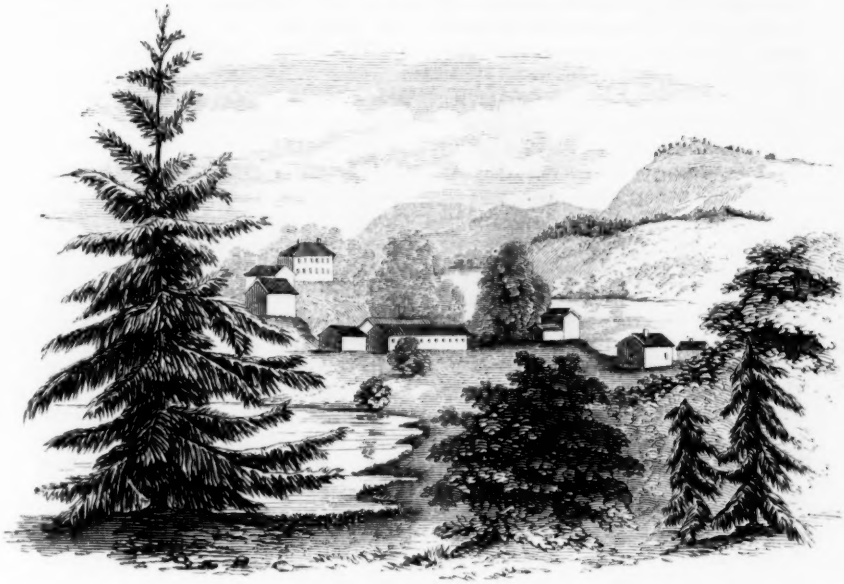
Monday morning I received a very kind invitation from the clergyman of Leksand, *domprost* he is called, a sort of rural dean, to pass the day with him. The parsonage establishment, of which I present an illustration, is built upon three sides of a square. The building at the left of the inclosure is occupied by the kitchen, servants' rooms, &c. That at the right is exclusively devoted to the guests, while the tenement which appears in the background of the sketch is occupied by the family. A kind-hearted and most amiable old gentleman I found the *domprost*. His library was large and well selected, made up of works in various languages, the German predominating. The parson himself had the appearance of a lover of good cheer. The *prostina* [the Swedish wife bears the title of her husband; thus the wife of a prost (priest) is *prostina*. I am not quite sure but the good lady at Leksand should be dignified with the title of *dom prostina*; she was, at all events, a most accomplished, kind, and hospitable lady] reminded me

somewhat of Miss Bremer's character of "The great mother in Dalom." There was a slight severity in her manner, as it struck me, toward her good-natured husband; but perhaps the *domprost* deserved an occasional reprimand. On one side of the house was a garden beautifully laid out and devoted mostly to flowers. In the rear of this was a bowling alley situated upon the border of a picturesque ravine. This the good *domprost* assured me was the most expensive thing about the parsonage, as he often had company who required a good deal of *punch* to keep up the excitement of the game. Judging from the freeness with which this article was offered at the parsonage, I should imagine the necessary outlay for a year's supply would equal the whole income of many of our country clergy at home. The guest's house is a large establishment of itself; it contains one large room, used as a drawing-room and dancing-room; here was a piano and some very good pictures. The apartment was handsomely furnished, but without a carpet. The remainder of the building was devoted to sleeping rooms for the guests, and would altogether accommodate a large number of visitors. The income of the clergy here is generally large, while the expense of living in the interior of the country is extremely moderate. The income of the *domprost* from his parish was, I learned, something like four thousand dollars per annum, which would be fully equal to six, if not seven thousand dollars in the United States. But here the clergy are obliged to keep up a train of expenditure in dispensing hospitality, which no one at home is expected to do.

In the church of Leksand a mural tablet, erected in honor of "the great mother in Dalom," was pointed out to me. "She died in the year 1657, lamented by the whole Dal country, which honored her for her noble person and good heart, with the title of '*Stormoder i Dalom*,' the great mother in Dalom. Her memory still lives in honor in the district, and this title of respect is usually inherited by the most stately and genteel *prostina* there."

Having exhausted the attractions of Leksand, I took passage in a small and very inferior steamer, the only one on Lake Silja, for Mora. On the boat I met the clergyman and his family who had been passing Sunday at the Leksand inn. They seemed disposed to set aside all





A FARM ESTABLISHMENT ON THE DAL ELF.

ceremony, and very kindly invited me to a lunch in the cabin. This was to me a great kindness, as there were no refreshments of any description to be procured on the boat, and I gladly accepted their offer.

About noon we landed at Mora. This is the mother parish of Dalecarlia. It is surrounded by "hill above hill and dale within dale." The slight haziness produced by the immense fire at Rattwick, gave to the landscape almost an Italian softness; the neighboring hills, clothed in the dark firs of the North, presenting the most striking contrast with the blue mountains beyond.

This is the scene of Miss Bremer's novel of "The Parsonage of Mora." Those who have read this graphic and interesting account of life among the Dalesmen, will be interested in the sketch which I present of the church of Mora.

The mound of turf which appears in the foreground of the sketch, marks the spot where Gustavus Wasa addressed the men of Mora.

"The low noon sun stood right over the Middagsberg, and spread a dazzling light over the snowy region. A fresh north wind was blowing, which the Mora men regarded as a good omen. They gathered around Gustavus, contemplating attentively the young and manly gentleman, of whose unmerited persecutions

they had already heard so much. With his strong and sonorous voice he began thus to address them: 'I see, with much joy, your great assembly, but with equally great sorrow do I contemplate the situation of us all.' Here he continued to describe to the people the unhappy situation of Sweden under the oppression of Denmark, and concluded with these words: 'The Dalemen have in all times been brave and undaunted when the weal of your country was concerned, and therefore are you renowned in our chronicles, and all the inhabitants of Sweden turn now their eyes upon you, for they are accustomed to look upon you as the firm defense and protection of our native land. I will willingly accompany you, and will for you spare neither my hand nor my blood, for more the tyrant has not left me. And then shall he understand that Swedish men are faithful and brave, and that they may be governed by law, but not by the yoke.'"

The sketch which I present of peasant women of Mora was sketched from life. Indeed, they are portraits. I cannot say that they *sat* for them to prove their authenticity, but they did *stand* for them, as they were returning home from their labor in the fields.

Botsta is an extensive farming establishment situated upon the Dal Elf. The number of detached buildings, as represented in the sketch, will convey a good impression of an extensive Swedish farm establishment with its numerous outhouses.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

NOT much is known of Tennyson personally. There are several short accounts of him in late biographical collections, but they are meager and uninteresting. Few of his biographers seem to have troubled themselves about the year of his birth. They give the date of his first two volumes, and branch off on something else. He was born in 1810.

We know his birthplace; but, were we ignorant of it, it would be an easy matter to discover it from his poetry. The glooming flats, dark fens, and clustered marish mosses of "Mariana," the wild, wide, bare, and grassy plains, and

"The under roof of doleful gray,"

of "The Dying Swan," could be drawn only from Lincolnshire. Tennyson is a native of Lincolnshire.

He is the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, the first born, I believe, of a large family. He has several brothers and sisters, all of whom are said to write poetry. Leigh Hunt has compared them to a nest of nightingales.

Two of the brothers, Charles and Frederic, have published each a volume of poems, the latter within the last three or four years. Neither is a great poet. Charles is a sweet and graceful sonneteer;

Frederic is fine in bits; but as a whole his poetry is crude and unequal. It was written in his youth, I prefer to think; for, if written in manhood, it shows that his mind ripens slowly, too slowly for him ever to become a great poet. It would be very creditable for a young man of twenty, but it is not particularly so for a man in the neighborhood of forty.

Of the Misses Tennyson I know nothing, except that one of them was to have married Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the historian, whose death in 1833 is the main theme of the collection of poems entitled "In Memoriam." She has since married, if we may understand literally the closing poem of the series. It is the sweetest epithalamium in the language.

In the "Ode to Memory," one of his earlier poems, Tennyson paints the scenery of his boyhood:

"Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,

The seven elms, the poplars four,  
That stand beside my father's door,  
And chiefly from the brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,  
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,  
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,

In every elbow and turn,  
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.

O! hither lead thy feet!  
 Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat  
 Of the thick-fleeced sheep in wattled folds,  
     Upon the ridged wolds,  
 When the first matin song hath waken'd loud,  
     Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,  
     What time the amber morn  
 Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

Of Tennyson's boyhood and youth nothing has yet been made known to the public. I have read, or have been told, that his father was a ripe classical scholar, and a man of wealth, but somewhat eccentric. According to all accounts, Tennyson himself has a fair share of the family inheritance — eccentricity. He shuns society studiously, living for months at a time hid away, no one knows where, in the country. Now and then he makes a flying visit to London, but not to mingle with the crowd. He stops at some out-of-the-way old inn, and drinks his wine, and smokes his pipe in peace. He is not to be found at the *soirées*, where literary lions most do congregate, but at Carlyle's, or Patmore's, or perchance with Will Waterproof and the plump head waiter at the Cock.

That Tennyson is a scholar, like his father before him, is evident on every page of his books. No man but a classical scholar, and a ripe one, could have written his exquisite poems, "Enone" and "Ulysses." Keats wrote Greek poems without scholarship, and wonderful poems they were; but they have a large mixture of the Gothic element in them. "Endymion," is full as much Gothic as Greek. But it is not so with Tennyson. His "Ulysses" is as pure as the friezes of the Parthenon. But, setting aside his poetry, we know that he has a classical education. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge.

It was probably while he was at college that he became acquainted with his friend Hallam. "The path," he says in "In Memoriam,"

"The path by which we twain did go,  
     Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
     Through four sweet years arose and fell,  
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow."

Scattered through "In Memoriam" are beautiful glimpses of the life led by these sweet soul-friends. Fresh from the dusky purlieus of the law, and from the dust, and din, and steam of the town, young Hallam and the future laureate whiled away

the summer hours, lying beside each other on green lawns, in the shadow of witch-elms, or under towering sycamores. The air was cool around them, but in the distance the landscape winked through the heat. They saw the mower sweeping his glittering scythe in the deep grass; and when the gust flew round the garden they heard the tumbling of the mellowing pears.

"And many an old philosophy  
     On Argive heights divinely sang,  
     And round us all the thicket rang  
 To many a flute of Arcady."

Sometimes the rest of the family drew round them in a circle, and listened to Arthur, as he lay and read the Tuscan poets. In the golden afternoons the girls sang songs, and played on the harp. Be sure *she* was there, the betrothed sister.

In livelier moods they strayed off beyond the bounding hills, and had a picnic in the woods. Like Frances Hall in "Audley Court," they spread their napkins on the slope:

"Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,  
 And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,  
 Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay  
 Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolk  
 Imbedded and injellied."

The wine-flask was couched in the moss  
 at their feet,

"Or cool'd within the glooming wave."

When evening came they strode back  
 ankle-deep in flowers.

This was at home in the country. At college Arthur and Alfred led very different lives; they were grave and serious students. In his later years Tennyson pictured himself as revisiting the reverend walls in which he wore the gown. He roved through the town at random, pacing the shores, crossing the bridges, and plodding over the long gray flats; now listening to the thunder-music of the organ, which shook the college panes, now watching the rising and falling of oars among the willows that border the shore, and now sauntering up the long walk of limes to see the rooms in which Arthur dwelt!

"Another name was on the door:  
 I linger'd; all within was noise  
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
 That crash'd the glass, and beat the floor."

In the fifth year of their friendship Arthur died; died far from his friend and his betrothed. His body was sent home from Italy. He died in Vienna.

"The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darken'd heart that beat no more;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave."

This was in 1833, the poet's twenty-third year. His first volume of poems was published in 1830. A young friend of Tennyson's (if I remember rightly, it was a son of Milman, the poet) was to have published in the same volume with him, but when the time drew near his courage failed, and Tennyson came out alone. He was warmly praised by one set of critics, and as warmly ridiculed by another. "Blackwood" gave him a sound thrashing in its coarse way, and "The Quarterly" used him up very effectively. Hunt and the Lake school praised him. They could not well do otherwise, he had so much in common with them. He reminded them of Keats; not the Keats of the grand old fragment of "Hyperion,"

"That large utterance of the early gods;"

but the boy Keats, the sweet singer of "Endymion." He was a member of the same poetical family, a younger brother indeed, but one who walked the earth with his singing robes about him.

With the exception of some poems that he has since canceled, we have Tennyson's first volume pretty much as he wrote it. It opens the common edition of his poems, commencing with "Claribel," and ending with a "Sonnet to J. M. K.," making twenty-three poems in all. Five of these, "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," "Madeline," and "Adeline," are fanciful and fairy-like portraits of woman, a young poet's *Book of Beauty*. "Madeline" and "Adeline" are beautiful exceedingly, and worthy of the Tennyson of to-day. The fourth poem of the collection is the weird and wonderful "Mariana," the idea of which Tennyson found in a line of Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure."

"Mariana in the moated grange."

From this slight hint he has built up one of the most suggestive poems in the world. He makes Mariana the type of a deserted wife, and places her in the perfection of desolation; in a land of mysterious

gloom and shadows, "a fairy-land forlorn." Everything in the poem is in keeping with the central thought. It is an unbroken monotone of melancholy and despair. The spell of madness fills the chambers of the moated grange; to be imprisoned there is to die a thousand deaths. We are oppressed by the silence, appalled by the ruin and decay. "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here," is written in the very air. Stified, crushed, and heart-broken, we moan and weep with the wretched woman:

"I am weary, weary,  
O God that I were dead!"

There are one or two trivial faults in "Mariana," and here and there an imperfect rhyme, but we wonder now how any sensible critic could fail to see a great poet in Alfred Tennyson. It is singular what mistakes the critics sometimes make. When any new thing comes before them they seem to understand its excellence as little as the booksellers. Nearly all the great books in the world were rejected at first by the booksellers, and nearly all the great authors have had to run the gauntlet of the critics. If these gentlemen only had settled and certain principles of criticism to guide them; if, instead of judging a book by their own likes and dislikes, they were able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, they might often spare themselves the necessity of eating their words, and at the same time spare the sensitive feelings of a man of genius.

But this is not their way. "This does not please us," they say; "therefore it is bad." Jeffrey, who was certainly a talented man, attacked Wordsworth and the Lakers year after year. "This won't do," said he, when "The Excursion" appeared. Gifford laid about him right and left, striking friend and foe alike. He sneered at Keats for writing "Endymion," and advised the apothecary's boy to return to his gallipots. I have not a file of "Blackwood" at hand, so I cannot say precisely what Wilson wrote about Tennyson's first book. But whatever it was it stung the young bard into penning a satirical poem against him. The poem is not included in the late edition of his works; but it was something about "Rusty, musty, fusty, crusty Christopher." Generally Christopher was sound in his literary judgments, for he had a large,

liberal, and Catholic mind; but on this occasion he was palpably in the wrong. Let us hope it was not Christopher himself whose poetic instinct was at fault, but a late roystering *Noctes* which muffled and obscured it. Peace to the memory of Kit North.

Besides "Mariana," and the poems already mentioned, the volumes published in 1830 contained the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," the "Ode to Memory," "Oriana," "The Merman," and "The Mermaid," all of which are among Tennyson's best poems. In 1832 he published a second volume. During those two years his mind had ripened marvelously; he was no longer a boy-poet, idly dreaming of unreal beauties, but a man among men, able to cope with and master a passionate and stormy theme. He had forced his way into the chaotic world of human passion, and wrought its stubborn and warring elements into two rare and beautiful creations, "Enone" and "The Miller's Daughter."

"Enone," the reader need scarcely be told, is a Greek poem, a suggestion from the "Iliad." It is the best Greek poem of modern times; more like what the Greeks themselves, the genial-minded, rich-thoughted, beauty-loving old Greeks would have written, than either Keats's "Endymion" and "Hyperion," or Tennyson's own "Ulysses." It is like the most beautiful passages in Homer, or like the freshest pastorals of Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus. Not calm, and cold, and stern, but sweet, and passionate, and fiery, flooded with light and color, differing from "Hyperion" and "Ulysses" as a deep, broad meadow whose ledges are rich in flowers differs from a range of granite mountains, or as a warm, loving human body differs from a cold, passionless statue. "Ulysses" and "Hyperion" are statues; "Enone" is life.

"The Miller's Daughter" is a dainty modern idyl, a sweet pastoral of love in the nineteenth century. Familiar and even homely in some of its details, it is full of grace and beauty. Judged as a picture, it possesses the finest qualities of the Flemish and Italian schools of painting. Like the old Miller, it is

"Healthy, sound, and clear, and whole."

What can be more charming, and at the same time more characteristic, than this

stanza, which describes the old mill and its surroundings?

"I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Through quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still,  
The mill-sacks on the whiten'd floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal."

It is to this poem, which the queen is said to admire greatly, that Tennyson owes his pension and the laureateship.

After his second volume, ten years elapsed before Tennyson appeared again as a poet. During all that time he was silent as regards the public. He published nothing; not even a stray copy of verses in the magazines or newspapers. But the public, or that small portion of it which is in the habit of reading poetry, were not so silent about him. Slowly and imperceptibly it began to dawn upon the thinking few that a new poet named Tennyson had arisen. But where, and who was he? and why had he ceased to sing? He answered that question by the issue, in 1842, of the two volumes of poems on which his fame chiefly rests. In addition to the pieces already alluded to as being in his juvenile volumes, the which pieces, by-the-by, he had carefully revised and altered, they contained, (I shall merely mention the best,) "The Palace of Art," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The Lotus Eaters," "Mort d'Arthur," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," and the terrible "Vision of Sin."

However much they might have desired it, neither "Blackwood" nor "The Quarterly" dared to sneer at poems like these. There is a sort of grim retribution following hard after unjust criticism, and none knew this fact better than Gifford and Wilson. They frequently knocked themselves down by loading their guns too heavily. The new edition of Tennyson's poems was sold in a few months. Like Ulysses, he had become a name.

His next appearance was in "The Princess; a Medley." Then came "In Memoriam," and lastly "Maud," which was published in the summer of 1855. In the meantime Wordsworth had died, and the post of laureate becoming vacant, it was offered to Tennyson. Leigh Hunt

had appointed himself volunteer laureate by writing sundry odes on the birth of the queen's children; but he missed the post. The dignity and the dollars were destined for Alfred Tennyson, not for Harold Skimpole. Tennyson has been England's laureate four or five years; he has written, however, only two poems in that capacity—an "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and another on the famous charge of the Light Brigade. Both are noble in their way, but hardly what was expected from him.

The Crimean battle-ode is worthy of the old Scandinavian scalds, whose rough but vigorous war-songs it resembles. The Wellington ode was coldly received, and has fallen into neglect, a neglect which seems to me entirely undeserved. Tennyson's mode of treating the subject is beyond the comprehension of the mass, even beyond the comprehension of many poets. He regards the Great Duke as a calm, strong man, rather than as a renowned warrior, the conqueror of Napoleon, the saviour of Europe. To his poetic eye, which looks beyond the smoke and din of battles,

"The last great Englishman is low."

In the sixth stanza he pays a beautiful tribute to Lord Nelson,

"The greatest sailor since our world began;"

but it is too long to be quoted entire. I can only give the end of the ode:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He is gone who seemed so great—  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

Could any end be better than that?

Tennyson has been married for some years, but no one seems to know anything of his wife. There is certainly a story connected with his past life, for "Love and Duty," and "Locksley Hall" must have had a foundation in truth, however slight. But these things are not for the world. Such gossip may be very pleasant to us, but it is often death to the parties concerned. There is a great disposition

in modern readers to pry into the private affairs of authors.

"Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just  
The many-headed beast should know."

Tennyson considers all such curiosity shameless. "No man," says he, "shall hold his orgies at my grave." Speaking of poets generally, and Keats particularly, he sings,

"My Shakspeare's curse on clown and knave  
Who will not let his ashes rest."

We will not provoke that curse.

Tennyson's present residence is in the Isle of Wight; so, at least, I judge from a poem in his last volume. It is dated January, 1854, and addressed to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the godfather of one of his children.

"Should all our churchmen foam in spite  
At you, so careful of the right,  
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome  
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight."

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling brown,  
All round a careless-order'd garden,  
Close to the ridge of a noble down."

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk, and wholesome wine,  
And only hear the magpie gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine."

"For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand;  
And further on the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

And now for Tennyson's poetry. But before I touch upon it I must beg the readers of *THE NATIONAL*, among whom I trust he has scores of admirers, not to expect any lengthy or profound criticism from me. The plan of the Magazine scarcely admits of the space that I should require, to say all that I have to say on a subject so near to my heart. There are so many excellences in the poetry of Tennyson that all of them cannot be pointed out, and commented on, in a sketch like this. I shall merely indicate its most striking and characteristic qualities.

The question, "What is Poetry?" has often been asked, and as often been answered. Every critic has an answer ready, either the traditionary opinion of those who have preceded him, or one of his own making, the result of his personality, or mode of thought. No two critics have yet agreed in their definition of poetry



One thing, then, is certain, either that some of the critics are wrong; or that the question admits of a variety of answers. The first horn of the dilemma I conceive to be the true one: some of the critics are wrong. I will go further, and say the great body of them are wrong: they know nothing of poetry.

The classical critics tell us to go back to the ancients, and write like them. But how did the ancients write? what principles of taste guided them in composition? what set of subjects were they in the habit of selecting for their poems? The French poets, especially the dramatic ones, think that *they* write like the ancients! Corneille, Racine, Boileau—we are pointed triumphantly to these writers, as happy specimens of the revived antique. We bow and say nothing. *De gustibus est non disputandum*, particularly with a Frenchman. We read Homer and Æschylus, and Virgil and Horace, and fail to see there any similarity to the French versifiers. Gothic, as portions of them are, Shakspeare's Roman and Greek plays are permeated with the Greek and Roman spirit. Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" and Milton's "Comus" are fine antiques. French taste shrugs its shoulders, when we hint this, and goes back to its lifeless frigidities.

Pope and the versifiers of his day labored under the impression that they too wrote poetry. They were mistaken. Their verse is compressed and terse; witty and epigrammatic, often full of thought and wisdom, but it is not poetry. With one or two rare exceptions, such as Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and passages of Cowper's "Task," there were no poems written in England in the last century. Poetry was dead, or sleeping. Thought is not poetry; neither is wit, nor terseness. It may have these qualities, but it is something apart from, and above them. They are merely its garments, its body; not its life and soul. The life and soul of poetry is beauty, ideal beauty, the abstractly beautiful.

"But what do you mean by the beautiful?" some may ask. To which I reply: If you do not already know, if you have not already a feeling of it in your soul, I fear I cannot make it plain to you. The beautiful is something which is complete and entire, and which fulfills the laws of its being. It is a fullness, a richness, a

ripeness; the one ripe fruit among a thousand blossoms. It may exist in a train of thought, or a piece of verbal melody, or in the images and emotions which they conjure up in the mind. A sunset is beautiful: so is a woman, or a child. A noble human action is beautiful. Love is beautiful. Prayer is beautiful. And death, pale, patient, and restful death, is very beautiful.

"If the sense is hard  
To alien ears, I do not speak to these."

Read Tennyson's poetry, carefully, thoughtfully, lovingly, and you will know what beauty is. I refer you to him. For myself, I never read him but with delight. He imparts to me the sense of beauty which haunts his own mind; it pervades all that he has written. I realize it in his themes, and in his manner of working them up. I admire their unity, and the wonderful perfection of their parts. As subjects, whether of story, picture, or thought, they charm and satisfy my taste: sweeter, daintier, richer subjects no poet ever had. Tennyson's best poems entrance me intensely when I read them; when I have finished them, they impress my memory; and when I have, as it were, forgotten them, when the passage and line that struck me is dim and obscure, I still retain a vague and misty remembrance of it, a shadow, a vision, a dream, in the deepest recesses of my soul. It has become a part and parcel of my nature, like a glorious sunset seen years ago, or a strain of melancholy music heard once, and once only, in the paradise of childhood. It is the golden key that unlocks the heaven within me.

It is curious to trace in the literature of a nation, the rise and progress of any element of thought. The sensuous element, which is the chief feature of Tennyson's poetry, was introduced into English literature by Keats. We have glimpses of it, as of a thousand other things, in Shakspeare, and the Elizabethan poets; but no complete poems, of which it is the life, no great work modeled in this school of art alone. Sensuousness is the speciality and glory of the Greek poets; it created their epics, their tragedies, their lyrics, and, above all, their pastorals. Keats is Theocritus and Æschylus come back to earth again; Theocritus in "Endymion" and "Lamia," and Æschylus in the Titanic Torso of "Hyperion." He died, and left

his work unfinished. Tennyson came, and Greece became once more a power among men. Keats was the flower; Tennyson is the golden fruit. Both saw the innate richness and beauty of Greek history and mythology; both worshiped its heroes and gods. They have the wonderful artistic unity of the Greek poets, and their royal carelessness of mere morality. Not "What moral can be deduced from this story or song?" was their thought; but, "What loveliness can be detected in it? what beauty, and grace, and sweetness, will it embody?" They adored the beautiful. Keats opens "Endymion" with this line:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

And in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," he draws this moral from that "unravished bride of quietness:"

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty: this is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

This proposition does not strike at morality, as narrow souls would have us believe; on the contrary, it defends and supports it; nay, it is itself the highest morality. "*No bad thing can be beautiful*," is the first and last maxim of the sensuous school. Are they wrong? I have yet to learn it.

Let me point out an example of beauty and purity in Tennyson, an example without a parallel in modern poetry. You know the old story of Godiva; how she rode naked through the streets of Coventry, to repeal an unjust tax? There are not many poets into whose hands we would willingly commit this dangerously beautiful legend. We would not trust Byron or Moore with it, or Pope, or any of his set. But see how delicately Tennyson manages it. He is undressing the Lady Godiva:

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim earl's gift: but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half dipp'd in cloud: anon she shook her head,  
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee,  
Unclad herself in haste, adown the stair  
Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd  
The gateway: there she found her palfrey trait  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold."

Is not that beautiful, and as chaste as beautiful? There is a similar triumph of the purity of sensuousness in "The Eve of St. Agnes," where Keats undresses Madelaine in the light of the gorgeous stained window. But it does not linger

on my mind like this *chef d'œuvre* of Tennyson. But I have not done with him yet. It was, you perhaps think, comparatively easy for Godiva to undress in her own chamber, and not shock us; but to make her ride naked through the streets of Coventry—there's the rub. It is difficult, I confess. Let us see how Tennyson has done it:

"Then rode she forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall  
shot  
Light horrors through her pulses; the blind  
walls

Were full of chinks and holes; and, overhead,  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she  
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flower'd elder thicket from the field  
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall."

The reader will be kind enough to make his own comments on that; to me it is "a joy forever."

Tennyson is remarkable for his portraits of women. He excels in his delineations of female loveliness. There is a want of reality in the beauties of his first volume, in his Lilians, Isabels, and Adelines, which might have been expected from so young a poet—he was barely twenty then; but his later creations The "Miller's" and "Gardener's Daughter;" Olivia in "The Talking Oak;" "The May Queen," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere;" "Dora and the Lady of Burleigh," and the incomparable "Princess Ida," are real flesh and blood; "perfect women, nobly planned." Not quite so earthly as Wordsworth's ladies, who are never too good

"For human nature's daily food;"

for they *are* too good, for all but princes and poets—but still true women.

Here is the Gardener's Daughter. Observe the exquisite grouping of the picture.

At the very start you take in the scene as a whole, you know not how. The details are magically blended.

"For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,  
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had  
caught

And blown across the walk. One arm aloft,  
Gown'd in pure white that fitted to the shape,  
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.  
A single stream of all her soft, brown hair  
Pour'd on one side; the shadow of the flowers  
Stole all the golden gloss; and, wavering,  
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—  
Ah, happy shade!—and still went wavering  
down;

But ere it touch'd a foot that might have danced

The greensward into greener circles, dipp'd,  
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!  
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd  
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,  
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,  
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast  
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,  
She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

The picturesque is one of the most striking traits of Tennyson's poetry: whether he describes a figure, as in the passage just quoted, or a palace, or a landscape, or gives some vague and dreamy sensation form and color, he always keeps the picturesque before his mind's eye, and conveys a picture to the minds of his readers. He is essentially a painter; he has the painter's eye for form and color, and he knows how to arrange, and combine, and contrast them to the best advantage. His feeling of color is subtle and profound, based on the deepest principles of art. He paints in two schools, the Flemish and the Italian, fusing the homely detail of the first with the gorgeous tints of the last. Without being sharply painted, his pictures are distinctly defined. There are no angles in them; everything is rounded and fluent. They are just indefinite enough to pique your suggestiveness. You never take them all in at once, but return to them again and again, each time discovering new beauties. They are painted so as to "come out." Take this picture of a garden:

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.  
News from the humming city comes to it,  
In sound of funeral, or of marriage bells;  
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear  
The windy clanging of the minster clock;  
Although between it and the garden lies  
A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad  
stream,  
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies and creeps on,  
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown'd with the minster towers.

The fields between  
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,  
And all about the large lime feathers low,  
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

An interior, a palace scene, and I have done with Tennyson's pictures. It is from "The Sleeping Beauty."

"Here sits the butler with a flask  
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there  
The wrinkled steward at his task,  
The maid of honor blooming fair:

The page has caught her hand in his:  
Her lips are sever'd as to speak:  
His own are pouted to a kiss:  
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

"Till all the hundred summers pass,  
The beams, that through the oriel shine,  
Make prisms in every carven glass,  
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.  
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
Grave faces gather'd in a ring:  
His state the king reposing keeps:  
He must have been a jolly king."

Tennyson is unlike all other English poets in diction. Other poets have had theories of language—Wordsworth, for instance, was a stickler for what he considered simplicity—but none, in my opinion, have hit upon the pure language of poetry like Tennyson.

"If poetry differs from prose," he says, "the language of poetry must differ from that of prose." And he sets himself to work to discover the difference. He discards the prosaic and the commonplace, and reverently seeks out the beautiful. Obvious words, such as other poets use on all occasions; stereotyped phrases, which may have meant something once, but which are meaningless now; every-day expressions, conventional small talk—it offends him to the soul. He uses the sweetest, the richest, the most beautiful words; the choicest and rarest phrases; the most poetical expressions. His insignificant words are alive with beauty; they are always the best words that he can, under the circumstances, use. They are never hastily adopted; but patiently and thoughtfully chosen. They define his meaning exactly; give its innumerable lights and shades, and its form, and color, and music. His epithets are singularly beautiful and choice: they rank among the curious felicities of language. You can think over them until your sense aches with enjoyment. Critics talk of the compression of Pope. Tennyson compresses more poetry in one line than Pope in five. It is impossible to make the English language more compact. "The best words in the best places:" this is Tennyson's theory of diction.

Alfred Tennyson is one of the most poetical, if not *the* most poetical of English poets. Not the greatest, I grant, for he is neither Shakspeare nor Milton, but certainly the sweetest and purest. I love all that he has written, except "Maud." I wish he had not written that.



THE CLUB.

## GOLDSMITH—HIS FORTUNE AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

IN 1763 was established what many years later received the title of the "Literary Club," but which at first was called the "Turk's Head Club," from the name of the tavern where it met. It was settled by its founders, Johnson and Reynolds, that it should consist of such men that, if only two of them attended, they should have the ability to entertain one another. Goldsmith was among the nine original members, and owed this honor to the influence and recommendation of Johnson, who, in the same year, said of him to Boswell, "He is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." But this opinion of his literary attainments was that of Johnson himself, and not of the world. What he had hitherto written had been published anonymously, and, if Hawkins is to be believed, when he was mentioned for the club the notion prevailed that he was a mere bookseller's drudge, incapable of anything higher than translating or compiling. Admitted at first upon sufferance, he was now become, by the publication of his poem, among the ornaments of the society. This notable club figures largely throughout the pages of Boswell. Boswell's own introduction to it is thus recorded by him :

"On Friday, April 30, I dined with Johnson at Mr. Beauclerk's, where were Lord Charlemont, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some more

members of the Literary Club, whom he had obligingly invited to meet me, as I was this evening to be balloted for as candidate for admission into that distinguished society. Johnson had done me the honor to propose me, and Beauclerk was very zealous for me.

"The gentlemen went away to their club, and I was left at Beauclerk's till the fate of my election should be announced to me. I sat in a state of anxiety which even the charming conversation of Lady Di Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate. In a short time I received the agreeable intelligence that I was chosen. I hastened to the place of meeting, and was introduced to such a society as can seldom be found. Mr. Edmund Burke, whom I then saw for the first time, and whose splendid talents had long made me ardently wish for his acquaintance ; Dr. Nugent, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. (afterward Sir William) Jones, and the company with whom I had dined. Upon my entrance, Johnson placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and with humorous formality gave me a *Charge*, pointing out the conduct expected from me as a good member of this club. Goldsmith produced some very absurd verses which had been publicly recited to an audience for money. Johnson : 'I can match this nonsense. There was a poem called "*Eugenio*," which came out some years ago, and concludes thus :

"And now, ye trifling, self-assuming elves,  
Brimful of pride, of nothing, of yourselves,  
Survey *Eugenio*, view him o'er and o'er,  
Then sink into yourselves, and be no more."

Nay, Dryden, in his poem on the Royal Society, has these lines :

"Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,  
And see the ocean leaning on the sky ;  
From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,  
And on the lunar world securely pry."

"Talking of puns, Johnson, who had a great contempt for that species of wit, deigned to allow that there was one good pun in 'Menagi-

\* Concluded from the September number.

ana,' I think on the word *corps*. Much pleasant conversation passed, which Johnson relished with great good humor."

The attention which Goldsmith now began to receive is shown in his amusing and characteristic speech when Kelly introduced himself to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, and asked him to dinner. "I would with pleasure," said Goldsmith, "accept your kind invitation, but, to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my 'Traveler' has found me a home in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days. Let me see—to-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerk; but I'll tell you *what I'll do for you*: I'll dine with you Saturday."

Among other effects of his growing fame, it was now that he resolved his dress should be worthy of his reputation, and he appeared in purple silk smallclothes, a scarlet great-coat, and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane, the badge of his calling, in his hand, and a sword, which was never combined with this professional symbol, hung at his side. The weapon was so disproportioned to his diminutive stature, that a coxcomb who passed him in the Strand called to his companion to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it." Goldsmith not only descended to a retort, and cautioned the passengers against that "brace of pick-pockets," but stepped from the footpath into the roadway, half-drew his sword, and invited the jester to a mortal combat. The fops slunk away amid the hootings of the spectators; and the story has been told as an instance of the manly valor of Goldsmith. Such a vamping challenge in a crowded street where a duel was impossible, seems to us to be only a proof of his extreme indiscretion.

Goldsmith, in the early part of 1764, left his town lodging in Wine-Office Court, for Garden Court, in the Temple, where he shared his rooms with the butler of the society. Ashamed of their mean appearance, he observed apologetically to Johnson, "I shall soon be in better chambers, sir, than these." "Nay, sir," said Johnson, "never mind that. *Nil te quasiveris extra*." When the sudden success of the "Traveler" changed his position in the world, he removed to more decent apartments in the same court. His labors during 1765, and a large portion of 1766, have

left little trace, and, unless we had known that he was compelled to write to live, we should have inferred that he had resigned himself to the indolent enjoyment of his fame.

On the 27th of March, 1766, the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared, and ran through three editions in the year. Its excellence, therefore, was recognized at once, but it was not at first what it has since become, one of the most popular books in the English language. Garrick said there was nothing to be learned from it; Johnson called it "a mere fanciful performance;" and Burke, in praising it, seems to have specified its pathos as its distinguishing merit. When Johnson said it was fanciful, he alluded, we presume, to the construction of the story, which is full of improbabilities. The accumulated miseries which befall the vicar and his family, and their strange and rapid return to prosperity, have often been mentioned as passing the bounds of ordinary experience. The majority, indeed, of the principal incidents arise from a series of chances, which, separately, were not unlikely to happen, but which in conjunction cease to be natural. When the vicar is supping with the servants at the fine mansion, and the master and mistress unexpectedly return, it saves him from discomfiture that they enter accompanied by the object of his son's attachment, Miss Arabella Wilmot. When the whole party go to witness the performance of the strolling players, this son stands before him as one of the actors. When he continues his journey, and stops at night at a little public house, he hears the landlady abuse a poor lodger in the garret, and recognizes his lost daughter in the suppliant's voice. Such wonderful meetings are set thick in the tale.

The pecuniary obligations of Goldsmith continued to increase with his years, and he was recommended to write for the stage, a successful play at that period producing far larger profits to the author than any other species of literary composition. He acted on the advice, and completed in 1767 his comedy of the "Good-natured Man."

At Covent Garden the play appeared on the 29th of January, 1768, and was opened by a prologue from the pen of Johnson, in which Goldsmith was designated "our little bard." The experiment was felt, on the whole, to be a failure. Goldsmith re-



tired with his colleagues of the "Literary Club" to sup at the "Turk's Head," joined gayly in the conversation, and, as he afterward related, when he and Johnson were the guests of Dr. Percy at the chaplain's table at St. James's, "to impress them more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity," sang his favorite song about "*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.*" "All this while," he continued, "I was suffering horrid tortures, and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. When all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again."

The credit he derived from his English and Roman Histories, coupled with his general fame, procured him, in December, 1769, the distinction of being nominated Professor of History in the newly-created Royal Academy of Painting, at the same time that Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Literature. There was neither salary nor duties attached to the office, and Goldsmith, in a stray letter to his brother Maurice in the January following, says, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." A less vain and simple man would have reversed the phrase, and represented the appointment as a compliment from the institution to himself. To obtain the requisite shirt, he had entered into an engagement in February, 1769, with a bookseller, Mr. Griffin, to compile a Natural History in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas a volume, and in June, encouraged by the success of his "Rome," he contracted with Davies to finish in two years a "History of England" in four volumes, for five hundred pounds.

The habit of Goldsmith was to lay aside his labors when his purse was replenished, and give himself up, while he had a sixpence left, to convivial enjoyments, and attendance at the theaters, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall. His funds dissipated, he recommenced his drudgery, and paid for his brief excesses by protracted toil. All are

agreed, notwithstanding the *Man in Black*, Sir William Thornhill and Honeywood, that much of his money continued to be bestowed upon artful impostors, or upon persons whose circumstances were not so bad as his own. Once, as Mr. Forster relates, when he had recently performed a piece of literary taskwork for the sake of two guineas, he made over seven and a half to a vagabond Frenchman as a subscription to a pretended History of England in fifteen volumes. Two or three poor authors and several widows and housekeepers were his constant pensioners. "He was so humane in his disposition," says Mr. Cooke, "that his last guinea was the general boundary of his beneficence." Nay, he carried it further still, for, when he had no money to bestow upon his regular dependents, he would give them clothes, and sometimes his food. "Now, let me only suppose," he would say with a smile of satisfaction after sweeping the meal on his table into their laps, "that I have eaten a heartier breakfast than usual, and I am nothing out of pocket." He borrowed a guinea when he was destitute himself to lend it to Mr. Cooke, and endeavored in his absence to thrust it under his door. His friend, in thanking him, remarked that somebody else might have been first at the chambers, and picked it up. "In truth, my dear fellow," he replied, "I did not think of that."

With all his recklessness of expenditure, no man had a store of cheaper tastes, or was more easily entertained. His favorite festivity, his holiday of holidays, was to have three or four intimate friends to breakfast with him at ten o'clock, to start at eleven for a walk through the fields to Highbury Barn, where they dined at an ordinary, frequented by authors, Templars, and retired citizens, for tempestuous head, to return at six and drink tea at White Conduit House, and to end the evening with a supper at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-house. "The whole expense," says Mr. Cooke, "of the day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air, good living, and good conversation." He had got weary of the hopeless attempt to keep up his dignity, and was again willing to be happy in the secondary society where he was alone at his ease. Mr. Forster has tracked him in particular to a club at the

Globe Tavern, called the Wednesday Club, from its day of meeting, and where a principal part of the pleasure was to sing after supper. The sort of company he met there, and the terms on which he stood with them, are amusingly exhibited in the fact that a pig-butcher was one of the members, and, piquing himself on his familiarity with the celebrated Goldsmith, always said in drinking to him, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." Glover, an Irish adventurer, and who had been, in succession, physician, actor, and author, maliciously whispered to Noll, after one of these salutations, that he wondered he permitted such liberties from a pig-butcher. "Let him alone," said Goldsmith, "and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down." With this design he called out, at the first pause in the conversation, "Mr. B. I have the honor of drinking your good health;" to which the pig-butcher answered briskly, "Thankee, thankee, Noll." "Well, where now," inquired Glover, "is the advantage of your reproof?" and the baffled Noll had nothing to reply, except that "he ought to have known before that there was no putting a pig in the right way." Trivial as are these anecdotes, they are worth repeating, because they throw light upon the character of the man, and explain why he was "the jest and riddle," as well as the "glory," of his friends.

His enjoyment in all societies where he could freely give way to his natural impulses was immense. "He was always cheerful and animated," says Mr. Day, "often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth." He loved to romp with children and join in their games. He would put the front of his wig behind to excite their merriment, play forfeits and blind man's buff, and any childish game. The younger Colman remembered that when he was five years old he had given Oliver a smart slap on the face for taking him on his knee. The little vixen was locked up by his father in a dark room, whither Goldsmith soon followed with a candle and wheedled Master Colman back to good humor, by placing a shilling under each of three hats, and then conjuring them all under the same crown. It was a gambol with his dog that suggested to him the pretty couplet in "The Traveler":

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,  
The sports of children satisfy the child."

But from sports like these he was summoned back to his desk, and, in addition to the bulky compilations he had undertaken, he was preparing "The Deserted Village" for the press. Mr. Cooke calling upon him the day after it was commenced, Goldsmith read him a fragment of ten lines, adding, when he had done, "Come, let me tell you this is no bad morning's work." From the time he took to complete the poem, he could rarely have accomplished so much at a sitting. His habit was first to set down his ideas in prose, and when he had turned them carefully into rhyme, to continue retouching the lines with infinite pains to give point to the sentiment and polish to the verse. Mr. Forster dwells with great force upon the loss to literature from the want of this care in the generality of authors. The bulky ore, he truly says, can seldom obtain currency, however rich the vein. Those who extract and collect the gold, no matter how thinly it may have been originally spread, will ever be the writers most prized by the world. It was owing to this care that "The Deserted Village," being published on the 26th of May, 1770, went through four editions before the end of June. An anecdote was told of his having returned a part of the hundred pounds which Griffin had paid him for the copyright, in consequence of his having discovered that it amounted to "near five shillings a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or indeed more than any modern poetry was worth." He soon added to his already oppressive engagements by agreeing, for a payment of fifty guineas, to abridge his Roman History. A slight sketch of Parnell, which contained two or three graceful paragraphs, was published in the summer with some success; and a "Life of Bolingbroke," to be prefixed to his "Dissertation on Parties," which, it was calculated, might obtain a fresh lease of popularity in the political heats of that fiery time, was now to be provided without delay. It was the first completed of his pending projects, and is one of the flimsiest tracts which ever proceeded from his pen—flat and feeble in style, as well as destitute of thought and knowledge. In August, 1771, came forth the "History of England," in four volumes, which has all the characteristics of his former compilations of the same kind.

The fame of "The Traveler" brought

Goldsmith into contact with his countryman, Mr. Nugent, who had now become Lord Clare. He was much with him at the close of 1770 at his seat of Gosfield Park, and in the spring of 1771 accompanied him to Bath. Oliver is said by Mr. Cooke to have been liable to fits of absence, and an instance occurred during the present visit, when he strayed into the house of the Duke of Northumberland, who lived next door to Lord Clare, and threw himself down on the sofa just as the duke and duchess, who were acquainted with him, were sitting down to breakfast. Conjecturing that he had made a mistake, they endeavored to put him at his ease, and inquired the news of the day; but it was not until they invited him to join them at the table that he awoke from his reverie, and explained, with many apologies and much confusion, that he was unconscious of the intrusion. After seeing, on his return to London, his "History of England" through the press, he hired a room in a farm-house on the Edgware Road, and commenced "She Stoops to Conquer," for which he received £800.

"I have been trying," he wrote to Bennett Langton, September 7, 1771, "to do something, these three months, to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance."

On the evening of its first performance (March 15, 1773) a few of the principal literary friends of the author assembled at dinner; but Goldsmith was too agitated to swallow a mouthful, and too nervous to accompany the party to the theater.

Neither the £800 nor his other earnings sufficed to satisfy his past debts and present extravagance. "When he exchanged his simple habits," says Mr. Cooke, "for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications. Hence, when he ate, or drank with them, he was habituated to extravagances which he could not afford; when he squandered his time with them, he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them, he had not their talents to recover it at another opportunity."

An abstemious man himself, he was ostentatious in his entertainments, and in the last year of his life Johnson and Reynolds rebuked his profusion by refus-

ing to partake of the second course of a too sumptuous dinner. He often repented his folly, but as often renewed it. Reynolds found him one morning kicking a bundle round his room. The poet said in explanation that it was a masquerade suit, and, being too poor to have anything useless about him, he was taking out the value in exercise, or, in other words, he was venting his vexation for his thoughtless conduct upon the dress. His accumulating debts made him melancholy and wayward. He would frequently quit abruptly the social circle, and creep to his own cheerless chamber to brood over his embarrassments. His happiest periods, as he acknowledged, were when, driven by sheer necessity from the city, he retired into the country to labor with unremitting toil upon his projects.

In the intervals between his other engagements Goldsmith had for some time been continuing in his farm-house retreat the "History of Animated Nature." Boswell, in company with Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, went to see him at his country lodging in April, 1772. He was not at home, but they entered his apartment, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the walls with a black-lead pencil. Buffon was his principal store-house for facts, and much of the work is an avowed translation from the eloquent Frenchman. "Goldsmith, sir," said Johnson, "will give us a very fine book on the subject; but, if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that, I believe, may be the extent of his knowledge of natural history." To observe for himself, and to recapitulate the observations of others, were such distinct operations that, in spite of his want of a practical acquaintance with the science, he might easily be equal to a view of the popular parts of the study. He was a little credulous of marvels, and if his guides had gone astray, he of necessity copied their errors; but the volumes teem with delightful information, and of the literary merits of the narrative it is enough to say that it was written by Goldsmith.

The purchase-money of the "History of Animated Nature" was spent before it was earned. The work was not finished till Goldsmith was within a foot of the grave, nor published till after his death, and throughout the interval which elapsed from its commencement to its conclusion

it continued to be one of his worst embarrassments. He had still to provide for the wants of the passing hour, and numerous were the schemes he attempted or proposed. He was in arrear to the younger Newberry, to whom he made over the copyright of "She Stoops to Conquer," in partial satisfaction of a debt which he had previously promised to discharge by another such tale as the "Vicar of Wakefield." The specimen which he furnished proved to be a narrative version of the "Good-natured Man," and was declined by the publisher. He undertook, as a companion to his "History of Rome," to compile for two hundred and fifty pounds a "History of Greece," which was unfinished when he died.

In the midst of these shifts and sorrows a trivial incident occurred which produced one of the happiest effusions of Goldsmith's pen, and afforded a fresh proof of the versatility of his talents. He insisted one evening at the Literary Club on competing with Garrick in epigram, and each agreed to write the other's epitaph. The actor exclaimed on the instant that his was ready, and he produced extempore the couplet which is as widely known as the name of Goldsmith himself:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd  
Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor  
Poll."

Abashed at the laugh which ensued, "poor Poll" was unable to produce a retort. The company pursued the idea which had been started, and either then or afterward several of them wrote epitaphs upon their standing butt in a similar vein.

Goldsmith in the interim was not idle. He was carefully preparing his "Retaliation" in silence; and when he had advanced as far as the character of Reynolds, he showed it to Burke. He wished it to be a secret till it was finished; but having allowed copies to be taken, its existence became known to those who were the subjects of it, and he was obliged to read it at the Literary Club in its imperfect state. From the time that his talent for satire was discovered he was treated with greater respect, and the oddities which had hitherto been a theme for endless jest were spoken of as not entirely destitute of humor.

A few weeks after this game of epitaphs had been played out poor Gold-

smith was in his grave. He was subject to strangury, produced or aggravated by fits of sedentary toil; and an attack of the disorder in March, 1774, passed into a nervous fever. On the 25th of the month he sent for an apothecary, and, in defiance of his remonstrance, persisted in taking "James's powder." Yet, much as the medicine reduced his powers, the worst symptoms of the disorder abated, and it was apparent that the sleeplessness which remained was induced by some other cause.

"Your pulse," said Doctor Turton, "is in much greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?"

"No," said Goldsmith, "it is not."

He was paying, in fact, with his life the penalty of his improvidence. He expired, after an illness of ten days, on the 4th of April, 1774; and on the 9th his remains, followed by a few coffee-house acquaintances, hastily gathered together, were laid in the burial-ground of the Temple.

"He died," wrote Johnson, "of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before? But let not his faults be remembered. He was a very great man."

It was suggested that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, with a pomp commensurate with his fame; and Judge Day conjectured that the proposal was abandoned in consequence of his debts; but Mr. Cooke expressly states that the reason why the scheme was given up was because the greater part of the eminent persons who were invited to hold the pall, and whose presence could alone have conferred importance on the proceeding, pleaded inability to attend. Yet two at least of the number had a real and deep regard for the man. Burke, when he heard of his death, burst into tears; and Reynolds, who had never been known to suspend the exercise of his calling for any distress, laid down his brush, and painted no more that day. A monument now commemorates him in Westminster Abbey.

Goldsmith was short and thick in stature, his face round and strongly pitted

with the smallpox, his forehead low, and his complexion pale. The general cast of his countenance, according to Boswell, was coarse and vulgar; and Miss Reynolds states that he had the appearance of a low mechanic. He was once relating, with great indignation, that a gentleman in a coffee-house had mistaken him for a tailor; and his resemblance to the brethren of the needle was notoriously so strong that an irresistible titter went round the circle. One morning when Mr. Percival Stockdale was remarking to Davies, the bookseller, on this similarity of appearance, Goldsmith entered, and, with that curious infelicity which seemed always to attend upon him, said to Mr. Stockdale, who had recently published a translation of Tasso's *Aminta*, "I shall soon take measure of you."

His picture by Sir Joshua presents the face of a man unusually plain, yet Miss Reynolds mentions it as the crowning feat of her brother in portrait-painting that he had imparted dignity of expression without destroying the likeness. What that lady thought of him appears from her naming him for her toast when she was asked to give the ugliest person she knew; and Mrs. Cholmondeley, with whom she had some little difference at the time, was so delighted with the selection that she shook hands with her across the table. "Thus the ancients," said Johnson, "in the making up of their quarrels, used to sacrifice a beast between them."

His address, until he warmed into the good-humor which was natural to him, strengthened the unfavorable impression produced by his appearance. "His deportment," says Boswell, "was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman." "His manner," says Davies, "was uncouth, his language unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation." "He expressed himself," says his friend, Mr. Cooke, "upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen." Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied,

emphatically, "He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*.' He was a fool, sir."

Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an "inspired idiot," Mrs. Piozzi wrote in her old age, "very true;"\* and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have had no sort of force unless it had possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been greatly exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnson, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon questions of which he was almost entirely ignorant.

"If he were with two founders," said the doctor, "he would fall a-talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." To this want of fixed opinions and extensive information was added what Boswell calls "a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;" and what Mr. Cooke terms "a strange, uncouth, deranged manner" of speaking.

Boswell asserts that he studiously copied Johnson's manner, on a smaller scale; and both Hawkins and Joseph Warton relate that he affected to use the great lexicographer's hard words in conversation. The consequent impression he left upon Warton was, that "he was of all solemn coxcombs the first; yet," he adds, "sensible." To be solemn was not natural to him; and it is evident that he often forgot to act his part, or deliberately laid it aside. This mimicry of Johnson, which reduced him to a comical miniature of the original, no doubt occasioned, as it renders more piquant, the insolence of Graham, who wrote the "Masque of Telemachus." When he had arrived at a point of conviviality to talk to one man and look at another, he said,

\*Malone, on the other hand, says that he never could assent to Walpole's pointed sentence. "I always," he adds, "made battle against Boswell's representation of him, and often expressed to him my opinion that he rated Goldsmith much too low."



"Doctor, I shall be happy to see you at Eton," where he was one of the masters. "I shall be glad to wait on you," said Goldsmith. "No," replied Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. *Minor*; 'tis Dr. *Major*, there." "Graham," said Oliver, describing him afterward, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide."

Another circumstance, which he used to mention with strong indignation, was the conduct of Moser, the Swiss, at an Academy dinner, who cut short his conversation with a "Stay, stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say something." On such occasions, Johnson tells us, he was as irascible as a hornet; was angry when he was detected in an absurdity; and miserably vexed when he was defeated in an argument.

Of the little ebullitions of temper which arose from mortified vanity, Boswell has preserved a single instance. He was about to interpose an observation in a discussion which was going on, and his sentence was drowned by the loud voice of Johnson, who had not heard him speak. Dr. Minor, who was standing restless, in consequence of being excluded from the conversation, hesitating whether to go or to stay, threw down his hat in a passion, and, looking angrily at Dr. Major, ejaculated, "Take it!" Toplady beginning to say something, and Johnson making a sound, Goldsmith called out, "Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." "Sir," rejoined Johnson, "I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." When they met in the evening at the club, Johnson asked his pardon, and Goldsmith, who was as placable as he was hasty, placidly replied, "It must be much, sir, that I take ill from you."

Of his vanity he gave many ludicrous examples. "He would never," said Garrick, "allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a horn-pipe." "How well this postboy drives," said Johnson to Boswell. "Now, if Goldy were here, he'd say he could drive better." "If you were to meet him," said a journalist of the day, who was satirizing his well-known infirmity, "and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the doctor would look down at his own and reply, 'I think mine are still better done.'"

In trying to show at Versailles how well he could jump over a piece of water, he tumbled into the midst of it. At the exhibition of puppets he warmly exclaimed, on their dexterously tossing a pike, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself;" and he broke his shins the same evening, at the house of Mr. Burke, in the attempt to prove that he could surpass them in leaping over a stick. When some of the club were loud in their praise of a speech of Mr. Burke, Goldsmith maintained that oratory was a knack, and that he would undertake to do as well himself. Being dared to the trial, he mounted a chair, and was unable to advance beyond one or two sentences. He was compelled to desist, but reiterated his assertion, and imputed his failure to his being "out of luck" at the moment. He possessed so little of the boasted knack, that when he attempted a speech at the Society of Arts, he was obliged to sit down in confusion.

A ludicrous manifestation of his jealousy occurred at an Academy dinner: when one of the company was uttering some witticisms which excited mirth, Goldsmith begged those who sat near him not to laugh, "for in truth he thought it would make the man vain." He openly confessed that he was of an envious disposition; and Boswell maintained that he had no more of it than other people, but only talked of it more freely. All are agreed that it never embittered his heart; that it entirely spent itself in occasional outbreaks; and that he was utterly incapable of a steady rancor, or of doing an action which could hurt any man living.

Washington Irving expresses his belief that, far from being displeased that his weaknesses should be remembered, he would be gratified to hear the reader shut the volume which contained his history with the ejaculation, *POOR GOLDSMITH!* In our opinion nothing would be more distasteful to him. He had higher aspirations, a more heroic ambition. But what would have delighted him would have been to hear Johnson pronounce in oracular tones that "he deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better;" to read in the epitaph which his great friend prepared for his monument, "that he was of a genius sublime, lively, and versatile; that there was no species of writing that he had left untried, and that he treated

nothing which he did not adorn;" to find posterity confirming the sentence, and ranking him as the worthy peer of the illustrious men whose fame he emulated, and whom he needlessly envied; to see that his works were among the most popular of British classics; that everything connected with him possessed an undying interest for mankind; that all the minutest incidents of his career had engaged the anxious researches of numerous biographers, and that the list was closed by the elaborate volumes of Mr. Forster. "Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother."

#### A CHAPTER ON SCYTHES.

CONNECTICUT has been long known throughout this sisterhood of states. Her name is ancient and honorable as the "Land of steady habits," the home of the free, the patroness of good institutions, the observer and enforcer of good laws, and the venerable mother of many good and noble men. Her very mountain tops wave with the genial breezes of liberty, the pure waters of her lakes and her rivers reflect its beauteous image, and her atmosphere is perfumed with its sweet fragrance, all fresh and delicious as the odor of a thousand spring blossoms. Her soil is generous, and, subdued and melowed by the appliances of patient toil, bounteously yields the tempting wealth of golden harvests. The sweet bread of industry nourishes a frugal, free, and happy people, and the pure leaven of a correct and wholesome public opinion permeates every stratum of society.

Though to every intent an agricultural state, Connecticut is widely noted for the manufactories, which exist in every part of her territory, and thrive vigorously under the fostering care of her enterprising sons. Hardly a rill is permitted to leap down from the mountain, unimpeded by an obtrusive dam. Here springs up in some out-of-the-way locality an establishment for making wooden buttons, and almost in a night a brisk, stirring village, with its clean white cottages, its little smiling church, and its intelligent, reading community, starts into existence. There may be seen Yankee enterprise budding and blossoming into an "institution" where an

endless variety of approved jack-knives can be "promptly furnished to order," and the nucleus of a bustling young town is established. Fall asleep on the banks of the stream that turns the wheels of yonder "clock factory," and the chances are of being suddenly waked by the rough screech of the locomotive whistle. Every demand of convenience may be satisfied, and every "notion" that ingenuity can devise or fancy suggest is already *packed* and *labeled*, ready to be exchanged for the quarters, the dimes, or the pennies of the customer. Tradition quite gravely informs us of certain versatile characters who, long ago, drove a smart speculation by making and vending wooden nutmegs, white-oak hams, and horn flints, but as I desire, for the present, to record only facts of which my own eyes have been witnesses, I will not stop to examine the data upon which the veracity of this report is founded.

In one of the most beautiful districts of this time-honored and venerable Commonwealth stands the rapidly-growing village of West Winsted. It is delightfully imbosomed in green hills, among whose waving summits its guardian genii seem to dwell. Mad River divides it in twain, and its waters, as they angrily leap and foam over the rocks, supply the requisite power for propelling scores of wheels and giving motion to hundreds of clattering hammers. All is life, and stir, and bustle; the animated voice and footstep of cheerful labor are heard, and from dawn till dusk is the air rent with the din of machinery which roars and rattles in every direction.

A principal occupation of many laborers, a rich source of wealth to capitalists, and an efficient promoter of the general enterprise, is the extensive manufacture of scythes, for which the unrivaled water privileges and the ready access to the leading markets afford the finest facilities.

It is very interesting to watch the various processes by which a rough plate of iron, "without form or comeliness," rapidly assumes the qualities and proportions of a keen, polished, and perfect instrument. The work of shaping or "forming" is almost entirely accomplished by the use of trip-hammers, of which there is a separate one for each operation, with a face corresponding in shape with the various peculiarities in the form of the

manufactured implements. These are all so nicely adjusted that the weight of the workman's foot upon a pedal instantly sets in motion, like a thing of life, any one he desires to use.

The finest quality of iron is selected, which usually comes in the shape of flattened bars or plates, ten or twelve feet long, two to three inches in width, and a half inch in thickness. After cutting the bars to the proper length, they are heated to whiteness in a fire of anthracite, and drawn beneath a ponderous hammer, which strikes not far from one hundred and twenty times each minute. The glowing iron yields to every stroke of the powerful instrument, as though it were softened clay or fresh mortar, and is rapidly reduced to the desired thickness. It is then re-heated and "doubled over," or laterally bent, under a different hammer, so that the opposite edges are brought together, as a sheet of paper may be folded to be cut into long narrow strips. Into the groove thus made a thin piece of steel is inserted, of equal length with the plate, and a half inch to an inch in width, and designed to form the cutting part. The interstices between the steel and the iron are then filled with borax, which immediately melts and forms a kind of *flux*, preventing oxydation, and greatly facilitating the union of the parts. In this state the plate is again heated and passed under the "welding" hammer, after which it is smoothed and straitened by a similar process. It is again subjected to the fire until the metal becomes so soft and pliant that a few moderate strokes upon the edge with the "flat" of a small hammer reduce it to the proper degree of curvature. In this operation no rule is followed, and no scale or other assistance employed, the eye of an experienced workman being sufficient to guide the hand, and properly direct the forming process. It is then passed under the large hammer until the edge is brought to its requisite level, or as nearly as so apparently clumsy an operation could be supposed to accomplish that object. Another heat, and the "backing-up" is done. Another "turn" in the fire, and the "beading" hammer breaks loose, whereby the twofold purpose of ornamenting and stiffening the blade is fulfilled. Again a partial heat, and in a twinkling the "heel" of the scythe is bent. In a moment more

the "pointing" process is completed, and the instrument is raised to a dull red heat, plunged into cold water, and passed into the hands of the temperer. Each of the operations I have mentioned hardly occupies a minute, aside from the delay of heating, which is remarkably slight, when aided by the sevenfold intensity of an anthracite fire.

The tempering is very simple and interesting. The scythe is firmly grasped with a pair of tongs, and briskly drawn to and fro through the fire, until the steel upon the edge assumes a dark-blue, metallic luster. The workman then withdraws it, and dipping a little stick into water, flirts the drops all along upon the edge, from the point to the heel. If, in the language of the temperers, the water readily "hops" from the steel, a pretty good indication is afforded that the experiment has proved successful. If, however, it remains *hissing* and *sputtering* upon the surface, it proves that the temper has been reduced below the requisite degree, making the scythe too soft to "hold an edge." The only way of correcting this fault is, by again heating, dipping in the water, and more carefully repeating the operation. I have styled the tempering process very simple and interesting, and repeat the assertion, yet none should infer that it is consequently an *easy* task. There is no department from the rough, shapeless iron to the finished, glittering blade that involves so much difficulty, or so great a liability to failure as this: and none requiring so patient practice and profound skill. To decide upon the most important property of any cutting instrument—its temper—by the merest shadow of difference in the metallic luster, requires a keen and long-practiced eye, and only the acutest ear can detect any practical significance in the minute concussion with which the heated surface repels the water-drop. Yet the workman of experience performs his duty with surprising facility and accuracy, as will readily appear from the fact that in the establishment I am describing, not more than one scythe out of twenty or twenty-five is found defective. The manual labor required for all the operations I have mentioned is not severe, demanding no great outlay of physical energy. The chief inconvenience arises from the excessive heat of the fires, which causes the operatives to foam and swelter from morn-

ing to night with little relief, either in winter or in summer. Yet they all labor with "might and main," straining every muscle and nerve, until their faces glow and glisten like the sparkling iron upon the anvil. The important secret is that each one is amply paid, not according to the time he labors, but in proportion to the actual amount of work he accomplishes. The heat, the sweat, and the filth are all forgotten, in the prospects of the well-earned reward which honest industry is sure to achieve.

The next thing in order is to prepare the scythe for the hands of the grinder. For this purpose it is necessary that the edge be made perfectly straight. A few strokes with a light hammer are sufficient to remove any ordinary inequalities, which a glance of the eye along the blade will readily detect. If badly curved and distorted by the hard knocks it has received, (for it has been tumbled about with little ceremony,) an instrument, resembling a common fork, is applied to the edge, and wrenched one way or the other, as may be necessary, the blade, meanwhile, being firmly held by a small iron standard, like a vice, fixed in the top of the anvil.

We are now willing to be released from the deafening clatter of the forging room, which is so excessive that the workmen are obliged to stop their ears with cotton, to prevent premature deafness. Any one who doubts the wisdom of this precaution should go and stand for a half hour among twenty or thirty trip-hammers, all rattling furiously away in a distracting jargon of monotonous thumps. My word for it, this sort of incredulity will soon yield to the force of so *striking* a demonstration of the truth.

The grinding room is contiguous. Peering through the thick dust, which completely fills the apartment, we perceive a number of stalwart men, completely begrimed with sweat and dirt, each sitting astride a narrow bench, beneath which revolves, with tremendous velocity, a huge grindstone, five or six feet in diameter. The natural roughness, or *grit*, of the sharpest stone is insufficient to wear the scythe to an edge, with the rapidity which the pressure in the other departments demands, and so its efficiency is greatly increased by scoring the surface with a chisel or a hatchet. The workman tightly grasps the scythe at each end, lays it nearly flat upon the stone,

with the edge toward him, and throws upon it as much weight as possible. To avoid bending the instrument, the grinder fastens it to a stiff, narrow strip of board. The instant the metal touches the stone, the disintegrated particles are ignited by the intense friction, and a long, fiery jet of hissing sparks pours out to a considerable distance. It is not agreeable to remain long in this apartment, for the loud scraping and roaring of the grindstones is intolerable to even the strongest nerves; the atmosphere is heated to an uncomfortable degree by the attrition of the machinery, and filled with the fine, sharp dust which is flying about in clouds, and settling upon every accessible object. The visitor is glad to leave the room and seek the open air, coughing, sneezing, and *weeping*, to expel the intrusive particles that have invaded the eyes, mouth, and nostrils. No department of the business of scythemaking is so unwholesome as the grinding, and he who closely confines himself to it can flatter himself with no reasonable hope of a very long life.

The next operation is that of polishing, by means of the "emery-wheel." This machine is formed by cutting from thick plank a wheel or disc, a foot, or so, in diameter, covering the peripheral surface with a thick coating of glue, and rolling it in a box filled with granulated corundum. When thoroughly dried, a rough, compact surface is formed, not unlike the familiar "sand-paper" of commerce. This wheel is made to revolve with great rapidity, and does the work effectively, but lasts only a short time, when a new coating of emery must be supplied.

The scythes are then taken to the finishing and packing room, where, first, the edge of each is carefully tested, by tightly pressing it upon the hardened face of the anvil, and slowly drawing it from the heel to the points. If it slides smoothly along, it is pronounced good; but if it seems to cling and stick to the anvil as it passes, a "soft spot" is at once betrayed, and the instrument is condemned and thrown aside. Every marketable scythe is then painted red, black, green, or blue, according to the fancy, and appropriately labeled; after which the packing completes the interesting, though somewhat complicated process. Each package contains twelve, of nearly the same length and curvature, and is secured by tightly winding with a *rope*

*of straw.* This rope is twisted by a machine with tube "flyers," and spindle about seven feet long. Of this contrivance the foot-wheel with which our worthy grandmothers spun flax in the olden time is an exact miniature: When the rope is twisted, it is wound upon a mammoth "reel" for use. The bunch of scythes is firmly fixed in an apparatus resembling a turning-lathe, and when the power is applied, the rope is as firmly and compactly wound as thread upon a spool, and as securely protects the package as though a box of wood or iron incased it; while the great additional expense of the latter method is avoided. The defectives scythes are seldom packed for market, but are sold out at a low price in various directions, and for a multitude of uses. A large number go to the paper-mills, where they are extensively employed in cutting and assorting the rags.

A short walk from the establishment I have described, leads to the Augur works, which are equally interesting with the former, but comprise fewer complications and difficulties in their operation. A sufficiently minute account of the manufacture of so important a utensil, shall occupy no more than a reasonable space, especially as the very nature of the subject renders one painfully obnoxious to the charge of a bore.

In the first place, a rod of iron is cut to the proper length, and the part that is to form the spiral "web" of the augur, hammered flat to a uniform thickness and width, according to the desired dimensions. The flattened portion is then heated, and a slit, half an inch deep, made with a "cold chisel," longitudinally across the end. Into this opening, a strip of steel, large enough to fill it, is inserted, after which the part is dipped into pulverized borax, again heated and hammered, until the iron and the steel are completely welded. This bit of steel is designed to form the "lips," or cutting edges, and the little conical screw in the center. Again the same part is heated, the "shank" placed in a vice, and the flattened part twisted two or three times round by a small iron crank for the purpose. This process forms the web, and now the instrument, for the first time, assumes a shape which readily indicates the design of the sooty workman. After a moment or two of straightening with a convenient apparatus, he throws

from his hands what seems to be an old, worn-out augur, that has lost its handle, point, and cutting edges. The next step is to hammer out the point upon which a thread is to be cut. This is a nice operation, which an inexperienced hand would find great difficulty in successfully performing, yet the skillful workman (who does nothing else) strikes rapidly and accurately, lifting his hammer two or three feet from the anvil, and unerringly hits in precisely the right place. The man at his elbow files the cutting edges into their proper shape. The point is then turned in a lathe, by which process it becomes perfectly conical, after which the thread is cut, by means of a wheel, or disc, of hardened steel, whose edge has been carefully striated, parallel to the plane of its lateral faces, and then slightly cross-furrowed, to resemble a common file. This revolves with immense velocity. The steel point is held transversely against the edge of the disc, slightly inclined, so that each thread may join its next neighbor. The augur is slowly turned with the hand, and in less than fifteen seconds, a perfect "double-threaded" screw is formed. The grinding, polishing, and packing, being complete, the instrument is ready for the purchaser.

In this establishment a comparatively small amount of the work is done by machinery, while in the scythe manufactory, very little is performed in any other way. In both, the principle, called in political economy, "Division of Labor," is illustrated to a nicety. Every possible item of the business is vastly facilitated by its adoption. By confining himself exclusively to a single branch or department, each workman is enabled, beyond a doubt, to accomplish a third more of efficient labor than otherwise. The scythe temperer does nothing else; one welds; another curves the blade; another backs up and beads; another heels; another points; another grinds; another polishes, and another packs. In the same manner, one flattens the rod for the augur; another welds the steel; another, by twisting, forms the web; another hammers the point; another cuts the screw, and so on, through the entire catalogue. This nice arrangement insures the utmost rapidity and accuracy in performing the multiplicity of parts, which an establishment of this kind necessarily comprehends.



## THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

IN my childhood nothing gave me greater delight than the rainbow, and though I have still much pleasure in seeing it, I have lost the juvenile faith I once had in my ability to find the end of it.

Many a time have I run across the pasture that fronted our eastern windows, frightening the simple sheep in my haste to gain the hill top, where I was sure the rainbow came to the ground, and as often have been disappointed, but not in the least disenchanted. Shining through the sunlit rain I could see it so distinctly, just a little way before me—if I could but climb to the green top of the wood I should, without doubt, be able to wrap about my head such a beautiful turban as never was seen—made, in fact, of the red end of the rainbow!

It was a harmless fancy, productive of much childish delight, indeed, causing me to dream dreams, and see visions that were beautiful exceedingly; for at the end of the rainbow I had no doubt but that a great bag of gold had a local habitation. What I should do with such a treasure puzzled my brain not a little, and I spent hours forming plans that were destined never to go into execution.

In the course of time I came to know that the end of the rainbow was not to be found on the hill in the sheep pasture, nor yet in the green top of the woods beyond; nowhere, in fact, this side of that gloomy river whose still ferryman we all dread so much. But I saw, meanwhile, with sorrowful surprise, men and women about me who had not outgrown their childish credulity, yearning and striving for happiness which this life does not contain, and so shutting up their senses to its real comforts. To be leaning and reaching after blessings, is a mistake fatal to all blessings; for while they evade the most diligent search, they come unawares to those who, in the earnestness of a good work, are forgetful of them.

Alas, alas! we take off our baby garment of faith in impossibilities, and hang it on the wall of truth with great reluctance; all of us, and for the most part indeed, keep it tied and strained around us, till, stumbling over some great, ugly fact, we actually burst out of it.

Day after day our thoughts go traveling "round about this pendent world" in search

of treasures no less fabulous than the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, and night after night they come back to us wearied out with the profitless journey, and we go to bed, less to have our eyelids touched by "nature's sweet restorer," than to dream of divining rods, and of "fairies who speak pearls."

Sabbath after Sabbath our preachers pray for blessings to be showered down upon the congregations, till Heaven, exhausted of patience, seals up its hearing, and the vain words become a mumble in the mouths of the petitioners. And no wonder Heaven is tired of the much saying, "God be merciful," and the never saying, "God be praised."

"Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not. Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south. Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number."

The seasons are his handmaids, and we say to them, "Ye come only by chance." Winter lays down at our feet her great white book, and we give it to the sunbeams to take back, without having written on its pages, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Spring plants the fertile valleys with herbs, and violets, and hollyhocks, and wheat and corn, with furrows of needful waters between, and we go into barren places and ask for miracles. Summer sweetens the air with apple-blossoms and hay-fields, wild roses and mint, and we call on the far isles to drift to our windows their spicy odors. The fall comes with new corn, and yellow pears, and melons, and red peaches; lighting up all the hills with the splendor of its woodlands—calling the cheerful cricket to the hearth, and our families to the thanksgiving table, where we give, really, but miserable thanks. We groan out our complaints to one another of the hardships and trials of life, and reach down through the blessings that surround us like the common air, to fetch up out of the darkness all the disappointments we have had to encounter—all the crosses we have had to bear.

For my part, I wonder we are not oftener than we are forced out of the socket of accustomed happiness, and made to feel how more than good God has been to us.

We sit under the weight of blessings until they become a burden, and suffer the fruitful branches of our vines to darken our understandings till Providence breaks them off in their greenness and lets in the light.

We greatly more need to pray for wisdom than happiness; the wild ass's colt can enjoy, but men and women should be able to live without happiness, save, indeed, that best happiness of all that comes in our conflicts with evil and our victories over it; that steadies up the soul in the time of temptation, and finds place in the heart that is obedient to God, however crowded with miseries it may be.

If we accustomed ourselves to take up the realities of life, and strip them of their delusions, we should find a great augmentation of real comfort; we should not be making profitless journeys after the end of the rainbow, as so many of us are doing now.

We expect too much of this world; the inevitable disappointment chills and discourages us, and we say life is not worth living. The roses we bind up in our arms have briars among them; tares will grow with our wheat, and blight fall upon our corn; the path of duty will sometimes grow hard and bare, and pain that we cannot shoulder aside, fasten itself upon us as we go along, and our only hope is to bear it bravely. Sighs and lamentations are of no avail to lighten suffering, much less to detach it from our souls, a part of whose inheritance it is.

Life is, indeed, a sharp struggle, and unless we arm ourselves betimes, and battle bravely, we shall be borne down. Outside of ourselves, and the strength that flows into our souls through Divine truth, there is little help for us. We must not be so much looking for something on which to lean, as learning to stand alone. Who can say to our consciences, Be still? Who can help us through death, or answer for us at the judgment?

Beauty, and honor, and authority, may be stripped from us at any moment, and our poor selves be left naked and helpless, unless nothing shall be able to divide us from that rectitude that fears not, even that searching light that shines up over the steep sides of the pit. With all the beauty of its springtimes, the glory of its harvests, and the splendor of its winters;

with all the delights of its courtships, the joy of its marriages, and the comfort of its homes, earth is not heaven, and rainbows cannot be set over our lintels as they are in the clouds.

But while this knowledge presses upon us from every side, we shut up our understandings against it, and think when we have hidden our eyes that we have destroyed the sunshine, or the plague-spot, as the case may be.

It is well to keep before us a cheerful daystar of hope, to trust to our friends to visit us when we are sick, to clothe us when we are naked, and to bury us when we die, but never to weaken this reasonable trust by impositions on their kindness while we are able to help ourselves. It is well to cherish a healthful faith in the protection of Providence, and extremely foolish to weaken it by going after soothsayers, or cheating ourselves into the belief that the red shadow of the evening is another sunrise, or the patch of millet on the next hill-side is the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow.

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## THE PETS.

BY WILLIAM RODERIC LAWRENCE.

SKIPPING round among the clover,  
Hiding 'mid the fragrant grass,  
Through the hazels, under, over,  
By the stream we often pass—  
'Mid the verdure richly green,  
Our twin pets may oft be seen.

When they hear the gentle footfall  
Of Leonora down the lane,  
Or fair Nellie, with her bird-call,  
Oft they list, and list again;  
With their long ears raised on high,  
Pointing to the echoing sky.

Then they ponder, as if musing,  
Whether they be friends or foes;  
Daintily the clover choosing,  
Now the white, and now the rose—  
Sitting up, intent to listen,  
How their eyes, dilated, glisten!

Now they hide them in the grass,  
'Neath the clover, 'neath the fern;  
And as we in silence pass,  
To their dainty meal return;  
Tender, harmless pets of ours,  
Living 'mid the fragrant flowers.

Skipping round among the clover,  
Hiding 'mid the fragrant grass;  
Through the hazels, under, over,  
By the stream we often pass—  
'Mid bright flowers and verdure green,  
Our twin pets may oft be seen.

### SYDNEY SMITH'S RELIGION.

WHAT a biography of a Christian minister is the Memoir of the late Sydney Smith! What a laughable or lamentable conjunction of words—"The REVEREND Sydney Smith!" That "Reverend" should never have stood a prefix to the name of Sydney Smith. The ludicrous association reminds us of a dry boy, who, when his pious father asked him one Sunday what book he was reading, answered that it was the Life of the Reverend Peregrine Pickle. The boy was permitted to read on. Peregrine was as good a Christian as Sydney, and as well deserved the sacerdotal sign to his name. He (Sydney) might have been General Smith, or Sir Sydney, or Admiral Smith, and there would have been no incongruity to make mankind merry or sad. But as the case actually stood, we think of it as we think of a bull in a china shop. "The inconsistency is perfectly obvious," as an English traveler in America said, when he saw one of the free and enlightened gouge out the eye of another for voting in the opposition. Sydney would have made a better actor, a better clown, a better parliament man, a better anything than a Christian minister. When Swift hinted to Calvinistic William a desire for preferment, the bilious king quietly offered him a captain's commission in the army. It was both a joke and a satire, with just enough of seriousness in it to show the suitability of the offer. Pity it was not accepted. Sydney Smith has often been compared with Swift, and the comparison to an extent is just. They were both clergymen. They were both wits. They were both politicians and men of the world. But Swift was "*a nice man*," according to his own peculiar definition of the phrase—"a man of nasty ideas." We shall not offend our readers with samples. That would be like knocking them down merely to illustrate the pugilist's manner in the ring. The information would not balance the damage. Sydney, (and here is the great difference between him and Swift,) Sydney was a clean man. He said the sharpest and wittiest things that ever a man said. He wrote the keenest satires that ever a man wrote. He cut into the bone and then fell to sawing, and never stopped till the marrow of his victim felt the steel; yet there is not one of these exhausting sarcasms—not a satire, nor a rough joke that

fell from his lips or pen, that might not safely be repeated before a full assembled boarding-school of either sex. We mean that his wit was remarkably free from obscenity. No high encomium on a clergyman surely!

But how came he by a parson's gown and cossack? "His own inclinations led him to the bar." So says the memoir. But his father, who had educated one of his sons to the law, was not able to give Sydney a law education, and therefore wished him to enter the Church. Sydney entered the Church to gratify his father. That is the whole story. But then, before he preached he told the bishop, and yet he told the Church, that "he trusted he was moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him the office and work of the ministry." Sydney Smith loved truth, and yet he said this. We should like to know by what subtle process he persuaded himself that he was telling the truth. Did he infer the Spirit's motion from the fact that he was then receiving ordination from the bishop's hands? Thus: "Whoever is ordained by the bishop must be called by the Spirit." But the bishop ordains me; ergo, I am called or moved by the Spirit. Perhaps he thought it a mere matter of form, only that it was essential to a curacy or a vicarage. Or, which is most likely, perhaps he thought nothing about it, and answered the question as in duty bound, because the bishop asked it, and thus lied to the Holy Ghost through

"Pure heroical defect of thought."

At any rate, Sydney's whole life afterward said, as plainly as a man's life can say, that he "had not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." True, he accepted a parish, and, to use a genuine English phrase, "did duty" with about the same idea of the word as Nelson's men had when they manned a topsail or let off a gun at Copenhagen or Trafalgar. It was done with spirit, but with no spirituality. He preached, and he never joked in preaching either. Not perhaps because he considered it a species of profanity, but because he had too much good sense to allow it. It takes a *very religious* man to give the faithful a substitute for theatrical amusement and keep a congregation in a roar of laughter. Sydney was not *pious* enough for that kind of pulpit labor. He would probably have thought it too

Methodistic, or at least better becoming the freedom of Dissenters. He preached, we have said. But what did he preach? The Gospel? Not he. He knew nothing about it. But this: "*Govern your hearts.*" Very good. That sounds well. But stop. All he meant by it was—keep your temper; be good humored; don't get mad, for that will do you no good, but only make you miserable, and all around as miserable as yourself. "*Don't swear,*" for besides its profanity, which is a consideration to be weighed, it is decidedly in bad taste. Real gentlemen never swear. "*Tell the truth.*" It will advantage you much. You will get a reputation for integrity, and that will bring you employment, and you can keep your places longer. It will also be a benefit to you who have bad memories; for you know the adage about liars and good memories. Therefore tell the truth and shame the devil, if there is a devil, and it will be no matter to you whether there is or not. "*Don't poach.*" Not that I am in favor of the game laws, but poaching will one day get you into trouble, and a trip to Botany Bay will awaken no pleasant recollections of a few game dinners.

Besides all this "*dry clatter of morality,*" as another great wit called it, he preached on Toleration, and doubtless beat Locke himself in advocating the great principle. But really the man had not religion enough to tempt his generous nature to bigotry, as some men have not spirit enough to get angry. Religion has nothing to do with their passiveness. It had nothing to do with Sydney's zeal for toleration. It was a mere matter of humanity and good taste. While his heart would have sickened at the sight of a stake for heretics, his humor ran wild at the idea of "*sticking a knife into a Dissenter,*" or "*roasting a Quaker alive.*" Either *act* would simply have been too serious a joke for so good a man to perpetrate. He was not less facetious about the missionaries who fell a prey to the cannibals in the South Sea islands. He talked of "*cold curate and roasted clergyman*" with a gusto that might have set even a man-eater's table in a roar. By the way, Sydney was no enemy to Christian missions, for "*though all was not done that was boasted of, yet wherever Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilization, and men became better—[what do you think, reader, is coming,*

next?])—*better carpenters, better cultivators, better everything.*" Perhaps this "*better everything*" may have an oblique reference to some spiritual improvement, and possibly the idea of a heathen's salvation may be included in it; but that is at least doubtful.

Let us see how he bore himself as the parish pastor. He went among the flock right sociably, joked with the poorest of his parishioners, gave them medicine when sick, and something more agreeable when starving. A box of sugar-plums which he carried in his pocket made him a favorite with the children. To a little fellow dying with croup he gave a dose of castor oil, then baptized him, and went home and told his family that he had prepared him for both worlds. In addition to all this, he taught the rusties how to make gardens and raise a good many more potatoes than was their wont. In short, he was just such a pastor as the Vicar of Wakefield, with a great deal more practical sense, which he turned over to the temporal benefit of his flock. The souls of his parishioners gave him as little concern as a shepherd's dog feels for the last sheep that left the field for the shambles. Indeed, it is questionable whether in the course of his long ministry he ever thought of a soul, excepting when it engaged his attention, as a botanist studies a flower. Bodies he believed in, despite the Berkeleyan theory; and to these he was as useful as that ancient dame of every village who has a decided "*turn for doctoring;*" but as to souls, they were only curious subjects for metaphysical inquiry. The understanding, will, memory, and imagination pertaining to them gave him large scope for learned discourse on mental philosophy. But if any one either in or out of church, had seriously mentioned a soul in its relation to God, heaven or hell, it would have sounded worse than a harsh discord to the sensitive ear of a music-master. These volumes contain the record of a single conversation on religion with a family of his parish. Hear him:

"I went to visit ———, whom I found unchanged, except that they are become a little more Methodistical. I endeavored in vain to give them more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant; that he is best served by a regular tenor of good actions; not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is to be unhappy!"

Exactly so. The extract reminds us of Paine's improved version of the prophet, "Do justly, love mercy, and do good to thy fellow-creatures!" A religion that has as little to do with the heart as possible is the very thing for men who are strangers and enemies to the higher exercises of an immortal spirit. The love that casteth out fear; the joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the peace that passeth understanding, are to all such mere apostolic hyperbole and rant. The soul "disquieted" and "cast down," or "distracted" by the "terrors of the Lord," is quite beyond the comprehension of downy doctors, who think all those ecstatic or sorrowful experiences might be conveniently substituted by "a regular tenor of good actions." The picture is Scriptural to be sure, and implies a vast amount of feeling, heart-agony, heart-rapture, heart-struggles, about which Sydney Smith knew nothing, and, if possible, cared less. In matters merely temporal he was enthusiastic enough, if intense sensibility has anything to do with the meaning of the term; for no man could be more sorrowful, or joyful, or angry, when his child died, or another guinea swelled his fortune, or the interest on Pennsylvania bonds remained unpaid. But, in religion, every expression of feeling was to him the language of fanaticism and cant. Had one of his friends gone to him exclaiming, "O wretched man that I am," he would probably have administered the consolation of one of his best jokes, with a comical exhortation to drive dull care away. If King George, instead of King David, had passionately cried, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth," &c., Sydney would have set it down for a poetical exaggeration, or concluded that his majesty was growing decidedly weak. Here is the advice which he gave to Lady Grey; not that her ladyship was becoming serious, or likely to be under such ghostly counsel:

"And so, dear Lady Grey, God bless you! Read cheerful books, play at cards, look forward two hours, and believe me always yours,  
"SYDNEY SMITH."

Short and sweet, that; illustrative, too, showing that the stream never gets above the fountain!

The deeply spiritual and forcible language of the Scriptures, which has always invigorated and pointed the style of ef-

fectual preaching, he thought should not be used in the pulpit. Hear him again:

"There is a bad taste in the language of sermons evinced by a constant repetition of the same Scriptural phrases, which, perhaps, were used with great judgment two hundred years ago, but are now become so trite that they may without any great detriment be exchanged for others: 'Putting off the old man,' and 'Putting on the new man,' 'The one thing needful,' 'The armor of righteousness,' &c."

Here you have it, reader. The word of God transferred into preaching might have done very well two hundred years ago, but now-a-days it would be in as "bad taste" as the ruff of old Elizabeth on the neck and shoulders of a modern belle. The English of it is, If any man speak, let him speak *not* as the oracles of God, but in a style that will give the least possible offense to mawkish delicacy and polite irreligion. It is no novel subterfuge of the devil to make men believe that they are not enemies to spiritual good, because they admire it in others who lived "two hundred" or two thousand years ago. The farther off the better. The very men who built the tombs of the prophets thirsted for the blood of their successors. This memoir, and the accompanying letters, give proof enough that Sydney had no relish for the very class of texts which he named, "Putting on the new man" and "The one thing needful." We say it with sorrow, but it ought to be said, that his aversion was manifestly to the things signified.

When we took up the book it was with some hope of finding that the greatest of clerical wits contrived somehow to mingle a serious, if not a decidedly religious element in his character. And what did we find? *Presto*, that he mortally hated man-traps, spring-guns, and cruelty of all kinds; that he was an indignant enemy to oppression and misrule, at the cost of place, power, and wealth. If ever in this world a man "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart," that man was Sydney Smith.

No Sadducee ever betrayed less of advertence to the Divine will, less of the *spiritual* in his views, feelings, and acts. He had not one particle of reverence for it. Compared with him, Johnson should be canonized, and even Boswell, now drunk, and now at prayer, ought not, ac-



ording to the Methodist phrase, to be "turned out." A man's heart is apt to slip into some one of five hundred and sixty letters to his friends. Out of its abundance he is about as sure to write as to speak. What, then, do these letters say? Plainly that he had no more idea of spiritual things and a spiritual world than of Drew's Zamiff. This was not the worst. At seventy, and beyond it, where religious men

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean they must sail so soon,"

Sydney joked about death and heaven, as if one meant the Straits of Dover, and the other the gay land of France. Let us quote:

"I hear Morpeth is going to America, a resolution I think very wise, and which I should decidedly carry into execution myself if I were not going to heaven."—LETTER 456.

This is flippant enough, but four months afterward he outdid it in a serio-comic letter to a lady:

"The death of Lord Holland is, indeed, a great loss to me, but I have learned to live as a soldier does in war, expecting that on any one moment the best and the dearest may be killed before his eyes."

This is both seriously and elegantly said, but, as if repenting of such solemnity, he immediately breaks into his natural vein, and ends with a laugh, thus:

"Promise me in the midst of these afflicting deaths that you will remain alive; and if death does tap at the door, say, 'I can't come; I have promised a parson to see him out.'"—LETTER 465.

He grew worse as he grew older:

"Mr. — is going down hill, trusting that the cookery in another planet may be at least as good as in this; but not without apprehensions that for misconduct here he may be sentenced to a thousand years of tough mutton, or condemned to a little eternity of family dinners."—LETTER 478.

The followings (to Lady Holland) is quite in the style of Swift. The unnatural union of sense and nonsense, gravity and levity, just reflection and impious persiflage, will make wise men melancholy, and can give merriment only to fools:

"It is a bore, I admit, to be past seventy, for you are left for execution, and are daily expecting the death-warrant; but it is not anything very capital we quit. We are at the close of life, only hurried away from stomach-aches,

pains in the joints, from sleepless nights and unamusing days, from weakness, ugliness, and nervous tremors; but we shall all meet again in another planet, cured of all our defects. — will be less irritable; — more silent; — will assent; Jeffrey will speak slower; Bobus (his brother) will be just as he is; and I shall be more respectful to the upper clergy."—LETTER 482.

One more extract will complete the evidence that not even on life's last shore did this great man, this clergyman, yield to the influences that spiritualize, and give solemn tranquillity to the heart, the proof and foretaste of heavenly rest. It was written within eight months of his death:

"I am seventy-four years of age, and, being canon of St. Paul's in London, and rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided between town and country. I am living among the best society in the metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country, passing from the saucers of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world, and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."—LETTER 549.

*Thankful for what?* Perhaps he meant with St. Paul, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." But as the use of Scripture language is in bad taste, even in sermons, and of course much more in familiar letters, he preferred a style not liable to the suspicion of fanaticism. We are glad, however, that he did not affect the sacred style, for this "*entertaining world*" would have laughed at the incongruity with a merrier ring than ever. In any mode of expression these thanks have a most fantastical sound, coming as they do from an old clergyman whose evening of life was spent in "talking, laughing, and noise," with an occasional deviation into his parish for the purpose of administering, not the Gospel, but calomel and castor-oil!

Men die as they live. Sydney Smith died as he had lived. And his death-scene was full as free from the fanaticism of Christianity as his life. True, he was kind to the last. The natural virtues of his character suffered no eclipse; but there was nothing in the final struggle that revealed a Christian spirit, either

trembling or triumphant on the verge of immortal life; no faith that like an arch spans the last flood; no hope that sings in the vale; no rapt communion with God, which alone gives joy to the hour when man dieth and wasteth away. Henceforth he will be known to the few as a philosopher and critic; but the world in general will remember him not for his wisdom, but his wit. And this is the least enviable of all intellectual distinctions. Applauded for the entertainment it gives, like a harlequin, it is despised when the play is over.

In a clergyman it is held to be something midway between a foible and a vice. The world laughs at the incongruous exhibition, but silently condemns. In this instance the judgment of the world is just. Of the great names in theology, those only are remembered with pious respect that left nothing behind them but the memorials of their solid virtues, united to talents as solid. While such comets as Swift and Smith run their zigzag course, shedding a dubious or disastrous light as time hastens their escape from the moral heavens, the Baxters, the Doddridges, the Wesleys, and a host of others, as fixed stars of the first magnitude, are seen far above them, shining brighter, and shining ever.

### IMMORTALITY IN THE FLAMES.

BY A POET'S SISTER.

FROM his sixth year, my brother Davie manifested undeniable symptoms of the divine afflatus, but it was not until fifteen that he commenced his immortal poem, "The Vengeance of Bernardo Caspiato." He was a delicate, pretty, fair boy, with a spiritual countenance, a noble brow, and abundance of silky brown hair; quite the poet to look at, and very like my dear mother, as we all daily observed. It was expected that he would cover the name of Cleverboots with a halo of glory: unlike some families, we were the first to believe in our hero, and the most constant in our faith in his splendid future. At the epoch referred to, Davie began to tie his collar with a black ribbon, to wear his white throat exposed, and his beautiful hair very long; his appetite did not fail him in private, but at our little reunions he always partook of dry toast and strong green

tea; was very silent, abstracted, and averse to men's society: the women petted him, and called him "all soul." He was very kind-hearted and sweet-tempered, and rather vain, which was nothing more than natural, considering how he was flattered.

He had a little room at the top of the house which looked over the town, where the immortal poem was commenced. I remember he began it on a wet evening, and it opened dismally, with a storm; he had me up there with my plain sewing to listen to the first stanzas; and he consulted me about one or two difficult rhymes: he was not sure whether "horror" and "morrow" were correct. I thought not; and, his birthday falling three days after, I presented him with a rhyming dictionary. Subsequently, the poem made rapid progress.

Cousin John had just begun to study law, and my father wished Davie to become a lawyer too. This did not chime in with his taste at all; he stated that it was his wish to follow the profession of letters. We did not quite understand this at the time. Cousin Jack said it meant that he wanted to be the idle gentleman. I had my doubts on the matter. Davie brought my mother over to his way of thinking. "I shall be very poor, but very happy, mother," he used to say: "if you put me to anything else, I shall be miserable and do no good." So Davie got his own way; and, as a preparation for his profession of letters, he stayed at home and finished "Bernardo Caspiato." It was a splendid work. I have wept over it often. The heroine having been executed for witchcraft, her lover, Bernardo, devotes his life to avenge her; and, after committing a catalogue of murders, ends by disappearing mysteriously in a flash of blue lightning to rejoin her in the spirit-land. My mother objected to the morality of the conclusion; but she acknowledged herself, at the same time, ignorant of the laws and license of poetry.

With this great work, and some minor pieces of equal if not superior merit, my brother Davie went up to the great city on foot, with ten dollars in his pocket, and seventeen years of experience on his head. Cousin Jack had taken comfortable lodgings for him at a small baker's shop, kept by a widow woman with a daughter named Lucy. The dear lad wrote us word that

he was quite suited, and that, after a few days to look about him, he should carry his immortal poem to a publisher. His hopes were sanguine; his visions of fame magnificent.

To our surprise and grief, Bernardo Caspiato was declined with thanks. Nobody was inclined to publish it unless the author would bear all the expenses. Davie would not suffer my father to do this; he would earn money for himself. We wondered how he could do it; but Cousin Jack lent him a hand, and somebody who had something to do with a newspaper bought his minor pieces. He lived, at all events, by his own exertions. At this time, Lucy began to figure in letters to me marked "private." It would be literally impossible to give the whole story as therein developed, but I will endeavor to epitomize it as afterward heard from his own lips.

He fell enthusiastically in love with Lucy, whose beauty he raved about as ethereal, heavenly, unsophisticated: before I heard of her at all he was evidently far gone in the tender passion; and Lucy had listened so often, and with such a graceful interest, to his literary struggles, that he fancied he had every reason to believe that his affection was returned. One morning, however, all these sunny hopes were rudely dispelled. He had seen once or twice a young man of rustic appearance in the shop; he had also known him to take tea in the back parlor with Mrs. Lawley and her daughter, without attaching any significance to his visits. As Davie sat at breakfast on this particular day, this individual drove to the door in a buggy, and was pleasantly received by the landlady. He wore quite a festal appearance, and for the first time a suspicion entered Davie's mind which changed quickly to a certainty. After speaking to Mrs. Lawley for a minute or two, the young man ran out to stop the driver of a wagon loaded with sacks of grain, and, while holding him in talk, the poor poet from the up stairs window took an inventory, as it were, of his rival's personal graces. He was of a very tall, straight, and robust figure, with a very broad, comely face, ruddy complexion, and curly brown hair. His voice was like the roll of an organ, and his laugh the very heartiest of guffaws; altogether, a very proper man, as Davie, but for his jealousy, must have acknowl-

edged. The stranger's rollicking air of gayety added present insult to previous injury; and to get out of the hearing of his rich "ha ha," which seemed to pervade the whole neighborhood, Davie snatched up his hat, intending to walk off his spleen. He pushed half way down the stairs, but there paused: just below, in the passage by the back-parlor door, was the obnoxious rustic, with bonny Lucy. Davie, greatly discomfited, retreated to his room, and made cautious surveys before venturing to leave it again. He quite hated Tom, who was a fine, single-minded young fellow, guilty of no greater sin against him than having won blue-eyed Lucy's hand and heart.

When Mrs. Lawley came up stairs to remove her lodger's breakfast things, she looked glowing with importance, and, after a short hesitation, confided to him the great family secret: Mr. Tom Burton had offered for Lucy, and they were to be married that day week. "You'll have seen him, sir, maybe?" said the proud mother; "he's been here as often as twice a-week; and, when I told him it behooved him to stop at home and attend to his farm, he'd tell me that corn would grow without watching; and I soon saw what he meant. So, as Lucy was noways unwilling, I bade 'em have done with all this courting and courting, and get wed out of hand. Perhaps, Mr. David, you'll be so good as go out for the day, and let us have your room for breakfast; or, if you would have no very great objection, we should be proud of your company, sir."

The poor poet almost choked over his congratulations, but he got them out in a way. Soon after, he saw the lovers cross the street, arm-in-arm, spruced up for the occasion, and looking as stiff as Sunday clothes worn on a week-day always make rustic lovers look; everybody who met them might know what they were. Tom had a rather bashful and surprised expression; as if he were astonished to find himself part owner of such a fresh, modest, little daisy of a sweetheart, and was not quite sure that it was her cottage bonnet just below his great shoulder, for so long as Davie had them in sight he kept looking down into it to make sure Lucy was there. Davie's feelings were almost too much for him, but he made a magnanimous resolve that as Lucy had been so good and attentive to him, he would make her a present,

and, that he might endure the deepest pangs, that present should be the wedding dress and bonnet. He went off accordingly, post haste, to a great millinery establishment, and purchased a dove-colored silk dress, and the most sweetly pretty white bonnet, with orange blossoms, that could be had for money. When Lucy and Tom returned from their walk, he called her up stairs and presented them to her. She contemplated them with surprised delight, blushing and clasping her hands over them: never was there anything so beautiful.

Davie bade her try the bonnet on, to see how it would fit, and, without an atom of coquetry, she put it on, tied the strings under her chin, and rose on tip-toe to peep at herself in the glass over the chimney-piece.

"I must let"—Lucy was going to say "Tom," but she substituted "mother" instead—"I must let mother see it!" and she ran out of the room, leaving the door open, with that intent. Davie instantly slammed the door, and sat down to compose his feelings by inditing a sonnet on "Disappointed Love." When it was finished—the lines being flowing and the rhymes musical—he felt more placid and easy in his mind; but, before the wedding, he withdrew himself from the house, and went into country lodgings to hide his griefs. In process of time he rhymed himself into a belief that he was the victim of a disappointed passion, the prey of a devouring sorrow; that his heart was a wreck, a ruin, dust, ashes, a stone, dwelling alone; that life was stale, an unfinished tale, a hopeless, joyless pageant: all because blue-eyed Lucy had married Tom Burton.

This was the early love-romance which furnished my brother Davie with his cynicism, his similes of darts, flames, and wounds that are scattered everywhere through his verses. Some of the productions of his troubled muse, after he fled to Highgate, shall be quoted. What would have been Lucy's astonishment could she have heard herself apostrophized in such burning numbers! her orbs of sunny blue would have dilated until she would have looked, indeed, a round-eyed Juno. Here is one of Davie's effusions from a little manuscript book, bound in white vellum, the confidante of his poetical woes at this mournful era:

Thou hast come like a mist o'er my glorious dreaming,

Thy image stands up 'twixt my soul and the sun!

O! why, when youth's noontide of gladness was beaming,

Hast thou darken'd all that it shone upon?

To see thee, to love thee, ay, love thee to madness,

To know that thou ne'er couldst be aught to me!

To leave thee! and read in my spirit's lone sadness,

That the love was all hopeless I center'd in thee!

The muse appears at this junction to have been quite troublesome with her declarations. The following was written one evening instead of going to dinner like a Christian gentleman to Uncle Sampson's on Christmas day. It stands entitled, "I Love Thee!" and is written with a neatness that says little for its spontaneity:

I love thee! O, never did summer sea  
Greet sunshine more gladly than I greet thee!  
Like dew to spring flowers, like stars to dusk  
night,

Art thou with thy glances of liquid light!

I love thee, as only those hearts can love  
Whose burning devotion is hard to move!  
Life, beauty, and hope, thou art all to me—  
A voice and an echo of melody!

It seems rather as if sense were made subordinate to sound in some of these lucubrations, but they are not so bad for seventeen. Davie came back to Milverston for a little while at this season, and cultivated his grief, to the great disorder of our regular household. One night he stayed out so late that my father went in search of him, and found him by the mere, seeking inspiration from the stars. On this occasion he produced eight more lines, which seem to have been the utmost his muse could bring forth at one time. It is called, in the vellum book into which it is carefully transcribed, "Tell me, my Heart:"

Tell me, my heart, the reason of thy sadness,  
Whyapest thou thy solitude with dreams?  
Why dost thou shun the scenes of mirth and gladness

To find thy echo in the lonely streams?

Alas! my heart, that thy poor love should wander,

Where it can meet with naught but cold disdain!

Sad that its treasures thus my soul should squander

Where it can reap but tears and griefs again!

Good little Lucy would have been sorry indeed if she could have known into what a limbo of anguish Davie was thrown by her marriage; but let us hope, as she might have done, that the best half of the tortures were only fancy. I know he had at the worst an excellent appetite for lamb and asparagus, to which he was very partial. Dear Davie, to read these effusions, tender imaginations may think of him as fine porcelain fractured with the world's hard usage, whereas he is stout and bald, and wears green spectacles. The law does not undertake to deal with poetry composed under false pretenses, or many would be the sighing Strephons and doleful Delias brought up for judgment.

Last summer we had Davie at home for a month, and during that time occurred the grand incineration of Bernardo Caspiato. I shall ever regard it as a most cruel sacrifice, and Cousin Jack, who instigated it, as an illiterate character. Davie brought it forth one evening when we three were together, and read parts of it aloud: Jack unfeelingly remarked that it was not like good wine, it did not improve with keeping; that, like fruit plucked immaturity, it was green and tasteless; it had not acquired mellowness and flavor, and if stored up for another twenty years it would not taste better. Davie half coincided with him; but I did not; so grandly majestic as was the march of the lines, so delicate and true the rhymes, so thrilling the noble catastrophe. It exasperated me to see Jack, first yawn to the full extent of his jaws, then snatch the manuscript from Davie, and toss it up to the ceiling, retreating afterward in feigned fear lest he should be crushed by its leaden fall. An ignoble fate was thine, immortal Bernardo! Convicted of the respectable sin of dullness, which none pardon, thou wert condemned to be burned! Davie did not act with undue precipitation; Jack urged an immediate execution, but the poet took a week to consider of it, and many a pang it cost him. Those who have written immortal poems and destroyed them will appreciate his feelings; none else can. Let anybody of experience call to mind the last time he has read through the letters from his first love, just before she was married to somebody else; or the letters from that particular old friend, which it is of no use to keep because he is dead, or you have quarreled beyond hope of reconcilia-

tion, and then some faint idea will be conceived of the poet's sensations at this immolation of his first love, his particular friend, and his pet child—all in one.

It was the summer season, and warm; I found it very warm; there was no fire in the grate, and the match-box on the writing-table was empty. Jack supplied the want eagerly from his smoking apparatus, and Bernardo Caspiato shrank into a pinch of tinder. I wept.

"There!" said poor Davie, with a profound sigh, "it took two years to write and two seconds to destroy—just like an eternal friendship, an undying affection, or anything of that kind which half a dozen indiscreet words are at any time enough to annihilate!"

"Have a cigar, old boy; never mind moralizing," said Jack, to whom a cigar would be consolation for the death of his grandmother; "have a cigar; the business can't be helped."

"Poor Bernardo!" said Davie, as feelingly as if he spoke of a brother, "poor Bernardo! He gave me many an hour's delightful occupation. I feel as if I had lost a friend to whom I had been in the habit of confiding my sentimental vagaries. I'm not sure that it was right to burn him."

"Have a cigar," reiterated Cousin Jack. Davie accepted the offer with a pensive sigh, put on his green spectacles, and went out for a walk in mournful mood. It is a serious thing burning immortal poems. Nobody can tell what losses the world has had in that way—nobody!

VARIETY IN THE HUMAN FACE.—What inextricable confusion must the world forever have been in but for the variety which we find to exist in the faces, the voices, and the handwriting of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now every man's face can distinguish him in the light, his voice in the dark, and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?



## DWARFS AND GIANTS.

HAS there ever been, and can there be, a *race* of dwarfs? Properly to define what a dwarf is, in scientific language, will be to settle the question at once in the negative. But although we have no evidence of a race, we have abundant evidence respecting individuals, and a sketch of the more remarkable specimens will be the most interesting introduction to the present inquiry. For obvious reasons we pass over the dwarfs of antiquity, our object being here to set down facts for which evidence exists. Our first sketch shall be of the dwarf known to all readers of Scott—the dwarf who is made to play a part in *Peveril of the Peak*, and who was even more surprising in reality than he appears in the fiction. Jeffrey, or Sir Jeffrey Hudson, as he was called, after Charles I., in a frolic, had dubbed him with knighthood, was born in 1619. When eight years old, he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to the Queen Henrietta Marie in a pasty! Absurd as this seems, it becomes less so when we learn that his height at thirty years old was only eighteen inches. The queen was so charmed with the little fellow that she appointed him one of her pages, and of course the courtiers made him their pet. One reads with regret that the wits of the day made him the butt of their cheap and cruel wit. Davenant made him the hero of a mock epic called *Jeffreidos*, in which the dwarf fights a single combat with a turkey-cock, an account of which, in doggerel rhymes, is given in the romance of the great Wizard of the North above referred to.

Jeffrey was excessively vain and consequential—a not unnatural result of his size, and the notice it attracted. His temper was quick, and it was incessantly ruffled by the teasings of persons about the court. He was always squabbling with a gigantic porter of the palace, who one day amused the crowd by taking the dwarf out of his pocket.

When the Civil War broke out, Sir Jeffrey was appointed a captain in the royal army. In 1644 he followed his royal mistress to France, and there, having been insulted by the Honorable Master Crofts, he challenged his antagonist to a duel with pistols. Crofts laughingly accepted, and appeared on the field of battle

armed with—a squirt. But Sir Jeffrey was not to be thus galled and played with quietly; a real duel followed this second insult, and Crofts fell, mortally wounded, at the first shot. In 1682, Jeffrey was arrested on the charge of being concerned in the popish plot. The dwarf was a martyr; he died in his prison, aged sixty-three.

Jeffrey Hudson had an enormous head, and large hands and feet, otherwise there was nothing disagreeable in his appearance; on the contrary, he would have been counted handsome had he been taller. He wore very long moustaches, taking pride in the manly tokens. But the most remarkable fact we know of him is the sudden and rapid increase of growth after he had reached the age of thirty. Up to that age his height was eighteen inches: from that age he rapidly grew to the height of three feet nine inches, that is to say, more than double the height he had attained at thirty. In normal cases men do not grow half an inch in height after thirty. But strange as Jeffrey's case assuredly is, it is not without a parallel still more remarkable. One of the best attested cases on record is that of Joseph Boruwaski, the Polish dwarf, who was the delight of our grandfathers, and who, after the age of *seventy*, suddenly found himself able with his hand to raise the latch of a door which, up to that period, he had always raised with a stick; how many inches he grew is not recorded, but the fact of his growth is sufficiently astonishing, and is only paradoxical so long as we continue to hold the general opinion that "men do not grow after reaching maturity;" whereas in strict language we must admit that they *grow* as long as they live, but do not normally *surpass* the standard of maturity; growth continues, but only enough to supply the waste, not enough, as in childhood, to supply the waste and furnish *surplus* for increase.

Count Joseph Boruwaski is in many respects the most interesting dwarf of whom we have accurate records, and he has written his own memoirs to complete our interest. Few persons are likely to have seen these Memoirs, and we shall therefore draw upon them liberally, both for the reader's entertainment, and for the facts necessary to our argument. He has given us his height at various epochs as follows:

|                             | ft. | in. |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|
| At one year old he measured | 0   | 11  |
| At three " "                | 1   | 2   |
| At six " "                  | 1   | 5   |
| At ten " "                  | 1   | 9   |
| At fifteen " "              | 2   | 1   |
| At twenty " "               | 2   | 4   |
| At twenty-five " "          | 2   | 11  |
| At thirty " "               | 3   | 3   |

Here he stopped until he was seventy.

He was born at Chalez, in Russian Poland, November, 1739, of noble parents, who were richer in pedigree than in land or money. They were both well-formed, healthy, and of the ordinary size; yet of their six children three were dwarfs; and to add to the singularity, the dwarfs *alternated* with well-formed children. Thus the eldest son, who was sixty years of age when Joseph wrote the Memoirs, grew only to the height of three feet six; he was always healthy and vigorous, and in spite of his size, manifested such intelligence that his patroness, the Chatelaine Jnowloska, made him her intendant and steward. The second son was of a delicate constitution, but he grew to a height above that of ordinary men, and died at six-and-twenty, then being five feet ten. This comparative giant was succeeded by another dwarf, our hero. He was, in turn, succeeded by three others, alternately full-sized and dwarfed; among them a girl, who died at two-and-twenty, of the small-pox, being then only two feet two inches, but of admirable proportions. She, poor thing, had a heart as large as that of the tallest and tenderest of her sex, and at twenty was captivated by the graces of a young officer. With the heart of a woman and the form of an infant, her love was necessarily hopeless of return. Very touching it is to think of her adoring this young officer in secret, and on learning that he was poor, contriving a mode of assisting him without seeming to do so; she induced him to play piquet with her, and as gambling was the fashion of the time, she could without remark play for high stakes, and always lose them. What a heart the man must have had to consent thus to win money from the tiny creature! It was doubtless a happy thing that small-pox came to save her from awakening out of the illusion she had formed.

We hear no more of the family, but of Joseph we have the full story. He was eight inches in length when born, yet perfectly well formed, and he sucked with

infantile success, walking and talking at about the usual age. On reaching his ninth year he lost his father, who left a widow and six children very ill provided for. Luckily a friend of the widow, a Madame de Caorliz, adopted Joseph, and with her the boy spent four happy years. His benefactress then married, and this event produced a change in his fortunes. A dwarf so remarkable was naturally enough an envied possession; and the Countess Humieska, *grand porte-glaive de la couronne de Pologne*, a very great person indeed, felt the desire natural in so great a person, to have this among her curiosities, and she effected her object.

Domiciled with the great countess, Joseph began to taste the splendors and luxuries of courts. They traveled through Poland, Germany, and France, and everywhere he was the lion of the hour. At Vienna he was presented to Maria Theresa, then battling against Frederic, and just glowing with the triumph of a victory, upon which her courtiers were never tired of complimenting her.

From Vienna they proceeded to Munich, and from thence, after endless *fêtes*, they went to Luneville, the court of Stanislas Leckzinski, titular King of Poland. Fresh *fêtes* and compliments here, too; but we may pass them over, to fix our attention on a figure more especially interesting to us at present, namely, that of the dwarf Bébé. Before giving Joseph's account of his rival, we will sketch the history others have recorded of him, and thus add to our gallery of dwarfs.

Nicholas Ferry, celebrated under the name of Bébé, was born in November, 1741, in the Vosges. He was a seven months' child. His parents were both well formed, and all his numerous brothers and sisters were well formed likewise. He measured, at birth, seven or eight inches, and weighed less than a pound. At eighteen months he began to talk; at two years he began to walk. When five years old, the physician of the Duchess of Lorraine examined him with care, and reported that he then weighed nine pounds seven ounces, and stood twenty-two inches high. At this period Bébé was taken to the court of Stanislas, where he lived until his death, at the age of twenty-two. Stanislas made a great pet of him, and so, of course, did all the court ladies; but although the object of their constant atten-

tion, his intellect was but feebly developed. It was found impossible to teach him to read, or to impress any religious ideas upon him. The extent of his accomplishments was dancing, and beating time with tolerable accuracy. One proof of his undeveloped intelligence is, that when his mother came to see him after a few weeks' absence, he did not remember her. Like the dwarfs exhibited a few years since in New-York as pretended Aztecs, he was excessively vivacious and restless in movement; very passionate and very jealous. One day a lady of the court was caressing a dog in his presence, which so roused his jealousy that he flung the dog out of the window, exclaiming, "Why do you love it more than me?" At this point we may insert the account given by Boruwlaski, which is curious as the verdict of one dwarf upon another:

"With this prince lived the famous Bébé, till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen; and who was, indeed, perfectly well proportioned, and with a pleasant physiognomy, but who (I am sorry to say it, for the honor of us dwarfs) had all the defects in his mind and way of thinkings which are commonly attributed to us. He was at that time about thirty,\* his height two feet eight inches; and, when measured, it appeared that I was much shorter, being no more than two feet four inches. At our first interview he showed much fondness for me; but on perceiving that I preferred the company and conversation of sensible people, and, above all, when he perceived that the king took pleasure in my society, he conceived the most violent jealousy and hatred of me; so that I escaped his fury only by a miracle. One day we were both in the apartment of his majesty, who caressed me, and asked me several questions, testifying his pleasure and approbation of my replies in the most affectionate manner. Then, addressing Bébé, said to him, 'You see, Bébé, what a difference there is between him and you. He is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and instructed, whereas you are but a little machine.' At these words I saw fury sparkle in his eyes; he answered nothing, but his countenance and blush proved how violently he was agitated. A moment after, the king having gone into his cabinet, Bébé availed himself of the opportunity to execute his revengeful projects; and, slyly approaching, seized me by the waist, and endeavored to push me on to the fire. Luckily, I laid hold with both hands of the iron prop which sustains the tongs and poker, and thus prevented his wicked intention. The noise I made in defending myself brought back the king to my assistance. He afterward called the servants, and ordered Bébé corporeal punishment. In vain did I intercede."

\* Joseph is in error here; Bébé was two years his junior, but precocity of development made him appear to be thirty, though really only about seventeen.

We will finish the story of Bébé before resuming that of his rival. On reaching the age of fifteen, which with him was that of puberty, the crisis in his physical development produced an unhappy change; his health rapidly declined; his face lost the charm of its expression; his figure lost its symmetry, and became slightly deformed. All the signs of premature old age presented themselves. He died, aged twenty-two years six months; his height being thirty-three inches.

To return to Joseph: On quitting the court of Stanislas he visited that of Versailles, where the queen, the Duke of Orleans, and other distinguished persons, made as much of him as vanity could desire. The Count Oginski, finding he had a taste for music, began to instruct him in it, and gave him a master for the guitar. At the table of this nobleman he one day allowed himself to be concealed in a large vase, which was placed amid the dishes, and to which the attention of the guests was directed till their curiosity was fairly roused, expecting some rarity surpassing all the delicacies of the already sumptuous banquet; and then Joseph suddenly stood up, amid shouts of surprised laughter. From Paris he went to Holland, and thence back again to Poland. His travels had made him celebrated, and his reception in Warsaw was accordingly enthusiastic; and as travel and reading had given both polish to his manners and culture to his intellect, his society became sought after for something more than mere curiosity. He now fell in love with a French actress, who was sufficiently amused and flattered to pretend to return his passion, and for a while he was deliriously happy; but an unlucky discovery of her having talked about his passion with mockery, cruelly dispelled this brief dream. But the heart once having known the "bitter sweet" of love, will not long be kept from it; and Joseph soon fixed his affections on a *protégée* of the Countess Humieska, who, living under the same roof with him, was much astonished to observe that he allowed every other lady to take him on her lap and caress him; she accused him of not liking her, because to her only he was reserved and shy. The truth is, he had more than the lover's timidity; the remembrance of the French actress haunted him with fears lest, on the first manifestation of his feelings, he should meet with

ridicule which would kill him. For one whole twelvemonth he continued loving in silence, in doubt, and trouble. His health suffered; at last passion triumphed over fears:

"One evening, when I had been sadder than usual, chance, or rather the attraction of Isolina, made me stay last with her in the *salon*. I formed the resolution of declaring myself; and this gave me an air of such trouble and perplexity that she could not help exclaiming, 'What is the matter, Joujou?' with a marked expression of interest and compassion. 'What is the sorrow consuming you, which you so carefully conceal? Is there no one in whom you have sufficient confidence to pour out your heart? You are unjust to your friends.'

"Do you make this reproach,' said I, with warmth; 'you, the sole cause of all my grief?' I tried to continue, sobs choked my utterance; and letting my head fall upon her knees, I could only stammer out the words—love—passion—unhappiness. I wept bitterly. The first impulse of Isolina was pity; but soon recovering from the surprise, the absurdity of the scene struck her. 'Really, Joujou,' she said, 'you are a child, and I cannot help laughing at your extravagance. Did I ever forbid you loving me? Did I not always, on the contrary, upbraid you for your indifference?' I confess this was not the answer I expected. It humbled me. I tried to convince her that I was no child, and would not be loved like a child. She burst out laughing, told me I knew not what I said, and left the room."

It was indeed a ludicrous situation, if the tragic aspect of it were not seized: a young and lively woman receiving a passionate declaration from a being not taller than a child of three or four years old, may be excused if her sense of the ludicrous prevented her understanding the seriousness of the passion she inspired. Joseph was hurt, but not altogether dissatisfied. The secret no longer pressed its uneasy burden on his mind. She knew of his love; she could now interpret his reserve, his melancholy, his silent adoration. In time she might be touched. For the first few days, indeed, there seemed little hope of such an issue. She bantered him incessantly, and the more he tried to speak to her as a man, the more she persisted in treating him as a child. The effect of this was a serious illness; for two months he was in danger. He recovered, and she from that time was more serious; not, however, giving him any encouragement. But the womanly heart is easily touched; and Joseph's devotion was at last victorious. The countess was furious, and she discharged her *protégée*. Joseph was not to be daunted by that, or

by any other opposition to his wishes; he quitted the service of the countess, received a small pension from the king, married Isolina, and thus began a new life.

The change was every way considerable. From his childhood he had been accustomed to live in great magnificence, and he had now taken upon himself a wife, with barely enough to find the necessaries of existence.

The new aspect given to his affairs, made it necessary he should think of some means of providing for his family. A tour of Europe was suggested; and the tour was made; concerts and beneficent donations being the sources of income on which he relied.

Among the memorable persons with whom he came in contact was a "stupendous giant, eight feet three or four inches high," who was then exhibiting himself. This must have been O'Byrne, the Irish giant, whom we shall notice presently. "Our surprise," says Boruwlaski, "was mutual; the giant remained a moment speechless with astonishment; then stooping half way, he presented his hand, which could easily have contained a dozen of mine, and made me a very pretty compliment."

Joseph says no more of his colossal friend; yet they resided together some time at the Epping Inn, and old inhabitants still remember the strange picture these two presented, when walking out together, as they often did. Mathews, the comedian, was also a friend and admirer of our dwarf, and Mrs. Mathews, in the *Memoirs* of her husband, has preserved some anecdotes which may be quoted here:

"In 1825 the count came to London, (that is returned,) and was invited occasionally to visit us. This elegant and fascinating person was the delight of all who ever knew him; full of accomplishments and good sense, playful as an infant, and altogether the most charming of companions. . . He had written his *Memoirs*, which he earnestly desired to present in person to his Majesty George IV., who had graciously desired, many years before, that they should be dedicated to him."

The *Memoirs* here alluded to were published in 1788, and are those we have followed in the present article. M. Isidore Geoffrey St. Hilaire had not seen them; hence several inaccuracies in his account of Boruwlaski. The *Memoirs* are written in good French, accompanied by a very bad translation, and headed by an impos-

ing list of aristocratic subscribers. Mrs. Mathews narrates how her husband contrived to get an interview arranged between his majesty and the count:

"At the appointed hour my husband and his little charge were ushered into the presence of their sovereign, who was seated in his domestic circle. On the announcement of his expected visitors the king rose from his chair, and met Boruwlaski at the entrance, raising him up in his arms in a kind of embrace, saying, 'My dear old friend, how delighted I am to see you!' and then placed the little man upon a sofa. But the count's loyalty not being so satisfied, he descended with the agility of a schoolboy, and threw himself at his master's feet, who, however, would not suffer him to remain in that position for a minute, but raised him again upon the sofa. When the count said something about sitting in the presence of his sovereign, he was graciously told to 'remember for the time there was no sovereign there.' . . . In the course of the conversation, the count, addressing the king in French, was told that his English was so good it was quite unnecessary to speak in any other language; for his majesty, with his usual tact, easily discerned that he should be a loser in resigning the count's prettily-broken English, which (as he always thought in his native language, and literally translated its idioms) was the most amusing imaginable and totally distinct from the imperfect English of other foreigners. The king, in the course of conversation, said, 'But, count, you were married when I knew you: I hope madame is still alive, and as well as yourself.' 'Ah, no! majesty; Isolina die thirty year! *Fine woman! sweet, beauty body!* You have no *idea*, majesty.' 'I am sorry to hear of her death. Such a charming person must have been a great loss to you, count.' 'Dat is very true, majesty; *indid, indid*, it was great sorrow for me!' Just at this moment he recollected that it might be improper to lay further stress on so melancholy a subject on so pleasing a visit. Resuming, therefore, a cheerful tone, the count playfully observed that 'he had throughout been *great philosophy*,' and quoted the epitaph upon his departed wife:

'Ci-git ma femme! ah qu'il est bien,  
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!'

which surprised the king into a hearty laugh, while everybody present doubtless felt that such an allusion to wives might have been made at a more safe moment. Boruwlaski afterward confessed to my husband that he was himself conscious, though too late, of the impropriety of it at that particular juncture. . . . His majesty then inquired how old the count was, and on being told, with a start of surprise, observed, 'Count, you are the finest man of your age I ever saw. I wish you could return the compliment.' To which Boruwlaski, not to be outdone in courtesy, ludicrously replied, 'O! majesty, *fine body!* *indid, indid!* *beauty body!*'"

The king, on accepting the book which the count wished to present, turned to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and took from her a little case containing a beautiful

miniature watch and seals, attached to a superb chain, the watch exquisitely embossed with jewels. This he begged the count to accept, saying, as he held the *Memoirs* in the other hand, "My dear friend, I shall read and preserve this as long as I live, for your sake; and in return I request you will wear this for mine." The king said to Mathews, in the absence of the count, "If I had a dozen sons, I could not point out to them a more perfect model of good breeding and elegance than the count; he is really a most accomplished and charming person." He also inquired if the count were really at ease in his circumstances, and was glad to be informed that this was the case. For we have omitted to mention that, after many years of ineffectual concert-giving, the count, having no Barnum to manage his affairs, and make a fortune out of his figure, had finally resolved on a visit to America, when two charitable ladies of Durham, named Metcalfe, made up a sum which purchased an annuity for him, thus securing him an independence for the remainder of his life. And here Mrs. Mathews again comes to our aid with excellent anecdotes:

"A wealthy tradesman of Durham had, upon the count's settling in that city, received from him a sum of money, to be sunk for a life annuity. The grantor believed that he had entered into a very advantageous undertaking, speculating as he did upon the then advanced age of the annuitant, and the general fact that dwarfs are seldom long-lived. But after a time the grocer waxed old, (though much the count's junior,) and saw himself increasing in infirmities, while the little grig he had speculated upon burying long before, had outlived the capital upon which his income was secured; and, strange to say, gave no signs of decay. The unlucky old tradesman watched him from year to year with a jealous eye, and found him unaltered, and apparently unalterable. Knowing the count to be a great alchemist, he began probably to suspect that he had acquired by his studies the *elixir vite*. . . In short, the grantor of this annuity, believing that the count bore a 'charmed life,' gave up the struggle to outlive him, and died, leaving the little encumbrance, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, upon the shoulders of his successor. . . Mr. Mathews was staying in Durham many years ago, and was walking out one morning with the count's little hand in his, when he found himself led into a shop where an almost imbecile old person was seated. The count gayly inquired, 'Ah! how you do?' A slow shake of the head told an unfavorable tale in return; and the aged man rather dryly asked the count how he felt himself. To which he answered, with all the glee and vivacity of eighteen, 'O, *never better!*'"



quite vel' and he ran out of the shop from the gaze of the aged man, scarcely able to restrain his merriment till he got out of hearing. He then told Mr. Mathews, during his convulsions of laughter, that the person they had just seen was the grantor of his annuity. 'Ha! ha! ha! O Mathew, I cannot help! O poor body, poor hold body! It macks me laughing, poor hold hani-mal! O he say prayer for me die, often when he slip! O you may depend—ha! ha! ha! but Boruwlaski never die! He calcoolated dat dwarf not live it long, et I live it forty years to play him. O he is in a hobbel! I tellee dat! He fifty year yonger den Boruwlaski; mintime he dead as soon as me. O yes, you may be sure dat—dat is my opinion. Boruwlaski never die,' playfully nodding his little head, 'you may depend.' Mr. Mathews asked him if the old man had any family, (feeling some compassion for his hard case,) to which the count cried out, 'O he have it shildren twenty, like a pig, poor body! mintime he riche body! O he have it goold et wast many bank nott. Bote he have it greet prepencency to keep him fast hold, poor idiot! It macks me laughing!'"

We have little more to record of this singular being, who lived to the extraordinary age of ninety-eight; a great age for an ordinary man, and quite without example in the history of dwarfs. He died at Bank's Cottage, near Durham, on the 5th of September, 1837, and his remains were placed near those of Stephen Kemble, in the nine altars of Durham Cathedral. It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (October, 1837,) that the cottage was a gift of some of the prebendaries of Durham, who also allowed him a handsome income. They may have given him the cottage, but the income came, as Boruwlaski himself informs us, from the Misses Metcalfe. If the reader attentively considers the story we have narrated, he will perceive that the count, although an anomaly in respect of size, was in all other respects a perfectly formed man, and is distinguished from most other dwarfs by longevity, paternity, and intelligence. The anomaly, therefore, could not have been deeply-seated. He was a perfect copy of nature's finest work, printed in duodecimo.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* (1751-52) we have the case of a dwarf named Hopkins, who at fifteen years of age stood only two feet seven, and weighed between twelve and thirteen pounds. He had all the signs of old age. He was bent, deformed, and troubled with a dry cough. His hearing and sight were bad; his teeth almost all decayed. He was very thin, and so weak as scarcely to be

able to stand. Till the age of seven he had been gay, healthy, and active; nor at that age did he show any indications of arrested growth. He was well formed, and weighed nineteen pounds, that is, six pounds more than he weighed at fifteen. From that period his health declined, and his body wasted. He came from healthy parents of ordinary stature, and was the second of six children, another of whom was also a dwarf. This case, which is by no means without parallel, is curiously contrasted with those of Jeffrey Hudson and Boruwlaski, and shows how much more aberrant the anomaly of structure was. And still more aberrant is that of Dantlow, the Russian dwarf, who was only thirty inches high; he was without arms, and had only four toes on each foot. With his feet he made pen-and-ink sketches, rivaling etchings, and knitted stockings with needles made of wood. He ate with his left foot, learned with great facility, and was eager to learn.

We will only mention two other examples, which belong to our own day, and which are in important respects typical.

One of these was a German girl, exhibited in Paris in 1816; she was of parents above the average height, who had, however, previously produced a male dwarf. At eight years old she weighed no more than an ordinary new-born infant; her height was eighteen inches. In temper she was gay, restless, and excitable. Her pulse normally was at ninety-four.

The second example is Thérèse Souvray, a *compatriote* of Bébé, and destined to be the bride of that dwarf, to whom she was solemnly affianced in the year 1761; but death snatched the bridegroom from her, and as the *fiancée* of this celebrated man, she was exhibited in Paris during the year 1821. She was then seventy-three years of age; gay, healthy, lively, and danced the dance of her country, in company with her sister, two years her senior, and measuring only three feet and a half.

Leaving this part of our subject, we must dwell a few minutes on its counterpart. The Bible tells us of days in which there were giants, but the literature of giantology is more ample than instructive, writers having been somewhat too diligent with the fables of antiquity, and too negligent of investigated facts. There can be no necessity for our pausing

here to examine the once much-mooted question of a race of giants supposed to have existed in ancient times. The same reasons which forbade the belief in a race of dwarfs forbid the belief in a race of giants: a race of anomalies being a much greater physiological than verbal contradiction; and in reference to giants it has this further difficulty, that they are, without known exception, always sterile. Many persons, however, will present the question in another and more plausible form, asking whether the normal standard has not been gradually degenerating, so that by mounting sufficiently high in the records of antiquity, we should meet with a standard so enormously surpassing our own as to constitute a race of giants.

That a race can be degenerated we see in the Spanish nobility, not to mention various animals; but even if the question were affirmatively established, there would be no race of *giants* for us to believe in, but simply a race of men whose stature enormously exceeded our own, who were not *anomalies* at all, any more than the mastiff is an anomaly compared with the terrier. Nor is this a verbal distinction only; the scientific idea of a giant is something rigorously precise, which altogether excludes identification with a larger race. It will presently be seen what constitutes a giant in scientific language; meanwhile, the reader will perhaps be obliging enough to accept our affirmation. Yet even that is needless, for although we have admitted that there is no intrinsic improbability in the supposition of a larger race having formerly existed, we are forced at the same time to admit that there is not a tittle of evidence in its favor. Our evidence respecting past races is scanty indeed, but we have absolutely *none* in favor of the degeneracy of the human form.

As far as the evidence of monuments, armor, implements, tombs, &c., enables us to form any opinion, we are forced to declare that the men who lived before Agamemnon, strong though they were, were not of nobler stature than the men who now speculate about them. The geologist has not found a single bone belonging to those pretended giants; not even a single portion of bone, from which some great constructive intellect could show us the probable structure of these ancestral giants. True it is that, for

many years, the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, whales, &c., were exhibited as proofs of human degeneracy, and as remains of the pre-historic giants; but who now believes in these proofs? We need not read Cuvier's *Ossements Fossiles* to know what credit such evidence deserves. A mere glance at one or two of the most illustrative examples would suffice.

Very well known to fame is the Sicilian giant, whose skeleton was found at Trapani, in the fourteenth century, which was at once pronounced to be the skeleton of Polyphemus, dear to all readers of Theocritus. It was calculated that his height must have been three hundred feet, a moderate allowance for a Cyclop. But the erudite believers who thus established the proportions of the giant, seem never to have been puzzled by the fact that only thirty feet was the height of the cave in which he was said to have been found seated, with a "mast of some high ammiral" for a walking-stick. Some skeptics, indeed, pointed out that the bones were very different in form from human bones; but this objection was set aside as frivolously flippant. Why should Polyphemus, who differed so enormously in stature, not *also* differ in form from our puny race? He was sixty times as high as the skeptics; why should he closely resemble them in other respects? Did not St. Augustine find the tooth of a giant, in Utica, large enough to make a hundred miserable modern molars?

Still more celebrated was King Teutobochus, whose remains were discovered in the Dauphiné, not far from the Rhone, in 1613. A surgeon, named Mazurier, brought them to Paris, declaring them to have been found in a tomb thirty feet long, bearing this inscription, "*Teutobochus Rex.*" Now, then, might all Paris, in exchange for a trifle of silver, behold the veritable remains of the Cimbrian warrior slain by Marius; and, to prove his identity, fifty coins bearing the effigy of Marius were found inside the tomb. No one ever saw these coins; but some people are so curious! Paris paid its money liberally, and gaped in wide-mouthed wonderment. A few skeptical physicians, especially the great Riolan, wrote fiercely against the imposture, but others as fiercely espoused the giant's cause, and this paper war stimulated public curiosity.

The bones were the bones of a mastodon. In a word, all the fossils hitherto discovered, and supposed to belong to giants, have, on inspection, been proved to belong to brutes. All the evidence by which a colossal race of men was once accredited disappears; and no one scientifically educated now believes that giants ever existed as a *race*, although individual giants have been far from rare. Men of seven feet are not so rare but that many readers must have seen such.

Among the osteological curiosities of the collection made by the London College of Surgeons stands the skeleton of the Irish giant, O'Byrne, *eight feet high*; and beside it stands the skeleton of Mademoiselle Crachami, only *twenty-three inches high*: two striking types of the giant and dwarf, not belonging to fable, not liable to the skepticism which must ever hang over the reports of travelers, but standing there in naked reality, measurable by a prosaic foot-rule. We read, indeed, of eight feet and a half, and even of nine feet, having been attained; but here, at any rate, is O'Byrne, a solid, measurable fact, admitting of no doubt. That one must generally doubt all reported measurements of wondrous types, is illustrated, even in the case of O'Byrne. The *Annual Register*, in its obituary for June, 1783, vol. xxvi., p. 209, gives this account of him:

"In Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, aged only twenty-two, Mr. Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, whose death is said to have been precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly since his late loss of almost all his property, which he had simply invested in a single bank-note of £700.

"Our philosophical readers may not be displeased to know, on the credit of an ingenious correspondent who had opportunity of informing himself, that Mr. Byrne, in August, 1780, measured eight feet; that in 1782 he had gained two inches; and after he was dead he measured eight feet four inches.

"Neither his father, mother, brother, nor any other person of his family, was of an extraordinary size."

Nothing can be more precise than the measurements here given: eight feet four he is said to have been, and such Boruwaski reports him to have been, in the passage formerly quoted; yet there stands his skeleton, measuring eight feet in a straight line from the vertex to the sole. This is, of course, only the height of the skeleton; and we must allow about two

inches more for the scalp and hair, and the soft cushion below the heel, which gives us eight feet two inches as the absolute height of the living man.

Here closes our descriptive notice of those dwarfs and giants of whom we have accurate details. The examples cited are sufficiently typical to enable us to understand all the general phenomena of these marvelous creatures; and on another occasion we may endeavor to offer something like a physiological explanation of these aberrations from the normal standard.

### A SPRING MORNING.

THERE is calm upon the ocean; with a low and gentle motion

Rise and fall its heaving billows, like a sleeping Titan's breast,

With the wild winds playing round him, where before the dawn they found him

Sleeping on his rocky pillow, and the father is at rest.

And his gray and hoary tresses, as the loved earth he caresses,

Fall around her with a murmur, and his face is bright with smiles;

And his wooing breath plays o'er her, as his might is hushed before her,

For he lieth in the bosom of the Mother of the Isles.

Fresh and glorious is the morning, in its gay and brave adorning,

And the keen and arrowy sunbeams shoot across the mountain-height

As the golden-tress'd Day-giver, from his ever-filling quiver,

Pours them flashing all around him, in the glory of his might.

From the lake the breeze is sweeping o'er the waters silent sleeping—

Sweeping through the broad-leaved lilies—sweeping through the tangled reeds;

Then across the wide plain speeding, in the distance dim receding,

Perfume-laden from the blossoms, freighted with the ripen'd seeds.

Leaps the wild roe on the mountain; bursts the brooklet from its fountain;

From the forest comes the murmur of a million waving leaves;

Down the rocks the goat is springing; all the woods break forth in singing;

In the furrows lies the promise of a thousand golden sheaves;

And the honey-bees are humming, for the fair-hair'd spring is coming

With the sound of plashing waters, and the light of sunny skies—

With the dew of fitful showers on her crown of starry flowers,

And the warmth of summer glowing in her deep and violet eyes.

## A RUSSIAN INHERITANCE.

IT is not many years since, that among the commercial circles of St. Petersburg, no name was mentioned with more respect than that of Andreas Diebitsch, as a good man, an honest trader, and an energetic man of business; combined qualities that had not only filled his warehouses with goods, but also his coffers with gold, and made him the owner of bonds and securities, and many other valuable properties. Still he relaxed not in his efforts, but went on adding and still adding, as if he feared want might overtake him before the death that his white hairs might have whispered was drawing very near.

And to inherit all this wealth he had but two grand-children, the orphan daughters of his only son; two sweet, gentle, soft-eyed girls, whose hearts were bound closely together in the concentrated affection there were so few to share; wearing their costly robes, and dwelling in their luxurious home, with the simple unconsciousness of those who have never known aught else; and, unthinking of the large dowries their grandfather was so diligently increasing, living happily among the flowers in their summer garden, and the birds by their winter stove.

Without other companionship, Petrowna and Mata Diebitsch had grown to womanhood; for they had from their childhood been motherless, and their grandfather had never introduced them to the amusements that brightened the youth of others of their sex. In their simplicity they never missed them; but within the high walls that shut them out from the world, they lived lives as calm and beautiful as their flowers, and their hearts were light as their birds when they poured forth their morning song. Beyond those walls they never went, except to mass, or sometimes for a summer sail on the moon-lit Neva, or in winter for a drive over the snow in their sledge.

In this tranquil life years had passed on, and already Petrowna was twenty-two. It was her birthday, and in honor of the occasion the sisters were to drive twelve miles out of St. Petersburg, to visit Petrowna's nurse, carrying with them a whole sledge full of gifts. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone almost as brightly as he was wont to do on their annual summer excursion to visit Mata's nurse. Wrapped in warm furs, they hardly

felt the cold air as they were drawn over the snow with almost railroad speed by their high-bred English horses; while on the clear frosty air rang pleasantly out the musical chimes of the bells which decorated their horses' harness, and were the only tokens of their otherwise silent approach.

On they went with their merry music over the firm snowy roads, between the lofty snow-banks; through the villages, with their snow-covered cottages, and snow-incrusted trees; and across frozen rivers whose very existence was hidden in snow, until they arrived at the cottage of nurse Nichola, with its rugged wooden walls, gay with bright-colored pictures painted on bark, and its abundant sheepskins, that were more comfortable than sightly; while in holiday costume beside the stone, sat the rosy-cheeked old dame, awaiting this annual visit. But it must needs be a brief one, for already the sun was stooping over the pine forests to the southwest, and the short day would soon be ended; and leaving behind them the gifts that hardly consoled Nichola for their departure, they sprang into their sledge, and were whirled off with all the speed of three horses, scarce conscious of the light, well-poised vehicle behind them.

Onward the horses dashed, as if rejoicing that each step brought them nearer home; over the snowy hills, and down the icy declivities they bounded with the same fleetness; while the sisters laughed gayly, as the trees and cottages seemed flashing past them, and the driver's eyes sparkled with the excitement of their race-like speed. At length, in descending a steeper hill than ordinary, the sledge gave an unexpected slant, lost its balance, and fell over, burying the whole party in the snow, while the horses, entangled among the traces, kicked violently.

An overturn among the snow is generally more ludicrous than a distressing accident; but they had fallen from some height, and that tells, even though the resting place be snow, and not only was the driver's arm broken by a kick from a horse, but Petrowna lay insensible from a blow received from some projection of the sledge. Mata, and the maid who had accompanied them, knelt by her, almost in despair, while the uninjured man-servant was fruitlessly endeavoring to catch the head of the foremost horse, when the distant tinkle of sledge-bells came floating

over the snow. With what stilled, anxious hearts they listened, lest the sledge should not be coming that way. But louder and louder grew the welcome sound, and in a few minutes the sledge appeared over the top of the hill. At once it drew up, and its occupants, a gentleman and two servants, came to their aid.

With this new assistance, the horses were soon got on their feet, the sledge replaced, and, with more difficulty, Petrowna restored to consciousness. The stranger watched in silence her sister and servant bathing her temples and hands with some strong spirit he had given them; his eyes dwelt earnestly on the delicate features, now almost as white as the snow around her, the dark brown silken tresses, swept back from her brow, and the little hands crossed unconsciously upon her breast—perhaps he thought how much she resembled a blighted lily. At length she gave a deep sigh, while the eyelids quivered, and opened on a scene she could not comprehend. For a moment, the gentleman, whom his servant addressed as Count Arickoff, retired, but the next he returned, to carry Petrowna to his sledge, for their own was too much injured to be fit for their reception, though one of the count's servants was to remain with their own to arrange it for bringing home the wounded man.

Thenceforward the lives of the sisters was far less lonely, for rarely did a day pass that brought not Count Arickoff to their house; first to inquire for Petrowna, (who was for some time an invalid,) and then on a variety of excuses, so slight that the sisters could scarcely remember what they were, yet sufficient to procure his admission to those who were so unconscious of etiquette as these unworldly girls, and their scarce more worldly grandfather, though it is but doing the merchant justice to say that he never suspected the young noble had any motive in his visits, (unless it might be to drink his fine wines,) for in his eyes his grand-daughters were still two children, who could not by any possibility influence the actions of any.

But there was one more clear-sighted—Alexis Federoff, a young clerk of the merchant, who, being an orphan, had lived in his house from his youth. With a lowering brow and suspicious eye did he note each visit of the count, and from the retired corner where he sat, apparently oc-

cupied with a book, did he watch his every word and look. But soon the young clerk's brow cleared and his eye grew calm, as he perceived that all the count's attention was bestowed on Petrowna, and that Mata, in his eye the fairer and gentler, sat by almost unnoticed. And, half unconsciously to herself, Petrowna learned to prize this homage, and to watch as the usual hour came round for the young count's step. And rarely did he fail her, but, with some song or flower for her, or newly-arrived tidings from the seat of war for the merchant, he made his daily appearance.

"He was a good youth and a kind," said the old man, and his grand-daughter's young heart echoed the words. They lived too far apart from the usual circles of Count Arickoff to hear the rumors that were rife among them; that he was a spendthrift and a gambler; that there was nothing left to need locking in his ancestral coffers; that he had exhausted well-nigh every mode of raising money, and that enormous debts were pressing upon him. Had Andreas Diebitsch heard this, he might have remembered the large fortunes of his grand-daughters; had Petrowna heard it she would have wept herself to sleep, instead of sinking placidly into it with the echo of Arickoff's softest tones murmuring in her ear.

Time passed on, and brought changes with it. Alexis Federoff no longer sat in his usual place, for he was gone for a year to Copenhagen to look after a business transaction. Before he went he bowed himself down in lowly reverence before Mata, and confessed the love that had filled his heart for years; a love that dared ask for no return; and, pressing his lips on Mata's hand, he went forth on his journey, leaving her in tears. A few weeks more, and the old merchant closed his eyes on his gold, and was borne to his last resting-place with all the pomp of wealth. The sisters mourned deeply for their aged relative, who had been so tender of them, and so kind. He reaped the reward in the tears shed on his grave; and it was long ere even Petrowna could be consoled, though Count Arickoff was not wanting in kindness and sympathy.

By Andreas Diebitsch's will, trustees were appointed for the winding up of his affairs. As his grand-daughters were of age, no guardians were required for them; and in their hands, according to his will,



were placed all his private papers, which the trustees recommended their examining at once. It is a painful task, this opening the unknown thought-chambers of those who have passed away, and looking on things that were perhaps never meant to meet our eyes—relics of bygone days they thought they had destroyed. With hearts awed and trembling, Petrowna and Mata entered on the duty. But ere long their cheeks faded to an ashy hue, and their hands clasped each other; while each looked on her sister's face with eyes of stony despair.

For hours they sat motionless, as if petrified by sudden calamity. The sun shone down gladdeningly on their fair faces, but they were unconscious of his smile; the roses tapped against the window, and the birds sang from their golden cages in the garden; but they heard them not. At last a servant came to say that Count Arickoff was waiting in their morning room.

"Say we cannot see him; tell him what we are doing," said Petrowna hastily; and the servant retired.

The spell was broken, and they threw themselves into each other's arms, with a violent burst of weeping. "We are alone now in the world!" they cried; and they clung almost wildly to each other.

In those few hours were concentrated for the two young girls more than the grief of many a lifetime. A blighting horror, that no time could ever remove, had settled upon them; a thick darkness, such as they knew had enveloped many others, yet never thought could reach themselves, had overwhelmed them without hope of escape—they, the wealthy, the refined, the gently-nurtured, were bondswomen—serfs, the property of a master whose will they must obey! No wonder their young hearts almost broke beneath so terrible a revelation.

With what agonized astonishment did they read the tale of how their serf grandfather had, according to a custom frequent in Russia, on payment of a small annual quit-rent to his owner, Count Valousky, been permitted to engage in trade on his own account, and by his energy and intelligence risen from a very humble position to wealth and consideration, each year paying with his increased means a larger tribute. As time went on, he married a poor, but free woman, who passed away

without ever discovering that, by her marriage, she had become a serf. She left a son, serf born, like his father, and in his turn he married a free woman, a Dane; and both had gone down to their graves, leaving to their children this fearful inheritance.

"Many times have I entreated to be allowed to purchase my freedom," wrote the old merchant to his grand-daughters, "but in vain; neither my old master, nor his son, the present count, would hear of it. Nevertheless, write to him yourselves, my beloved ones; he is an old man now, and perhaps in the thought that death is drawing near he may have mercy on your youth and innocence."

At once the sisters wrote, offering any sum their owners liked to ask, for their redemption; for what would have been poverty to them so that they were but free? And when the letter was gone they wandered about the garden, clasped tightly hand in hand, as if to strengthen their failing courage; now and then, in their sisterly love, speaking some word of hollow hope, that came not from the heart, while at every rustling leaf, and opening door, they trembled in fear of the answer for which yet they pined. They saw no one; even Arickoff, dear as he was, Petrowna could not meet him, with that secret on her heart; and Mata remembered sadly that there was an immeasurably greater abyss than ever between her and Alexis Federoff; and that he stood, as compared to her, on a lofty elevation, from which he could only descend at the price of peace and liberty.

At length the reply came. Their petition was refused. "I cannot free you," wrote the old count, whose hand trembled from age. "I have made a vow never to liberate a serf, and I cannot break it. But I will never oppress you, only pay me the same tax as your grandfather did, and you may enjoy his wealth in peace. God bless you, my children!"

There was then no hope, they must remain bondswomen. The very gentleness and kindness of the words with which their proprietor sought to soften the matter by the manner, showed that he would never be brought to rescind his unholy vow. Until the denial came, they did not know how much they had hoped for success; and even the promise that they should be permitted to live unmolested

had little power to soften their disappointment.

They spoke to each other of resignation, and of thankfulness that their lot was not worse; and they strove to reason themselves into it; but they pined and drooped, like flowers deprived of air and water, and a blight fell upon them left by the expiring breath of their extinguished hopes. Count Arickoff's visits, too, which they could no longer avoid, brought with them another pang, to Petrowna so distressing, that a severe nervous illness attacked her. The poor girl hoped that her sickness was not unto death; that the great God would loose the bonds in which man had so tightly bound her; and, though Mata wept bitterly, she scarce could grudge her beloved sister the boon of release. But it pleased God otherwise, and after a time, by the strong aid of youth, she began to recover, and then, as soon as possible, they left St. Petersburg for Helsingfors, with the avowed object of seeking change of air, but the far stronger secret one of avoiding Count Arickoff, who, on his part, was anxiously awaiting Petrowna's restoration to health; for his difficulties were becoming daily greater.

One day there came an unexpected messenger to Count Arickoff, to apprise him of the death of a distant relative, whose heir he was. How he rejoiced in his heart, while he affected regret with his lips, and without one thought of Petrowna, he hastened from St. Petersburg to take possession of his new inheritance, though his joy was considerably damped by finding it much beneath his expectation, and quite inadequate to remedy the ruin wrought by years of prodigality and immense losses at the gaming table. So he resolved to search if there was not some way of making his possessions more equal to his necessities; and it was not long before his fertile mind discovered an expedient.

Meanwhile, hearing Arickoff was gone, the sisters returned to St. Petersburg, sad, subdued, but calm, and prepared to submit patiently to their strong, though unseen chain. But one day there came to them a messenger with the tidings that their old master was dead, and that his successor required their presence at his estate, and that he would himself appoint persons to look after their affairs.

Of all the thoughts of Petrowna and Mata since the discovery of their serfdom,

all their imaginings of the various sorrows it might bring upon them, none had equalled this terrible reality; for, inexperienced as they were, they at once perceived that the measure of liberty that their father and grandfather had enjoyed was not to be their portion, but that they were to taste the reality of slavery; and somehow there came into their minds the suspicion that the wealth their grandfather had amassed was the cause of all.

And for them there was no redress—no sanctuary; the life they had hitherto led was by favor, not by right. The children of bondage, they must submit uncomplainingly to their master's will; and silently, though with many tears, they left the sumptuous home to which they should never return, and entered the rude cart that was to convey them to their destination. During that long and weary journey, the sisters asked no question, made no complaint of the manifold hardships for which their previous life had so little fitted them, nor spoke, unless spoken to; but sat silently side by side, clinging to each other as they had done in all their previous misfortunes—a mutual comfort and yet sorrow in the thought of the dear one's sufferings.

At length they arrived at their owner's estate; and there their misery met with one of the greatest aggravations of which it was capable, by finding that it was to Petrowna's devoted lover they owed this new calamity. Petrowna was almost stunned by the discovery. Had it come at an earlier period, it might have caused her another illness; but the sisters were already grown old in sorrow, and though it wounded the young girl most deeply, it was borne patiently as a portion of her burden.

Count Arickoff did not remain to face his victims; he had already returned to the capital; and when attired in peasant's dress the delicately nurtured Petrowna and Mata were placed in the count's dairy to toil beneath the eye of a serf taskmistress, he was himself lawfully paying his debts with the wealth Andreas Diebitsch had gathered, and lulling his conscience with fresh draughts of pleasure in the luxurious city of St. Petersburg.

Twelve months passed, and with the same resignation with which they had met their change of fortune, the serf-sisters continued to labor among the rugged, un-

tutored beings to whose level they were now reduced, and whose rude jests and rough manners added much to their sufferings. Two or three times in the interval the count had visited the estate, but they had neither seen him nor heard of his coming; it was even rumored among the domestics that he was soon to be married to a wealthy lady; and still the sisters remained in ignorance of it.

One day Petrowna had been dispatched to the house—from which the dairy was at some distance—with a cheese. As she was returning her eye fell on rather an uncommon wild flower that had been a favorite of hers in former days, and that as such had often formed part of the bouquets that Count Arickoff used to bring her. She plucked it and clasped it to her heart as an old friend, and shed a flood of tears over it, as if relating to it her sorrows. But soon the emotion passed, and she went on quietly, though her hands still clasped the flower with which so many remembrances were entwined.

Wrapped in thoughts of the past, Petrowna had almost forgotten the present, when at a sudden turning in the path some one almost came against her. She started back in surprise, and so did the stranger, and Petrowna Diebitsch and Count Arickoff stood face to face. How deeply the poor girl colored at this meeting with her unworthy lover, as deeply almost as if her bondage had been her crime; while, with some inarticulate words, the count hurried past. But strive as he would, the remembrance of that drooping, wasted form, those pale cheeks, and the soft eyes with their expression of unutterable sadness, haunted him, and would not be exorcised even by large draughts of wine; and when morning came he hastened away, after delivering certain orders to his steward.

All Russia was expecting with dread the promulgation of a ukase, commanding a new conscription, both free peasants and serf owners looking upon the men drafted off as lost to them for ever. It was this matter that brought Count Arickoff to his estate, to arrange with his steward for the marriages of all the more valuable of his male serfs, or souls, as they are termed, so that there should remain only a few of the more idle and worthless ones available for the conscription. As there were more serf-maidens on the estate than bachelors, and as neither party were allowed to raise

any difficulty, these marriages would be easily arranged; and great was the laughter and jesting among the heedless young serf-girls as to whether they were to be of the marrying party, and if so, wonders as to whom fate—that is to say, their master—would bestow them on.

"I should not mind marrying Timaphe, the wheelwright," observed one among them, "for he is tall and bright cheeked. Who wouldst thou choose, Mata, and thou, Petrowna, if ye were asked?"

The sisters turned even paler than usual as they bent over their tasks without reply, while one of their giddy companions exclaimed, laughing:

"I am sure thy choice would not be Petrowna's, for when Timaphe looks at her at mass she turns her back."

Those around laughed merrily, while Mari scowled darkly at the speaker, but held her peace.

But the jesting gave place to tears, when next day the partners in marriage were declared; for though the men's wishes had been consulted, the maidens' had not, and few were they to whom fell the lot they would have chosen. Peter, the gardener, the beloved of Mari's silence, was to become Mari's husband, while Timaphe, the wheelwright, was adjudged to Petrowna, and Jackka, the blacksmith, to Mata.

This shock, the heaviest that had fallen upon them since the discovery of their bondage, almost paralyzed the sisters, and they sank into their unfailing refuge, each other's arms, in despairing silence. But soon the weeping and bitter complaints around restored them to thought and energy. The patient endurance with which they had borne all their previous humiliations vanished before this cruel malignity, and they sought the steward, and with prayers and tearful entreaties begged that they might be spared this surpassing misery. The man in authority shook his head, and roughly bade them go back to their work.

"Only speak to Count Arickoff first," entreated Mata, humbly; "he knows how differently we have been brought up, and I am sure he would not ask this terrible sacrifice."

The steward laughed mockingly.

"It was your master's special orders that you and Petrowna should be married, and sent to live at the east end of the

estate, where we are going to build workshops. Your questions are answered, as now go."

The unhappy girls needed no second bidding; but Mata had to lead poor Petrowna along their homeward path, as if she had been a weak child. The affection that in happier days had filled her heart for Count Arickoff had long since died away beneath his treachery and cruelty; but this crowning act of tyranny seemed to find a spot in her heart yet unhealed, and there it tortured her almost beyond endurance.

While Petrowna wept that night, Mata sat by her side and pondered whether, though all mankind had deserted them, by God's aid they might not be able to deliver themselves; and before morning broke, she aroused Petrowna to listen to a plan of escape; a hazardous and little hopeful one, it was true, but still possible of succeeding; and if they failed and were brought back, their lot could not be worse than was now intended.

The next night—it was Saturday night, and on the morrow they might not be missed—the sisters crept out of their little hut, stole silently across the estate, and went out on the wide steppe, without knowing or thinking whither their steps might lead them, and only solicitous to avoid the trodden paths and the neighborhood of man. With this desire they toiled on through gloomy woods, around the rugged bases of mountains, and across dreary morasses and steppes, weary, footsore, but light-hearted; for so far they had escaped the pursuit that they doubted not was abroad. Unmurmuringly they slept in the hollows of the trees or rocks, and eked out the two days' bread they had brought with them, with barberries, wild plums, and the eggs of birds that made their nests on the ground.

At length they came to the banks of a rapid river, and cheered by its merry murmuring and plashing, they journeyed by its side. As they advanced, the voices of men were borne on the breeze from behind them, and in great alarm they hastened on. Still the strangers gained upon them, and at length the fugitives fairly ran. At a sudden bend in the river they saw a small boat lying by the bank, and without a thought, save of escape, they sprang into it and pushed it from the shore.

To whom the voices belonged, the sis-

ters never knew, for ere they came in sight the swift stream had swept them round another bend in the winding course. And now they found themselves afloat on a strange element, without the power of getting back to land, or of guiding their boat while they were in it. Still their hearts faltered not; there could be no dangers before them equal to those they left behind; and day after day, they sat in the skiff, as it bore them on along the widening river, drinking of its waters and eating sparingly of the little store of biscuits they found on board; and when night came, lying down beneath the stars in peaceful trust in His mercy who had preserved them through so many dangers.

Five days after they floated out on a broader water covered with ships and boats, as they had seen in their native Neva; but here the water was wider, and when they would have drank of it they found it bitter; and then they knew they were upon the sea. Under other circumstances, it would have been a fearful position for those two unskilled girls on the sea in that fragile boat; but now they had no terrors save from the land, and He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, chained it for these forlorn ones, and the waves dashed not against their bark too roughly.

On the third day there was no wind, and the sea currents floated them nearer and nearer a little vessel that lay becalmed, until at length they were nearly alongside. Suddenly Mata uttered a scream of joy: there, leaning over the side of the vessel, and looking wonderingly at the little boat, was Alexis Federoff. Then he recognized them, tanned, wasted, and travel stained as they were, for the grand-daughters of his old employer, to discover whom he had made so many and such fruitless efforts, and for whose sake he was even now returning to Copenhagen, to endeavor to enlist their mother's family in the pursuit.

But now that need was over; and for the sisters there should be no more sorrow, no more bondage; but they must endeavor to find peace and happiness in the free Danish land. Alexis Federoff's home was humble, but Mata must forgive that for the love's sake that would fain have brought her to a palace; and the brother and sister's love that would there surround her, must make it a happy home

to Petrowna too, until some future day when she might find a dearer.

Such were Alexis Federoff's words, as a few hours after they sped across the Baltic before a favoring breeze; and they all came true, save that Petrowna never found that dearer home.

### MY GUESTS.

VARIOUS the aspects that they wear,  
Or sad or soft, or dark or bright,  
Yet are these captured forms of air  
To be my guests to-night.

The weary present shall retire,  
The past my friends shall usher in,  
While I, beside my well-trimm'd fire,  
Commune with what hath been.

My earliest guest! and be it long  
Before I lose the solemn ray  
Of silver'd locks that still belong  
To what hath pass'd away.  
The furrow'd brow, that heareth still  
The signet-stamp its childhood wore:  
A trustful heart, through good and ill,  
Down to the grave he bore.

Though treachery's cruel shaft had sped,  
Full oft that generous faith to blast,  
(For noblest hearts have oftener bled.)  
It crown'd him to the last!  
The earnest eyes, whose truth-lit gaze  
Nor time could dim, nor age could chill;  
Image redeem'd from other days,  
I see my Father still!

A younger form, to sorrow known,  
Sweet sister, by my side remain,  
And in the well-remember'd tone  
Renew the past again.  
I know the grief that makes it low,  
That fills with tears thy speaking eye;  
And was it, then, so long ago?  
But thou wert young to die.

Come to my arms, bright fairy thou,  
With streaming locks of gold, that lay  
Like trembling sun-light on thy brow;  
How soon it pass'd away,  
With lips of rose—the rose hath fled,  
That warm, soft cheek, how pure and cold!  
Yes, thou wert number'd with the dead,  
Our little "three-year old."

Sweet Susan! with that gentlest mien,  
And cheek suffused, and modest grace;  
Ah! seldom hath the gazer seen  
A rarer, lovelier face.  
Thou, in thy beauty's dawning light,  
Flushing and glowing like a gem—  
The rest had pass'd from human sight,  
And thou didst sleep with them.

My vanish'd guests! the fire is dim,  
That shadowy throng hath pass'd away,  
And now my heart looks up to Him,  
Who guards their sleeping clay,  
And prays that on that happier shore,  
Where death comes not, nor sorrows blight,  
Far, far beyond the tempest's roar,  
We may at last unite!

### PREACH-PENS.

THE readers of the "NATIONAL" have read with interest the recent series of articles on Church Architecture, with the striking illustrations. But that series did not do justice to the subject indicated in our title. A word as to that title: Isn't it taking? Everybody will turn from the table of contents to this page to see what it *can* mean. We cannot claim the glory of its origination—that belongs elsewhere, and "honor to whom honor is due." A bright-eyed little hoosier boy, about five years old, entered a country church, which gloried in the possession of an old-fashioned pulpit, high, wide, deep. It was made *solid*, with ample Bible-board, much projecting; it was ascended by steps, and when the minister entered it, he was "no more among men," for the massive door was closed, and he was "alone in his glory." This it was, upon which our little friend gazed with wondering eyes, and called "the preach-pen in the meeting-house." That boy is a sage, and the name he originated will be remembered when the professor's architectural articles are forgotten.

It is one of the mysteries past finding out, whence came the notion that a preacher, when out on exhibition, must be "boxed up," thrust alive into a horrid preach-pen.

The lawyer cites more authorities, and uses more books, yet he stands upon the floor while addressing court or jury. A distinguished member of the bar has said, that he should never win a case if he had to stand in a box.

The politician, who in these piping times moves such masses, would scorn to be boxed up. The senator never uses the box. (?) Is the preacher considered especially dangerous, and therefore, like a tiger or leopard, exhibited in a cage? If this be the reason, we can assure the dear people that, whatever may have been the habits of the *genus* anciently, the modern ones are usually quite harmless. The race is so thoroughly domesticated that they seldom roar, and still more rarely do they *bite*. Once in a while one shows his teeth, but the sight of a little cotton renders him docile and tractable.

Or, are preachers considered so delicate and tender in their composition, that they must be boxed to avoid breakage? If so,



we suggest that, in addition to boxing, they be labeled,

"*This side up—handle with care—keep dry;*"

though the last direction is superfluous, as most of them are already so *dry* they fairly rattle.

Or, to advance one more hypothesis, are they so awkward, that they alone of all orators must be hid from observation by pine or poplar plank?

If we may venture a theory, we suppose these preach-pens originated in the days of reading sermons, and hence one nuisance demanded the creation of another; so true is it, that vices never come singly.

The things are still retained in the country, from ignorance and force of example. A new church edifice is built. The pulpit is the theme of much discussion, and it is resolved that one shall be made which shall do credit to the trustees and architect.

And now for the *modus*. A lofty platform is made; it must be several feet from the floor, or it is not orthodox. Upon this stands the preacher, his head swimming in the fetid atmosphere which has been inhaled by, and exhaled from, some hundreds of lungs, till it is pure poison; and being so *light* of course by natural affinity, it takes its place in *upper ten*. In this moves the parson's head—poor fellow! Yet it has this redeeming effect—breathing and speaking in so poisonous an air, soon removes from his face the vulgar glow of health, which gives such a plowboy, plebeian appearance, and sicklies over his face with a pale, languid, intellectual look, and that will render his sermon *so* impressive. Of course there must be some unexplained repugnance between piety and oxygen to justify so absurd an elevation.

Look up—*up*—there he stands!

Between him and his audience there is a great gulf fixed. On either side, and before him, are walls of wood, massive and immovable. At such a height, and in such a cage, he is not one of the people. At such an elevation, and in such a limbus, he can be natural neither in position, look, voice, nor gesture. At such an absurd distance from the audience, there is no magic control in the eye, and no use for the softer and gentler intonations of the voice. Speaking in a hogshead were fun to that. Look how red grows the fallow face; the arms move like royal cross-trees, (is that correct? I wish to be

precise in nautical allusions,) and the breast heaves like the surges of the "raging Canawl." No wonder he "fights uncertainly, as one that beateth the air!" No wonder his audience sleeps. No wonder none "are convinced of sin." Can any man conceive of Paul before Felix and Drusilla, preaching in a *box*, and causing the proud young ruler to tremble? Could Peter have preached that Pentecost sermon in a box, just under dingy rafters? We think not.

This abominable institution is not confined to the country. In your own city, *Mr. Magazine*, and in fashionable churches, are some most horrid preach-pens. Some of them ascend by winding stairs—round we go, round and round, till we enter the "pen," which swings on a post. There is yet a greater shame: some of your churches, as if to show the people have no sympathy with the parson, nor he with them; that he belongs to another race of mortals, make for him a recess in the end of the building, a deep, damp, dark, gloomy recess; in this they build a "pen," and into this they thrust the unfortunate minister, and yet coolly profess to honor his office! Who can preach in such a hole? If we were to go there, we can now remember but one text applicable; namely, "From the belly of hell I cried." There may be something specially philosophical in throwing an arched ceiling over a speaker's head to scatter, cross, and mingle the lines of sound; but to our Western taste it seems simply ridiculous. One we saw in Brooklyn, a year or two ago, which had been thus constructed, but the minister had shown his good sense by having it planked up with good oak-flooring.

Is there any use in a pulpit?

Two things must be provided: a support for the Bible and Hymn Book, and for lamps; (gas-works are not common in the country.) Let there be a small platform of simply sufficient elevation to give those in the rear a full view. Upon this place a small reading-desk, or, what *we* prefer, a richly-finished narrow table, with a screw top, which can be adjusted to the height of the speaker. Let there be no inclosure, no boxing; let the minister stand up on this (the platform, not the table) in sight of all the people, as though, in truth, he is "not ashamed of the Gospel." Arrangement for lamps should be provided at

either side, yet in the rear of the table. But this is too great an innovation all at once. Pulpits of some sort there must be, "for a little season." People will put some kind of preach-pens in their houses. Cannot some benevolent man give us drawings of neat, cheap pulpits, for village and country churches, together with the proper elevation from the floor for churches forty, fifty, and sixty feet in length?

One plan is this: we would give a "sketch," but we can't draw the outlines of a chicken-coop, so that it can be recognized. The pulpit should consist of three simple columns; the one about one-third wider front than those at the sides, and surmounted with a neat cap, large enough to receive an open quarto Bible. Those at the side capped, but only large enough to receive comfortably the base of a good lamp. Let all between these be open; carpet the pulpit and platform, and seat with a sofa, or cane-bottomed settee, and then you have a plain, yet rich-looking pulpit for less money than the lumber in an old-fashioned preach-pen. This we consider the best style of pulpit, because there is the least of it. It has, however, these additional recommendations: It is open and airy. It affords no breast-work behind which to hide unblackened shoes, or to chew tobacco in the house of God—villainous habit! no plank on which to pound; no barrier behind which to stand cross-legged, or upon which to lean and loll.

Yet this is subject to an inconvenience which inures to all pulpits. It must be placed in the rear of the platform left for sacramental services and revival prayer-meetings. With this we cannot dispense; yet how it divides the preacher and his auditory? The closer these are, the more powerful the sympathy—the mightier the control. There is power in the eye—in its tears and its glances of fire. There is power in the colloquial style, and the tremulous whisper. But for all these the preach-pen is unfitted; the eye may nearly as well be shut, and the voice must utter sublime sing-song tones to reach the "people that are afar off."

Why is the same man usually more effective on the platform than when he ascends the pulpit? In the pulpit he *preaches*, on the platform he *speaks*. On the platform there is more ease, more naturalness, more gracefulness, for there is no boxing-up of soul and body; voice

and eye, and hand and foot, can all speak. In the *pen* there is no room, and little need for any gestures, save pounding and stamping.

But enough of this. We are aware that we have been very naughty and heretical in these scribbles of ours. We shall take any reasonable punishment with due decorum; but, as the reader has already perceived, we are decidedly classical; hence we shall add,

"Strike, but hear us."

This is our motto during the campaign: Hurrah for the "*platform*;" down with the "*preach-pen*!"

### INTELLECTUAL FLEAS.

THE following article, the truthfulness of which we do not vouch for, is copied from a late number of "*Dickens's Household Words*:"

We have lately discovered an individual who, for the last twenty years, has devoted his life to the intellectual training of fleas. He carries on his operation in a little room in Marylebone-street, London: we enter—there are fleas here, fleas there, fleas everywhere: no less than sixty fleas are here imprisoned and sentenced to hard labor for life. All of them are luckily chained or fastened in some way or other, so that escape and subsequent feasting upon visitors is impossible. A little black speck jumps up suddenly off the table whereon the performance takes place—we walk up to inspect, and find that it is a monster flea attired "*à la convict*;" he is free to move about, but, wherever he goes, a long gilt chain, tightly fastened round his neck, accompanies him.

Occasionally he tries to jump; the chain soon brings him down again, strong as he is. We were told, that if a flea be fastened to the end of an unbroken wheat straw, he will be strong enough to lift it right off the table on which it is placed. This discovery was first made by the flea-proprietor, and made him turn his attention toward utilizing the race. One would think it were easy enough to procure troops of fleas, and to train them to perform; but it appears that neither is an easy matter. It is not easy to procure a lot of able-bodied fleas, and it is not every sort of flea that will do. They must be human fleas: dog fleas, cat fleas, and bird fleas,

are of no use; they are not lively enough nor strong enough, and soon break down in their training. Human fleas, therefore, must be obtained, and our friend has created a market for them. The dealers are principally elderly females, who supply the raw material; the trade price of fleas, moreover, (like the trade price of everything else,) varies, but the average price is threepence a dozen. In the winter time it is sixpence; and on one occasion, the trainer was obliged to give the large sum of sixpence for one single flea. He had arranged to give a performance; the time arrived; he unpacked the fleas; one, whose presence could not be dispensed with, was gone. What was to be done? the vacancy must be filled. At last, an ostler, pitying the manager's distress, supplied the needful animal; but he required sixpence for it, and sixpence he got.

While we were looking at the performance, there came in a fresh supply of fleas; a swarm of them, in a vial bottle, huddled all together at the bottom. We gave them a shake, and immediately they all began hopping about, hitting their little horny heads against the sides of the bottle (which was held sideways) with such force that there was a distinct noise, as if one had gently tapped the bottle with the nail. They were not very good friends, for they were perpetually getting entangled in masses, and fighting with their tiny but powerful legs, and rolling over and over as if in mortal combat. It was not, however, a case of life and death; for we did not see one that was looking injured or tired after the melee.

We then observed one fact, which gave us great pleasure; namely, that fleas are at enmity with bugs. There was one bug in the bottle, surrounded by many fleas; the poor bug rushed continually from one end of the bottle to the other, running the gauntlet of the assembled fleas; every flea he came near attacked him, and retreated immediately as though half afraid of him; the bug, overwhelmed by numbers, had the worst of it, and beat an ignoble retreat into a bit of flannel.

Fleas are not always brought to market in vial bottles. A flea-proprietor told us that he got all his best fleas from Russia, and that they came over in pill-boxes packed in the finest cotton-wool. These fleas were big, powerful, and good workers. We wonder whether the Custom-house

authorities thought it worth while to examine the contents of these pill-boxes. When our friend in Marylebone makes his annual tour into the provinces, his wife sends him weekly a supply of fleas in the corner of an envelope, packed in tissue-paper. She is careful not to put them in the corner where the stamp goes, as the post-office clerk would, with his stamp-marker, at one blow smash the whole of the stock.

A flea cannot be taken up from its wild state and made to work at once; like a colt or a puppy, it must undergo a course of training and discipline. The training is brought about as follows: The flea is taken up gently in a pair of forceps, and a noose of the finest glass-silk is passed round his neck, and there tied with a peculiar knot. The flea, unfortunately for himself, has a groove or depression between his neck and his body, which serves as a capital hold-fast for the bit of silk; it can slip neither up nor down, and he cannot push it off with his legs; he is a prisoner, and is thus tied to his work. This delicate operation is generally performed under a magnifying-glass; but, after a time, the eye gets so accustomed to the work that the glass is not always used. In no way is the performing flea mutilated; his kangaroo-like springing legs are not cut off, nor are his lobster-like walking legs interfered with; a flea must be in perfect health to perform well.

The first lesson given to the novice is the same as that given to a child, namely, to walk. To effect this he is fastened to the end of a slip of card-board, which works on a pin as on a pivot; the moment he feels himself free from the hands, or rather forceps, of the harnesser, he gives a tremendous spring forward; what is the consequence? he advances in a circle, and the weight of the card-board keeps him down at the same time. He tries it again with the same result; finally, he finds the progress he makes in no way equal to his exertions; he therefore, like a wise flea, gives it up, and walks round and round with his card-board as quietly as an old blind horse does in a mill. To arrive at this state of training requires about a fortnight; some fleas have more genius than others, but a fortnight is the average time.

There is another mode of training fleas: to shut them up in a small glass box which

turns easily between two upright supporters. The flea, when first put in, hops wildly about, but he only hits his head against the top of the box, and at the same time gets giddy with the turning round of his prison. We are not aware which system of training has proved the most successful.

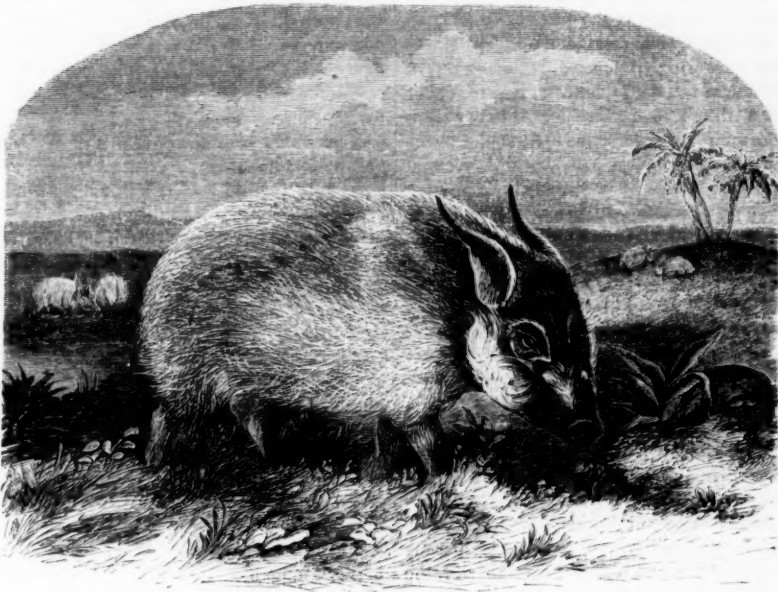
Among the trained fleas already at work, we noticed the following: there was a coach with four fleas harnessed to it, who draw it along a pretty good pace; and we should be inclined to back the coach in a race with a common garden-snail. It is very heavy for the little creatures to drag along, for one pane of glass in the coach is equal to the weight of one hundred fleas. There is a large flea, whose daily task is to drag along a little model of a man-of-war; it is amusing to see him push and struggle to get it along; but get it along he does, although it is two hundred and forty times his own weight. Again, there are two fleas secured, one at each end of a very little bit of gold-colored paper. They are placed in a reversed position to each other; one looking one way, the other another way. Thus tied, they are placed in a sort of arena on the top of a musical-box; at one end of the box sits an orchestra composed of fleas, each tied to its seat, and having the resemblance of some musical instrument tied on to the foremost of their legs. The box is made to play, the exhibitor touches each of the musicians with a bit of stick, and they all begin waving their hands about, as performing an elaborate piece of music. The fleas tied to the gold paper feel the jarring of the box below, and begin to run round and round as fast as their little legs will carry them. This is called the Flea's Waltz.

Tightly secured in a tiny chair, sits a flea facing a tiny cannon. Several times a day this unfortunate insect fires this cannon, and in this wise: One of the little slips which form the feather of a quill pen is fastened on to one of his legs, and a little detonating powder placed on its tip; the exhibitor then presses the wand down on to the cannon, and scratches the detonating powder; it goes off with a sharp report, making the lookers-on jump, but it astonishes nobody more than the flea himself; he flourishes the burnt remains of his firing wand madly about in the air, his numerous legs kick about violently, his

little head bobs up and down; altogether he shows as many symptoms of alarm as it is possible for a flea to exhibit. The individual flea that we saw in this state of trepidation, did not seem to have got used to his work, though the poor thing had been firing his cannon about thirty times a day for a month.

The fleas are not always kept in harness; every night each flea is taken out of his harness, is fed, and placed in a private compartment in a box for the night; before they go to bed they have their supper, and in the morning also their breakfast, upon the hand of their owner; sometimes he has nearly all his fleas on the back of his hands at the same moment, all biting and sucking away. For more than twenty years has he thus daily fed his fleas without any detriment to his health, the quantity of blood each flea takes away being imperceptibly small; one drop of blood, he considers, would feed a flea many weeks; but it is the itching sensation caused by the flea cutting the skin which is unpleasant. This feeling of itching he felt painfully when he first began to submit himself to the tender mercies of his little performers; now he is so hardened that he feels them not at all, whether biting or sucking. When, however, there are many on his hands at the same time, he suffers from a sensation of great irritation all over his body, which passes away when their supper is over. He has remarked that fleas will not feed if his hand be not kept perfectly motionless; the act, therefore, of feeding and harnessing is troublesome, and he is obliged to give up two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon to it. His fleas generally live a long time, provided they are properly fed and taken care of. He once had a flea, a patriarch, who for eighteen months was occupied in pulling up a little bucket from a well: this flea lived longer than any other flea he ever had, and he believes he died finally from pure old age; for he was found dead one day, faithful to his post, with his bucket drawn half-way up the well.

HE whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.—*Southey*.



THE PAINTED PIG OF THE CAMAROO.

## A VISIT TO THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

IN the London Zoological Gardens is to be found, in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of which his porcine nature is capable, *The painted Pig of the Camaroon*. The pretty creature—beauty is relative—the Camaroon pig is the prettiest, the gaudiest of the race—the pretty creature, we repeat, is of a fine bay red, made to look more bright from the circumstance of the face, ears, and front of the legs being black, while the red is relieved, and the black is defined, by the penciled lines of white which edge the ears, streak over and under the eye, and ornament the long whiskers, another long white line traversing the middle of the back; a very attractive combination of color, the painting of “Him who made the world,” and one which must make the *Potamochoerus penicellatus*—such is his swineship’s Latin title—most conspicuous, among the bright green shrubs and dark marshes of the rivers of equinoctial Africa, on whose banks the race has been planted. The present specimen was taken, when a “piggie,” by a trading captain, as it was swimming across the Camaroon River. It was then, four years ago, a round, comfortable, kind-

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looking creature, which one might almost have fondled as a pet. The Pig now looks rather a dangerous beast, and its beauty is not increased by its face having grown longer, and by the bump and hollow on each cheek being larger and deeper; nor is its mouth so attractive or innocent, now that its tusks—those ivory daggers and knives of the family of Swine—have grown longer. So much for his pigship.

The next attraction we meet is the great maned ant-eater, than which no animal could be more acceptable to the zoologist, as it is the first of its species ever brought to Europe. Scarcely had it arrived at the Zoological Gardens, been safely housed, and regularly installed as a member of the incorporated society of the animal kingdom assembled there, than we felt ourselves bound, being then in London, to pay homage to the illustrious stranger, and take our stand before it with a salaam. The animal held its court in an apartment adjoining that wherein a juvenile chimpanzee, the captive scion of a powerful sept or clan on the banks of the Quorra, holds his daily levée. As we entered, our olfactory nerves at once apprised us that the great



Brazilian was by no means perfumed with attar of roses. If the truth is to be told, the odor which saluted our nostrils was overpoweringly offensive, requiring a profusion of eau de Cologne in order to render it a little less intolerable. There was a crowd of spectators, and continual use was made among them of handkerchiefs, scented or unscented. For ourselves, we were ready to exclaim, in the words put by a great genius into the mouth of one of his characters, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!" This odor was that of the natural cutaneous exudation of the animal.

On a bed of clean straw, in one corner of the apartment, lay the destroyer of ants, taking its mid-day siesta. Its appearance was indistinct, but reminded us of a large gray or grizzled Newfoundland dog, asleep in his kennel. On a closer scrutiny, the body seemed to be covered by a *panache* of long flowing hair; but this *panache* proceeded from the reverted tail, and was such as to form a good defense against the rays of the sun on the one hand, or the heavy shower on the other.

After waiting with commendable patience for half an hour, and observing no signs of restoration to a state of activity, we betook ourselves to the aquatic vivarium, which, to our great satisfaction, we found crowded with visitors, among whom exclamations of delight and astonishment were in constant repetition. There we passed a pleasant hour, made many notes, and reveled in the contemplation of ocean's animated wonders.

At length we thought it best to return to the main object of our visit, hoping that the slumbers of the "mound-leveler" were passed away. But no, there the animal lay somnolent as before, and not a muscle moved. We began to get impatient, but plucked up good courage, and determined to wait even to the latest moment. Our resolution happily was soon rewarded. Leisurely, as if irresolute and scarcely thoroughly awake, up rose the stolid beast, the dread even of the terrible jaguar, and after sniffing the air—not with broad nostrils like the stag painted in the "Lady of the Lake," but through little orifices at the end of a long, slender, tapering snout, for such it at first appeared, it moved forward into full view. Then it was that the contour and proportions of this stranger from the swampy forests of Brazil were revealed to our sight, and that a murmur

of surprise greeted its appearance. And well it might be so, for strange and eccentric was its aspect; it was such as would have enchanted Fuseli. Let us, however, before entering into details, here record our first impressions.

Before our eyes stalked forth, with heavy and deliberate steps, a creature of large size, taller or quite as tall as a very fine Newfoundland dog, but much longer in the proportion of the body to that of its height. Its covering was coarse, long, grizzled hair; a broad, black stripe, narrowing as it proceeds, passed obliquely from the chest over each shoulder. The head, covered with close hair, looked in its *tout ensemble*, from the thick deep neck to its apex, like a long slender tube or proboscis, in strange contrast with the stupendous massiveness of the limbs. The eyes were small; the ears, in a direct line and about one inch above them, were very close and rather rounded, but so little elevated that their precise form was not immediately obvious. A mane of very long hair rose over the withers. The tail—how shall we describe it? No Newfoundland dog, no setter, no retriever, ever boasted of such a caudal appendage; no, not even the famous dog of Alcibiades. It was as long or longer than the whole body, and was evidently stout and robust in bone and muscle at the base. As the creature moved along, it was held in a line with the body, sometimes a little depressed, and at others a little elevated; but, even when raised, its *panache* (*plume* does not express the meaning) of densely-set, long, wiry hairs, from the base to the apex, swept the floor. The very weight of this alone, carried from the base to the extremity of the lever, evidently indicated the vast development of the lumbar and supra-caudal muscles. No light feathery plume was it; but a massive, drooping, heavy fringe, capable of being thrown like a thatch over the body during repose.

The fore feet of the animal were armed with enormous hooked claws; but these, being doubled up close on the thick pad of the sole, were not at first visible, so that the fore feet looked like mere stumps rather than like fully formed feet, as did those of the hinder limbs. The gait was heavy, but by no means slow or crawling; indeed, the animal is said to be capable of moving along with considerable celerity. The whole contour exhibited an appearance of great massiveness and enormous muscular

power, especially in the neck, chest, shoulders, and fore limb, while the claws were well fitted for grappling, wrenching, and for rending asunder the solid sun-baked mud walls of the pyramids of the termite. Such were the generalities which forced themselves upon our notice. We will now proceed to a few details. Of the stature of the animal we have said enough. Let us begin with the head. The skull of this strange creature is modeled on the tubular principle. From the *occiput* (that is, the *back portion* of the *frame-work* of the head) runs out a long trumpet-like projection, composed of the bones of the cranium and the jaws. This long and slender trumpet, or proboscis, incloses in its singular development all the organs of the senses, even that of tact, or especial feeling; for the nose, in this as in other instances, is the organ of tactivity.\* The eyes of the animal were small, on a line with the cranial projection, and, as it appeared to us, very inefficient by daylight. The iris, as we saw it, seemed very narrow, and of a dark hazel-brown, and the pupil minute; but, when the shadows of evening descend over the wooded swamps of Brazil or Guiana, may not that pupil expand into a dark orb, bounded only by the little eyelids? Looking at the eyes with consideration, we registered them in our mind as organs formed for twilight or nocturnal vision. Little use, indeed, did the animal make of them when perambulating its apartments, as we shall soon demonstrate.

Now for the organs of hearing. We have described their external figure and position, close above the little eyes; but what shall we say of the animal's hearing power? If sensibility to invocations loudly uttered could have awakened the sleeper through this medium, he must have responded to the call. "Seven sleepers" are recorded in the works of the olden time; surely this somnolent Brazilian, taking its siesta, might be put down for the

\* Tactivity means feeling, in contradistinction to simple sensitiveness. For example, our hands are endowed with tactivity; our whole cutaneous surface with sensitiveness.



THE ANT-EATER.

eight: it slept as an athlete. When aroused, however, it seemed even then almost dead to sounds and exclamations; at least it noticed them not, and they passed by it as the idle wind.

If sight was defective and hearing obtuse, the contrary appeared to be the case with the sense of smell—a fact which indeed might be inferred even from a consideration of the extension of the olfactory organs, carried along the upper portion of the tubular head from the space between the ears to the two little narrow terminal slits which represent the nostrils. Ever and anon the animal elevated its snout and sniffed the air, and when its keeper, a most careful and obliging man, brought in a pan of milk, it followed him about with a stumping, bear-like gait, evidently directed rather by the sense of smell than of vision to the vessel which he carried in his hand. Moreover, it evidently knew its attendant, and indicated, by projecting its snout to him when he at first entered the apartment without anything in his hands, that the recognition chiefly depended upon the sense of smell. The animal allowed him to pat it, and seemed pleased with his notice; but it uttered no noise or cry so long as we stayed to observe it. This, however, proves nothing: it is said to utter, when pleased, a peculiar whine, and we have the highest authority for this fact.

From the sense of smell to that of taste the transition is direct. Let it here be

premised that the ant-eater has no teeth ; it is, therefore, strictly *edentate*, as naturalists term it. The jaw-bones are long, slender, and feeble. The mouth is a little aperture at the end of the snout, and merely fitted for the protrusion of a long, rapier-like, glutinous tongue from its sheath ; as the natural food of this animal consists principally of termite ants and their pupæ—the latter more especially—this long viscous tongue is a most efficient instrument for such a purpose. For the crushing of such food teeth are not needed, as it is swallowed without mastication, and doubtless with a copious flow of saliva. But we have yet to describe the animal's tongue as it presented itself to our personal observation. We were contemplating the ant-eater while it sat up on its haunches, like a great dog, with its long snout elevated ; suddenly from its mouth a thin, dark, purplish glossy stream, like that of treacle, seemed to flow, certainly to the extent of more than two feet. In this stream a slight vibration was perceptible, and then, as if its current suddenly retrograded, it glided upward and rolled back through the mouth into its hidden fount. This stream was the tongue. Many times, both while the animal rested and while it traversed its apartment, was this exhibition repeated, and always with sufficient deliberation for the eye to follow out the whole movement. We are assured, however, that when employed in active service, a breach in the wall of an ants' mound having been effected, the movements of



DWELLINGS OF WHITE ANTS.

this organ are incalculably rapid, which we can readily believe.

As we have said, our Brazilian stranger followed the keeper, bearing in his hand a vessel of milk. In a short time, having at our especial desire tested the olfactory sense of the animal, he indulged it with a good draught of the coveted beverage. We expected to see it lap the fluid up by some action of the tongue ; perchance, dog-like ; perchance like that displayed when the organ is inserted into the sinuosities of the termites' mounds, and is drawn back laden with the luscious food. Not so, however : it simply applied its tiny mouth to the milk, and sucked it up gradually and quietly, with the least possible perceptible sound. Not more delicately does the horse sip its water from the trough, than did the ant-eater its milk from the pan. A thought crossed our mind at the time : how would the ant-eater manage with boiled marrow-bones of beef ? would not the remarkable tongue be then displayed in full action ? For once, at least, the experiment might be worth a trial, if only for the sake of witnessing the action of this organ.

It may seem at first surprising that an animal so bulky and massive as the ant-eater, cannot only subsist, but keep up its muscular strength and condition on such diet as that afforded by white ants or termites. The same observation applies with even more force to the Greenland whale ; but, in each instance, we draw our deduction from erroneous premises : we do not take into account the extremely nutritious quality of the food, and the fact of its making up weight by the aggrega-



DWELLINGS OF WHITE ANTS.



THE WHITE FEMALE ANT.

tion of a multitude of minute units, so as to counterbalance that of mass in solidity. Myriads upon myriads of tiny beings are daily devoured both by the whale and the ant-eater.

Termite mounds characterize the haunts of the ant-eater, and we have described its structural fitness for demolishing these insect fastnesses. It makes short work in opening a breach, and then its tongue is brought into full play. Soon, however, the startled termites, in order to escape the fate of the myriads which first fell a sacrifice, take refuge in the deeper and smaller galleries of the ruined edifice. But vain are their efforts; their enemy tears off huge fragments of the galleried walls with his strenuous claws, holds them firm with his left paws, and leisurely breaks them up with the right, the tongue in the meantime performing its office with celerity. When satiated, the ant-eater ceases the work of destruction. It would appear that a considerable quantity of the earthy materials of the ants' dome is swallowed along with the insects themselves, and Dr. Schomburgk supposes, perhaps correctly, that this material aids digestion.

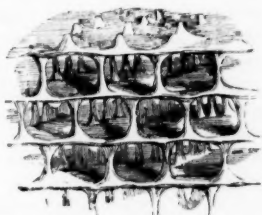
Though generally deliberate in its movements, the ant-eater can push its pace into a peculiar trot, or long gallop, and is then not easily overtaken; indeed, it will keep a horse on the canter for upwards of half an hour, and by no means tires readily itself.

The female possesses two pectoral teats, and produces only one young at a time, which soon clings firmly to her back, and, thus attached, is carried about with her during her rambles. It remains under her care for the space of a year, and then shifts for itself. When pursued with her young one on her back, the mother seeks safety in flight, and holds on her course till fairly overtaken; she has, indeed, been known to keep a horse on the full canter for half an hour. When hard pressed, she assumes a posture of defense, raises herself upon her haunches, and, resting on one fore paw, strikes with the claws of the other

at her enemy, changing from the right to the left limb, and *vice versa*, as the latter alters his position of attack. The force of these blows is tremendous. Should the danger increase, she throws herself upon her back, and strikes with both claws at her enemy. To the last moment the young one clings to the mother. It is in this manner that she receives her fierce opponent, the jaguar. Those who have witnessed the fight, described it to Dr. Schomburgk as being very characteristic. There is no yielding on the part of the ant-eater, and it frequently happens that both combatants remain dead upon the spot, or that one does not survive the other many hours. Dr. Schomburgk says:

"The force of the ant-eater is astonishing, and I have no doubt that it is well able to rip up the belly of its assailant. If the ant-eater should succeed in throwing its arms round its enemy, and fixing its claws in the flesh, nothing can disengage it from its embrace; the muscles grow stiff, and, as I have been told, without being able to vouch for its veracity, in this situation both animals die."

When young individuals are captured, they at first try to hide themselves, but, if approached, put themselves into a resolute posture of defense, growling at the same time like an irritated puppy. That the ant-eater is capable of climbing has been abundantly proved by Dr. Schomburgk, who witnessed this operation most adroitly performed both by young ones and adults, the fore limbs being used alternately, and one secured by means of the claws before the other is advanced. From witnessing the agility thus displayed, Dr. Schomburgk expresses his conviction that, should circumstances require it, these animals would climb trees with the greatest readiness. Of the docility both of adults and young, in a short time after their capture, the following extracts from Dr. Schomburgk's paper, in the "Proceedings of the Zoolog-



GALLERIES OF AN ANT'S NEST.

ical Society," relative to another specimen of the ant-eater which came under his notice, may not be uninteresting:

"It appeared to be of a very cold nature; not only the extremities, but the whole body felt cold to the touch, although we kept it wrapped up in a blanket. It preferred, however, to be nestled and to be taken up, and on putting it down it emitted a whining, but not unpleasant sound; when it did not succeed in attracting attention, and was not taken up again, the whining sound was raised to a harsh and grating noise. In following a person, it directed its course more by the smell than by sight, and carried its snout close to the ground. If it found itself at fault, it wheeled round at right angles upon the hind legs, and snuffed the air in all directions until it found the right scent again. Of the dimness of its sight we had various proofs; it hurt itself frequently against objects that stood in its way, not observing them till it came in contact with them. Its power of smelling was exquisite, and it could discover its nurse, or any person to whom it had taken a liking, at a considerable distance. Upon these occasions it would commence the whining sound so peculiar to this animal. It was an expert climber. It happened that I was one of its favorites, and while writing at my table it used to come softly behind me, and, as soon as it was sure it had found me out, it climbed up my legs with great dexterity. Out of amusement we frequently held up its blanket, and it climbed up its whole length.

"When the Indian woman was not present, or otherwise occupied, and did not pet the young ant-eater, she used to throw some of the clothes she had worn, or her own blanket, before it, in which it wrapped itself, and was pacified. This effect could not be produced by any other person's clothes. It showed its attachment by licking, and was very gentle and even sportive: we all prized it highly. It slept a great deal. We had it for nearly two months, and as it began to feed itself, we had great hopes of rearing it; unfortunately we were unable to procure milk, and whether in consequence of the change of food, or some other cause, it gradually declined. I found it sometimes as cold as ice, and stiff; and, though I recovered it repeatedly, it died one day during my absence."

Having so far detailed the results of our personal observations relative to this extraordinary specimen, (introduced into the gardens of the Zoological Society at the cost of £200, through the exertions of the indefatigable secretary of the Institution,) it is our duty to express our thanks to the chief superintendent of the vivarium, for his kindness in affording the writer every facility for a leisurely survey of this singular creature, and for his compliance with our wishes in more than one instance.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT DELICATE WOMEN.

HOW essential is it to the well-being of a family that the wife and mother should be cheerful, active, and healthy! Yet, looking at those classes of the community a little above what may be termed the laboring class, how frequently we find that the women are ailing, nervous, and irritable; or, as they would call themselves, "delicate!" How is this?

"Why," answers one, "some are the children of unhealthy parents, and the inheritors of their diseases." Where this is the case the fullest sympathy and consideration are due; but the number of such would be only a few in comparison to the class we speak of. We must look further for the cause.

"O," suggests another, "is not the fact of being a wife and mother, and having the care and management of a family and household, with, perhaps, very limited pecuniary resources, quite enough to make women weak and ailing?"

We think not. Such circumstances are trying; but with some women they have been the means of drawing out unwonted cheerfulness and energy of character. Allowing, however, that some women are so tried and harassed by the circumstances of married life that their health and energy give way; still, their number would be comparatively few, and we must find some other cause for the fact that there are so many females who call themselves "delicate."

Is it that they have an impression that there is something amiable in being delicate?

Do they think it lady-like to be delicate?

Is not this delicacy cultivated by some as a means of drawing more largely on sympathy, especially the husband's sympathy?

Are not idleness and inactivity often excused or hidden under this convenient cloak of delicacy?

We think that each of these questions may be correctly answered in the affirmative, and that the commencement of these errors, with all their attendant evils, may be traced to the education of the girl.

Years ago, Fanny was a healthy, active, and unaffected child, when her parents sent her to a boarding-school. For the first few days, feeling herself among



strangers, and away from home, she was pensive and quiet; but this soon wore away, and she became cheerful and happy again. She had taken a skipping-rope with her to school; and one evening when she was in the full enjoyment of the use of it, the evening bell rang for the scholars to retire for the night. When Fanny went to say "good night" to the governess, she was surprised to hear her say to the matron: "You will be so good as to give Miss Fanny a dose of calomel: she is in too robust health; see her cheeks are like a milk-maid's." So Fanny had to take calomel; and the next day she was languid and listless, or, as the governess seemed to consider, "lady-like." Another time, when playing with a companion somewhat actively in the playground, they were stopped by a teacher saying: "Young ladies, are you not ashamed of yourselves! That is not the way to conduct yourselves in this establishment. Why, what would be thought of you? Pray let me see you walk like young ladies."

Fanny wished then that she was not to be called a "young lady" if she might not play and romp about a little, for she was sure it made her happy to do so. But it is astonishing what changes may in time be effected by teaching and example. During the remainder of her stay at school, Fanny had occasional doses of calomel when too robust health began to show itself; and she had learned to believe that to be at all respected by her fellow-creatures, she must be considered a young lady, and that all young ladies were of delicate constitutions, and that it was very unlady-like to be healthy and active.

Poor Fanny! she had not only imbibed these notions, but she had also lost a great deal of her vigor of constitution, and had become inert and inactive. When she left school she returned to the home of her childhood, where family arrangements were such that her assistance would frequently have been acceptable to her parents. But when anything was requested of her it was attended to in a manner so unwilling and languid that they soon ceased to ask anything of her, grieving and wondering what was become of their cheerful and active Fanny.

Not being aware of Fanny's ideas about ladyism, and not perceiving that the mind wanted curing more than the body, her

parents consulted the family doctor, who said that he could not perceive that there was much the matter with her; he, however, recommended fresh air and exercise, and suggested that perhaps a few weeks by the sea-side might do her good. Now, this latter advice Fanny liked very much; it added to her importance as a lady that she should be taken to the sea-side because she was in delicate health. However, as Fanny meant to be delicate, she was as much so on her return as before, until at last it became an allowed fact in the family that Fanny was "so delicate" that she was left to do pretty much as she pleased.

Time passed on, and Fanny became a wife; and, with a vague idea that she was to secure to herself the affections of her husband, just in proportion that she made demands upon his sympathy, her elegant ailments became more numerous than ever, and she has fully established her claim to be classed among "delicate women."

Perhaps the custom of giving calomel to destroy health, as if it were a weed too rank to be allowed to grow, is not very much practiced; but other injurious customs are taught and practiced which as certainly injure health.

The custom of confining the body in tight stays, or tight clothes of any kind, is exceedingly hurtful to the health of both body and mind. A girl has learned a very bad lesson when she has been taught that to gain the admiration of her fellow-creatures she must, even to the endangering of health and life, distort her figure from that which nature has made, to something which fashion presumes to dictate as more admirable.

The custom of preventing the active use of the limbs, and free exercise of the body generally, and restricting every movement to the artificial notions of boarding-school propriety, is attended with mental and physical evils of all sorts. While a child is forbidden to take the bodily exercise which Nature would impel her to do, the humors grow thick and stagnate for want of motion to warm and dilate them; the general circulation is impeded; the muscles stiffen, because deprived of their necessary moisture; obstructions take place, which produce weakness in every animal function; and nature, no longer able to discharge the morbid matter which constantly accumulates from all her imperfect opera-

tions, gradually sickens, and the child is either carried to a premature grave, or continues an existence of physical and mental languor and listlessness; and another is added to the class of "delicate women."

We cannot be far from right in saying that almost all the mental and physical ailments of "delicate women" may be traced to a defective education. And those who are now engaged in training girls, whether at home or in schools, cannot too seriously consider the weight of responsibility resting upon them. Upon their management depend much of future health, and, consequently, the usefulness and happiness of those committed to their charge.

As requisites to the promotion of bodily vigor, we will mention:

A strict attention to personal cleanliness, which children should be taught to cultivate, because it is healthy and right that they should be clean, and not because "it would look so, if they were dirty!"

The use of well ventilated apartments.

Frequent and sufficient active bodily exercise in the open air.

Entire freedom from any pressure upon the person by the use of tight clothes.

A sufficiency of nourishing and digestible food.

And, in winter, the use of such firing as is needed to keep up a healthful warmth.

All those will tend to promote health, but we shall have no security against "delicate women" unless there be also added the cultivation of mental health.

For this, it is necessary that girls should be taught to cultivate *mental purity and mental activity*, by sufficient and well-regulated exercise of the mind.

Habits of benevolence, contentment, and cheerful gratitude should be inculcated, both by precept and example, to the exclusion of selfishness.

And, above all, should be strongly impressed upon the mind the necessity of the strictest integrity, which will lead to the abhorrence of every species of affectation, which is only a modified sort of deceit.

Girls should also be early taught that they are responsible beings; responsible to God for the right use of all the mercies bestowed upon them; and that health is one of the chief of earthly blessings, and that it is their duty to value and preserve it.

But much is learned from example as well as from precept; therefore, let no

affectation of languid airs in a teacher give a child the idea that there can be anything admirable in the absence of strength. We do not wish that girls should cultivate anything masculine; for an unfeminine woman cannot be an object of admiration to the right judging of either sex. But a female has no occasion to affect to be feminine; she is so naturally, and if she will but let nature have its perfect work, she will, most likely, be not only feminine, but also graceful and admirable.

To those who are already women, and are unfortunately classed among the "delicate," we would say: For the sake of your husbands and all connected with you, strive resolutely to lose your claim to such an unenviable distinction. If you are conscious of the least feeling of satisfaction in hearing yourself spoken of as delicate, be assured it is a degree of mental disease that allows the feeling. If you ever suppose that you gain your husband's sympathy by weakness, remember you might gain more of his esteem and satisfied affection by strength. Fifty years ago it was well said that, "To a man of feeling, extreme delicacy in the partner of his life and fortune is an object of great and constant concern; but a *semblance* of such delicacy, where it does not really exist, is an insult on his discernment, and must ultimately inspire him with aversion and disgust." It is not for us to say how many put on the semblance of delicacy as a covering for idleness, or from any of the weak motives that prompt such an affectation—conscience will whisper where this is the case—and happy will it be for the husband of any one who can be roused from such a pitiable state.

Could woman only know how many husbands are bankrupt because their wives are "delicate;" how many children are physically, mentally, and morally neglected and ruined, because their mothers are "delicate;" how many servants become dishonest and inefficient, because their mistresses are "delicate"—the list would be so appalling that possibly we might hear of an Anti-delicate Ladies Association, for the better promotion of family happiness and family economy.

Meanwhile, let each listen to her own conscience and the dictates of her better judgment, and remember that health is a gift of God, and we cannot slight a gift without also slighting the Giver.

## The National Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

### EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—It is not the province of THE NATIONAL to urge upon its readers the claims of any candidate for office. We are not partisans, nor was this magazine established for the furtherance of any political tenets. In common, however, with all who love our country and its free institutions, we have a deep interest in the result of the approaching election for President of the United States; and we would urge upon all our readers who have the right to vote, the importance of performing that duty.

It is said of Solon, that he caused a law to be enacted, that every citizen who remained neutral on any question relative to the great interests of the Athenian republic, should be put to death. It was a harsh enactment, but had its foundation on the true principle that equal privileges imply equal duties. If one man may claim exemption from the troublesome task of forming and giving utterance to an opinion on any proposed measure, or on the relative merits of two or more candidates for office, so may any other and every other; and, in that case, what becomes of the Commonwealth? Without formally claiming to be exempt from a duty which, by the genius of the republic, is devolved upon every qualified citizen, there are many, perhaps some among our readers, who never vote. For, say they, of what consequence can it be whether I vote or not? can one ballot make any difference in the result? Now, not to dwell upon the direct affirmative answer that may be given to this latter question, (for one vote has frequently decided an election,) suppose we admit that one ballot will make no difference in the result, what then? Does that justify you in withholding yours? If it does, your neighbor may, on the same plea, withhold his, and he has precisely as good a right to withhold it. If one vote will make no difference, by what aristocratic plea do you insist upon it that that unnecessary vote shall be yours?

But one ballot will make no perceptible odds in the great aggregate? Will two? three? fifty? how many? Do you say forty-nine will not, but fifty may? How, then, do you know but that fiftieth is yours? And if it is, your withholding it is a dereliction of a plain duty. It is most certainly setting an example which, if universally followed, will inevitably destroy the republic; and everybody has the same right to follow, as you have to set the example.

Religious scruples are pleaded in justification of neglecting a duty which, as a good citizen, every man owes to his country. The rabble go to the polls, the brawling demagogue, the intemperate, the profane, the profligate, and the abandoned of every hue. Yes, verily. And is it, therefore, wrong for the sober, the decent, the truly patriotic, the devoted follower of Christ, to go to the polls also? Have they nothing at stake? Or is it a sufficient reason for a good man to neglect his duty that bad men attend to theirs?

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It is certainly not incompatible with any requirement of Christianity, that a man be a good citizen, and discharge all the duties that, as such, devolve upon him. But he is not a good citizen who habitually neglects to exercise the elective franchise. He does that, or rather abstains from doing that, which, if everybody else did, our fair political fabric would be destroyed. If Christianity justifies him, be he a clergyman or a layman, it justifies, nay, requires the same neglect from every one else; and the consequence is, that Christianity and a republican form of government are incompatible: a result too monstrous to be tolerated for a moment.

He who came to teach man his duty to his Maker, enforced the necessity of discharging political as well as other obligations, faithfully and honestly. To render unto Cesar (the civic power) the things that are Cesar's, is certainly no less imperative in a republic where we make our own Cesars, than in a land where political supremacy is the result of fortunate birth or successful war. He who neglects the ballot-box, especially at a crisis like that now impending, does not render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's; and so far violates the express command of Christ. Tried by that standard, he is neither a good citizen nor a good Christian. Vote, then, we do not say for whom, but—vote.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—You will find, says Gerald Massey, that it requires the utmost imagination to reproduce the truest real, and that where the hand of genius most exquisitely touches the human heart, plain matter-of-fact statement is united to the unspeakable beauty. Think of that, you who are always maundering about the ideal beauty! It is only the greatest imagination that can produce the utmost real; and this is the utmost that man's kingliest faculties can accomplish. Let us take a few illustrations from poetry, to show what is meant by the utmost real. Leigh Hunt has been before us here, and supplied some illustrations to hand. He quotes the words of Lear, "most matter-of-fact, most melancholy:"

"Pray do not mock me;  
I am a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward;  
Not an hour more or less; and to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

Scores of instances might be quoted from Shakespeare, to prove that these touches of matter-of-fact reality are the most precious jewels in the crown of all poetry. So of Homer; but we must quote one, and pass on. It is the passage where old Priam kneels before Achilles, and implores him to give up the dead body of Hector. The tide of his great grief gathers as he pleads piteously on, and at last bursts in these lines:

"I have borne  
What never mortal bore, I think, on earth:  
To lift unto my lips the hand of him  
Who slew my boy!"

There is also a touch of this kind in the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray:"

"My father urged me sair, my mither didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."

Then those two incomparable lines of Marlowe:

"O, thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

And Spenser's Una, lighting the wood with her loveliness, and making

"A sunshine in a shady place."

And Keats's

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Also the picture of Madeline drooping to rest—

"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

And Tennyson's grand

"Nor canst thou show the dead are dead."

And so, in all these climaxes of beauty that touch you into tears, or give you a soul-ache of deliciousness, as Leigh Hunt has said of our first two quotations, "in these passages there is nothing but what a matter-of-fact person might have said, *if he had thought of it.*" And all these intense *realisms*, which are the priceless preciousness of poetry, are the result of the highest efforts of the imagination. These pearls, which the imagination wins in its furthest reaches, are in the depths of human nature, and not in some limbo of idealism. They lived in feeling, *even where they have never passed into thought.*

ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.—The Abbé Mullois, who styles himself *Missionnaire Apostolique*, has recently published, at Paris, a work on popular pulpit eloquence, (*Cours d'Eloquence Sacree Populaire*), which, with a great deal that is suited only to French taste and manners, contains some things worthy of all acceptance. We append an extract. Speaking of the preacher in the pulpit, he says:

"He must state his subject in the most simple terms, and pursue its discussion in the most direct way. He has no time for starting imaginary difficulties, and then hunting them down; no time to raise ghosts for the mere purpose of laying them again; no time for unravelling Gordian knots: he must cut through them in curt, imperial fashion. One arrow aimed straight at the bull's-eye is worth a hundred launched at random by a blind man. While there must be a governing order in the preacher's discourse, it is neither necessary nor desirable that he always cleave a truth into two or three pieces, and then chop each of these into two or three other subsidiary pieces, a minee *à la Soyot*, instead of a joint *au naturel*. Some subjects will not admit of this method, and those which do, demand variety of treatment, else hearers will weary of the uniformity, and will look anxiously forward to 'And now, finally, the last of the last.' The preacher had better, in most cases, keep his method to himself, presenting at the same time distinct enunciations of truth here and there, and making natural pauses, where required. Those teachers are tiresome beyond endurance who always treat their hearers to *three things worthy* of their attention. Christianity should rarely be argued, because it is a thing that depends neither upon the talent of the orator nor the good-will of the audience. It is a thing *ab extra* and Divine. It is presented for the acceptance of faith, and not for the disputation of reason. Besides, many speakers cloud by demonstration, what was obvious on simple enunciation. They announce, for instance, some dogma, the truth and beauty of which are recognized at once. They go on to prove it, and darken its intelligibility, and almost extinguish it with doubts. To preach much about infidelity, or address one's self much to unbelievers, is neither politic nor evangelical. There is much less infidelity than zealous Christians believe, and the infidels are not those who would attend your sermons, even if that style of address were likely to do them good. Did such a class of minds attend the ministry of the word from any motive whatsoever, the safer way would be, to attack the fortress on the

most assailable side—the heart. Any objection which may demand an answer, answer forthwith, and in as few words as possible—a single sentence, not a treatise. Spare its life not a moment; dally not with it in imitation of judicial procrastination; but plunge the dagger of a prompt and biting reply at once into its heart. The objection is made in few words; let the answer and exposure be as curt and decisive, while it is as strong as logic, common sense, and truth itself can make it. And having treated a simple evangelical subject in a direct, plain, forcible, and earnest manner, let your winding-up be warm, not the warmth of vociferation or the excitement of a weak brain, but the warmth of a tender and feeling soul. Let the peroration quiver all over with feeling, while instinct with intellectual force. Let it be boiling up with the sap and energy of sensibility and thought. Let it abound in strong ideas, clothed in epigrammatic or proverbial forms, familiar, and yet striking and memorable. Let them be such as will haunt the recollection like a strain of remembered music. Let them be such that the hearer will say of your impressive close, 'If I were to live a hundred years, I could never forget it.'"

DEATH AT WILL.—We all die in good time, in the natural course of events, and most of us expect to find that "good time" come quite soon enough; but it appears that there have been individuals who, to oblige their friends, have died *somehow*, and to please themselves have come to life again—also *somehow*—many times before *finally* "throwing off this mortal coil." The following is a case of this kind, given in the *Night Side of Nature*, by Mrs. Crowe, who says:

"He (Colonel Townsend) could, to all appearance, die whenever he pleased; his heart ceased to beat, there was no perceptible respiration, and his whole frame became cold and rigid as death itself; the features being shrunk and colorless, and the eyes glazed and ghastly. He would continue in this state for several hours, and then gradually revive; but the revival does not appear to have been an effort of will, or rather we are not informed whether it was so or not. . . . I find, from the account of Dr. Cheyne, who attended him, that Colonel Townsend's own way of describing the phenomenon to which he was subject, was, that he could 'die or expire when he pleased;' and yet, by an effort, or *somehow*, he could come to life again. He performed the experiment in the presence of three medical men; one of whom kept his hand on his heart, another held his wrist, and the third placed a looking-glass before his lips; and they found that all traces of respiration and pulsation gradually ceased, inasmuch that, after consulting about his condition for some time, they were leaving the room persuaded that he was really dead, when signs of life appeared, and he slowly revived. He did not die while repeating the experiment, as has been sometimes asserted."

MORTGAGING THE DEAD.—If a literal be also a legitimate use, in its present application, of the word *mortgage* (a *dead* pledge,) we have classical authority for stating that *mortgaging* the dead was a legalized mode, among the Egyptians, of giving *security* for money borrowed: a poor indemnity to the creditor in case of non-payment. The embalmed body of the deceased relative accompanied a guest to the feast, where, if money was required, the sacred possession was deposited by the borrower in *pledge*, and it was a strictly legal transaction. For non-redemption there was a severe penalty, which one might imagine the peculiar doctrine ingrafted on that of the soul's immortality would rarely allow an Egyptian to incur. The parties not redeeming were denied the right of interment themselves, and the privilege of giving their relatives and friends burial. In such cases the coffinless body was carefully preserved at home, *without burial*; but the de-

scendants of the deceased and excluded debtor might honorably bury, provided compensation was first made for the crime, (if such had been committed,) or the debt refunded. It has been conjectured, and with great probability, respecting this law, mentioned by Herodotus, (lib. ii. s. 136,) that its object was to discourage the borrowing of money; rendering it peculiarly infamous by entailing on those who practiced it a revolting traffic, and forfeiture of what the debtor was accustomed to regard as his dearest and most sacred treasure.

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**ESCAPE FROM AN AUSTRIAN DUNGEON.**—Felice Orsini, who for fifteen months was imprisoned in one of the Austrian dungeons in Italy, the castle of St. Giorgis, for a slight political offense, where, during the greater portion of the time, he was treated with the utmost cruelty by order of his murderous persecutors, eventually escaped, and under circumstances almost too wonderful to be true. In fact, we could scarcely credit the statement were it not authenticated by the most reliable authority. It appears that by studied conduct he succeeded in gaining the confidence of some of the jailers, and certain indulgences were gradually allowed to him. Means were contrived for opening up communication with his friends outside the walls, who supplied him with small saws, conveyed probably in the bread and other articles which he was permitted to purchase. He says:

"Having thus far paved the way, I commenced sawing through one of the bars nearest the wall. The position in which I was obliged to stand, on tip-toe on the top rail of the chair, increased the difficulty of the operation, as I was obliged to make the same movement with my feet as with my hands, in order to keep my balance. My saw was excellent; but after having used it a couple of hours or so it grew blunt, partly because I was not used to handling tools, and also from the use of water, which I adopted to prevent noise. However, in four days I had cut through the first bar; but from having used the saw without a handle, holding it at either end in my hand, it broke in two, and I then set my wits to work to make a handle for the others.

"I sawed away some wood from underneath the table, and dividing it into two portions, fastened one with wax either side the saw, only leaving sufficient of the latter to cut through the iron bar, in order to renew it with a fresh piece when the first should be worn out. Having broken and destroyed all the strings of my wearing apparel, I procured some tape, under pretense of repairing them. Waxing it well, I bound it tightly round the two pieces of wood at the end of the saw, and backward and forward from one to the other. By these means I manufactured an excellent handle, and the saw no longer bent or moved about. In order to re-close the bars after they were cut through, I made a cement of wax and burned bread-crumbs the color of the iron.

"Nevertheless my work made but slow progress. At every moment I had to stop and clean my saw, and as often to listen for any noise without. Some days I could not work at all for fear of interruption, and often I was obliged to desist on account of the terrible fatigue and the pain arising from the distention of the muscles. Often my feet and right hand were benumbed; I could scarcely write my own name. According to the position of the bars depended the difficulty of cutting through them; while working at the highest I so wounded my elbow by pressing it against the side that I could hardly lean on it alone.

"At times, despite the calmness and courage with which I nerved myself, my patience was utterly exhausted; so prostrated was my physical strength that I have sunk on the bed utterly hopeless of completing my design. Then it was that the thought of my country, of my children, returned to my aid. I must behold my little ones again—must once more combat for

my fatherland! and, fired with the thought, I sprang to my chair, and labored with redoubled zeal, saying to myself, 'Onward! onward! courage!' (*Avanti! avanti! coraggio!*) each time I felt my energy flag."

In spite of the physical obstacles, and the watchful vigilance of the keepers of the prison, thirteen visits being paid to each cell every twenty-four hours, Orsini finished his sawing of the outer as well as the inner grating of the window, and also removed some bricks to enlarge the aperture. The window was above a hundred feet from the ground. A cord was made by stripping the sheets and towels which he had latterly possessed, and after several abortive attempts he made the perilous descent on the night of the 29th of March.

"When I had descended about eighty-four feet I felt my strength giving way; the tension of the muscles of the arms was too painful for endurance. I again felt about with my feet, and soon discovered a white marble cornice, which surrounded the easle; but while I strove to rest my right foot upon it, the cord slipped from between my legs, and after making vain efforts to recover it, I looked below, and fancying myself not more than six feet from the ground, I stretched out my arms, and let myself drop in such a way that my feet should first touch the ground, but that I should fall on all fours. This calculation was the work of a second; but what a time elapsed before I reached the ground I shudder now to recall! I had fallen twenty feet! There was a quantity of mud and broken pieces of brick and cement at the bottom of the fosse, and against this I struck first my knees and then my feet. The blow was tremendous. I turned round almost mechanically, and for a few moments lost all consciousness."

On recovering from the first effects of the fall, the perils of his situation were too apparent. Desperation gave ingenuity and strength, and at length he reached the last obstacle, the outer wall that surrounds the fortress. While he lay in the fosse, bruised and wounded, and unable to ascend, two peasants passing to the city helped him over the wall by letting down a cord, and generously conducted him to a place of concealment. It was a quarter to six A. M. when he was outside the wall, and at six the turnkeys entered his cell and discovered his flight! The alarm soon spread all over the town, and great efforts were made to recapture him, large rewards being offered for that purpose. He was not betrayed, however, and by the aid of a few noble friends he was safely brought beyond the reach of the cowardly Austrian authorities.

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**AN ADVENTURE ON THE RIVER NIGER.**—Dr. Baikie, a traveler of experience, was one of a party who went on an exploring expedition up the Rivers Kwóra and Binne, (commonly known as the Niger and Tsádda,) in 1854. He started from Fernando Po in June of that year, with twelve Europeans and fifty-three colored men, for the mouth of the great river Pleiad, which they entered in July, passing low grounds and swampy flats at first, and soon found themselves in a regular routine of Niger or Kwóra life. The doctor passes the dwellings of the most extraordinary looking savages; takes observations as he passes along; during which monstrous alligators keep their eyes open for him, till he at length came to a flooded village, the savages of which seemed to be living after the fashion of otters. But he shall tell the story himself:



"How the interiors of the huts of these amphibious creatures were constructed, I cannot conjecture, but we saw dwellings from which, if inhabited, the natives must have dived like beavers to get outside. We pulled in speechless amazement through this city of waters, wondering greatly that human beings could exist under such conditions. We had heard of wild tribes living in caverns and among rocks, we had read of races in Hindoostan roosting in trees, of whole families in China spending their lives on rafts and in boats in their rivers and their canals; we knew, too, of Tuáricks and Shánbah roaming over vast sandy deserts, and of Eskimo burrowing in snow retreats, but never had we witnessed or even dreamed of such a spectacle as that of creatures endowed like ourselves, living by choice like a colony of beavers, or after the fashion of the hippopotami and crocodiles of the neighboring swamps. A little distance from us we espied a large tree, round the foot of which was a patch of dry land, toward which we pulled, but grounding before reaching quite to it, Mr. May and I waded to it, instruments in hand, to take observations. We were barely allowed to conclude, when nearly the entire population of the place, half wading, half swimming across a small creek, came upon us, and stared at us in wild astonishment. A hurried set of sights being taken, we carried our things back into the boat, and as we wished to get another set about three quarters of an hour after noon, we tried to amuse ourselves and to spend the intervening time as we best could. We were now able to look a little more attentively at our new friends, who in large numbers crowded round, and who, male and female, were nearly all equally destitute of a vestige of clothing. One young man understood a few words of Háusa, and by his means we learned that this was the Dult of which we had heard at Djín, and that the inhabitants were of the same stock as at the other villages; but they were by far more rude, more savage, and more naked than any of the other Bani who we had encountered. A canoe came near us, lying in the bottom of which was a curious large fish, of which I had just time to make a rough eye sketch, when I had to retreat to the boat, and Mr. May, who had been exploring in another direction, also returned. The behavior of these wild people now attracted our notice; the men began to draw closer around us, to exhibit their arms, and to send away the women and children. Their attentions became momentarily more and more familiar, and they plainly evidenced a desire to seize and plunder our boat.

"A sour-looking old gentleman, who was squatting on the branch of a tree, was mentioned as their king; but, if so, he made no endeavors to restrain the cupidity of his *sans culottes*. Part of a red shirt belonging to one of our Krúmen was seen peeping out from below a bag, and some advanced to lay hold of it, when suddenly my little dog, who had been lying quietly in the stern sheets, raised her head to see what was causing such a commotion. Her sudden appearance startled the Dulti warriors, who had never seen such an animal before, so they drew back to take counsel together, making signs to me to know if she could bite, to which I replied in the affirmative. Matters were beginning to look serious; our crew, as usual, were timid, and Mr. May and I had only ourselves to depend upon in the midst of three or four hundred armed savages, who were now preparing to make a rush at us.

"There was no help for it; we had to abandon all hopes of our remaining observations, and of so fixing an exact geographical position. As at Djín, I seized a few trinkets, and handing them hastily to those nearest to us, we shoved off while the people were examining these wondrous treasures. Still anxious, if possible, to get some further observations not far removed from the spot where the former ones were taken, we pulled about among trees and bushes, but without any success. At length we shoved in among some long grass, hoping to find dry land, but after having proceeded until completely stopped by the thickness of the growth, we still found upward of a fathom of water.

"At this moment Mr. May's ear caught a voice not far behind us; so we shoved quietly back, and found a couple of canoes trying to cut off our retreat. Seeing this we paddled vigorously back, there not being room for using our oars, and the canoes did not venture to molest us. We were quickly paddling across the flooded plain, when suddenly a train of canoes in eager pursuit issued out upon us. There were ten canoes, each containing seven or eight men, and they were sufficiently close to us to allow us to see their stores of arms. Our Krúboys worked most energet-

ically, and we went ahead at such a rate that our pursuers had complete occupation found them in paddling, and could not use their weapons. At this moment we were about a couple of hundred yards from the river, toward which we made as straight a course as possible.

"Not knowing how matters might terminate, we thought it advisable to prepare for defense, so I took our revolver to load it, but now, when it was needed, the ramrod was stiff and quite immovable. Mr. May got a little pocket pistol ready, and we had, if required, a cutlass, and a ship's musket, which the Krúmen, by this time in a desperate fright, wished to see prepared, as they kept calling out to us, 'Load de big gun! load de big gun!' Could an unconcerned spectator have witnessed the scene, he would have been struck with the amount of the ludicrous it contained. There were our Krúboys, all as pale as black men could be, the perspiration starting from every pore, exerting to the utmost their powerful muscles, while Mr. May and I were trying to look as unconcerned as possible, and to lessen the indignity of our retreat, were smiling and bowing to the Dulti people, and beckoning to them to follow us. Their light canoes were very narrow, and the people were obliged to stand upright. The blades of their paddles, instead of being of the usual lozenge shape, were oblong and rectangular, and all curved in the direction of the propelling stroke. It was almost a regatta, our gig taking and keeping the lead.

"Ahead we saw an opening in the bush, by which we hoped to make our final retreat; but we were prepared, should the boat take the ground, to jump out at once and shove her into deep water. Fortune favored us; we reached the doubtful spot, and with a single stroke of our paddles, shot into the open river. Here we knew we were comparatively safe, as if the natives tried to molest us in the clear water, all we had to do was to give their canoes the stem and so upset them; our only fear had been that of being surrounded by them while entangled among the bushes. Our pursuers apparently guessed that we had now got the advantage, as they declined following us into the river, but turning, paddled back to their watery abodes, and so ended the grand Dulti chase."

**GROSS SUPERSTITION.**—We clip the following from an English paper, and call the attention of our readers to it, believing it to be a specimen of the worst kind of heathenish superstition. Palmer, the person spoken of, was executed a few months since for poisoning a friend of his named Cook, with whom he had some betting transactions; and it was generally believed that he had dispatched no fewer than fourteen persons in this way, among whom were his own wife and brother:

"Will it be credited that thousands of people have, during the past week, crowded a certain road in the village of Melling, near Ormskirk, to inspect a yew-tree which has burst its bark, and the sap protrudes in a shape resembling a man's head? Rumor spread abroad that it was the reappearance of Palmer, who 'had come again, because he was buried without a coffin!' Some inns in the neighborhood of this singular tree reaped a rich harvest."

**HUMAN LEATHER FOR BOOK BINDING.**—A portion of the skin of a murderer, named Smith, who was executed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 3, 1817, underwent the process of tanning, and a piece of it was sold so recently as May, 1855. This occurred at the sale of a part of the library of a well-known collector, in London. In the catalogue of the sale the lot is thus described:

"Lot 10. A most curious and unique Book, being the particulars of the Trial and Execution of Charles Smith, who was hanged at Newcastle for Murder, containing a piece of his skin tanned into leather for the purpose."

The tanned skin of a man's arm was exhibited in Preston, England, by a gentleman named Howitt, in a temporary museum got up for a charitable purpose in the year 1840. It

was the color of a new saddle, and much resembled the "basil" so much used in leather work; and at the public library at Bury St. Edmunds is exhibited a book bound in a tanned piece of the skin of Corder, the murderer.

PERSIAN CEREMONIAL OF WELCOME.—Lady Shiel says:

"On approaching a village, an unfortunate cow in the midst of the crowd, close to the roadside, was held down by the head and feet; when we came within a yard or so of the miserable animal, a man brandished a large knife, with which he instantly, before there was time for interference, severed its head from its body. He then ran across our road with the head, allowing the blood to flow on our path in torrents; and we passed on, to encounter a repetition of the same cruel rite performed on various sheep. This ceremony was called *korban*, or sacrifice; these poor creatures having been immolated in order that all the misfortunes, evils, and disasters which might overtake us, should fall on them; and fall on them assuredly they did."

BOUTS RIMES.—"Bouts Rimes," or "ends of rhyme," afford considerable amusement. Their history is as follows: One Dulot, a French poet, had a custom of preparing the rhymes of sonnets, leaving them to be filled up at leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends were astonished that he had written so many of which they had never heard. "They were blank sonnets," said he, and then explained the mystery by describing his "Bouts Rimes." The idea appeared ridiculously amusing, and it soon became a fashionable pastime to collect some of the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines. We give an example:

"Nettle, pains, nettle, remains,  
Natures, rebel, graters, well."

You have now to fill up the rhymes, as, for instance:

"Tender-handed stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.  
'Tis the same with common natures;  
Use them kindly they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well."

ANTIQUITY OF TOBACCO.—According to the *Chronicle* of the Quiché tribes of Guatemala, when Jépeu, the Creator, began the creation of living animals, after an unsuccessful attempt to make the animals bow to the deities, they were destroyed; wooden men were tried with no better success, and also destroyed. Various other attempts at creation were made, but always unsuccessfully. The *Chronicle* says:

"The destruction of several 'Criadores,' arrogantly mutinying against the sun and moon, though, properly speaking, neither of the two was in existence, is narrated at some length. The destruction planned for these demi-gods is of various kinds. Two of them are enticed into the infernal regions, where they are treated with cigars by the Princes of Hell, (senores del infierno.) At all events, the smoking of tobacco must be a very old invention, if the Central Americans considered it to have been indulged in at the time of the creation of man."

The Quiché, we learn, migrated to Guatemala, and founded their state about the twelfth century; if they came from Mexico, it is likely

this legend came thence. The holy city of Tula, in Mexico, was founded 558 A. D. If this is the farthest point back ascertainable, then we may suppose that at the beginning of the Christian era the custom of smoking tobacco, and using it in the shape of the cigar, was common, and had been perhaps known and used time immemorial. If this be too great an assumption, at the building of Mexico in 1141 A. D., this was true; and it certainly was so in 1200 A. D., when the Quiché founded their empire. In any case, this, even the last date, is the farthest back-period to which this custom can be traced as yet. Mr. Trübren says of the *Chronicle*, that the legends are the work of Indian priests; and are, upon the whole, to be looked upon as genuine. If the mixture of astronomy with the Brahminical religion, and of the compass with that of China, be considered the most undeniable proofs of the very remote period at which the study of astronomy was first begun in India, and of that at which the polarity of the magnetic needle was first discovered in China, the existence of this tobacco-legend in the sacred books of the Central American Indians must impress on us the very remote period at which this "Indian weed" was first gathered and consumed by the American tribes.

HOW TO WRITE AN AGREEABLE STYLE.—Dryden found himself one day after dinner in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, and Lord Dorset. The conversation turned upon the English language, on the harmony of numbers, and the elegances of style, which merits each of the three lords believed himself to possess in the highest degree. After a good deal of disputing, it was determined to refer the matter to Dryden. The proof was to consist in each writing an article on the first subject that presented itself, and the pieces of paper having been placed under the candlestick, Dryden was to draw them out and determine which was the best. The three lords set to work, and while Rochester and Buckingham were exerting their brains to invent some sparkling epigram or happy turn of thought, Dorset was observed to write a few lines carelessly, and without the least hesitation. Dryden having examined the papers, gave his judgment. "Gentlemen," said he to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Rochester, "your style is excellent, and has pleased me extremely, but I am perfectly delighted with that of Lord Dorset. I leave you to judge; listen." Dryden read:

"On the 1st of next May, I will pay to John Dryden, or order, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, value received. 15th April, 1686.

(Signed.) DORSET."

Lord Rochester and the Duke of Buckingham confessed that they could not write like that, and that Lord Dorset's style was the best they had ever heard of.

A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.—Put fifteen grains of finely granulated zinc and six grains of phosphorus, cut into small pieces, under water, in a conical wine glass. Mix in another glass a drachm by measure of sulphuric acid, with

two drachms of water. Then take the two glasses into a dark room, and there pour the diluted acid over the zinc and phosphorus in the other glass. In a short time beautiful jets of bluish flame will dart from the surface of the liquid, the mixture will become quite luminous, and a column of beautiful luminous smoke will rise from the glass. This experiment is a splendid one, and very easily performed.

ENVY.—The boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out, "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger on more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE.—M. De Tocqueville, in his recent great work "On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789," comes to the general conclusions that many modern institutions of France, commonly considered as dating from the Revolution, had a much older existence; that the practical executive machinery of the government of Louis XVI. was very different from the ostensible one; that the burden of the people had been considerably lightened before the meeting of the States General; and that the outbreak of 1789 was preceded, as that of 1639 was in England, by several years of unusual plenty and prosperity—as the smooth flow of the rapid leads to the uproar and crash of the cataract. M. de Tocqueville supports the prevalent and popular ideas as to the real object of the Revolution, and in spite of Voltaire and the economists, asserts that the frenzied attacks that were made upon the Church were in the main directed against the political institution, and not against the doctrines of Christianity. However much, as Americans, we may differ from him on this point, we cannot but coincide with him in the following characteristic passage, which contains a deliberate judgment on the character of the French nation:

"When I consider this nation in itself it strikes me as more extraordinary than any event in its own annals. Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth so full of contrasts and so extreme in all its actions; more awayed by sensations, less by principles; led, therefore, always to do either worse or better than was expected of it, sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it; a people so unalterable in its leading instincts that its likeness may still be recognized in descriptions written two or three thousand years ago, but at the same time so mutable in its daily thoughts and in its tastes as to become a spectacle and an amazement to itself, and to be as much surprised as the rest of the world at the sight of what it has done; a people beyond all others the child of home and the slave of habit, when left to itself, but when once torn against its will from the native hearth and from its daily pursuits, ready to go to the end of the world and to dare all things; indolent by temperament, yet accepting the arbitrary and even the violent rule of a sovereign more readily than the free and regular government of the chief citizen; to-day the declared enemy of all obedience, to-morrow serving with a sort of passion which the nations best adapted for servitude cannot attain; guided by a thread as long as no one resists, ungovernable when the example of resistance has once been given; always deceiving its masters, who fear it either too little or too much; never so free that it is hopeless to enslave it, or so enslaved that it may not break the yoke again; apt for all things, but excelling

only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendor, and noise, more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense, ready to conceive immense designs rather than to consummate great undertakings; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe, and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference!

"Such a nation could alone give birth to a revolution so sudden, so radical, so impetuous in its course, and yet so full of reactions, of contradictory incidents, and of contrary examples. Without the reasons I have related the French would never have made the Revolution; but it must be confessed that all these reasons united would not have sufficed to account for such a revolution anywhere else but in France."

PUNCTUATION.—A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference, in reading, between a comma and a full point, adopted a plan of his own, which, he flattered himself, would make them proficient in the art of punctuation; thus, in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say *tick*, and read on, to a colon or semicolon, *tick, tick*; and when a full point, *tick, tick, tick*. Now, it so happened, the worthy dominie received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school; and, as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister to-morrow, you leave out the *ticks*, though you must think of them as you go along, for the sake of elocution." So far so good. Next day came, and with it the minister, ushered into the school-room by the dominie, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and, in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him instructions how to act. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied; and, in his best accent, he began to read, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, *tick*, Speak unto the children of Israel, *tick*, saying, *tick*, and thus shalt thou say unto them, *tick, tick, tick*." This unfortunate sally, in his own style, acted like a shower-bath on the poor dominie, while the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.

COLOR OF PAPER FOR READING AND WRITING.—Many afflicted with weak eyes suppose that writing on white paper strains the eyes more than paper of a green or blue color. They also suppose that books printed with black ink on a white ground are more difficult to read than if the paper were colored green or a light blue. This notion is a mistaken one. Chevreul, in his great work on color, states that black and white contrasted, as black letter on a white ground, are the most favorable to distinct vision. He says: "Black letters on a white ground present the maximum of contrast of tone, and reading is made in a perfectly distinct manner, without fatigue, by suffused daylight." Gray tinted paper is the most unfavorable to distinct vision for printing on. Next to white paper, on which to print

black characters, light yellow and light green are the best colors for distinct vision; the green paper is better than the yellow for reading by candlelight, but the latter is the best for reading by day.

THOUGHTS ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.—How simple the announcement, such a person was born at such a day and such an hour; and yet how significant and solemn the statement! What comparison between the birth of a sun—a vast mass of mere light, heat, and perishable matter—and the birth of a being who can weigh, measure, love, laugh at, adore, or despise that orb—kiss his hand and worship, or cry, "Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams!" and who is to survive the proud luminary, and to return one day the smile shed by the Day-star on his death-bed and grave, and shall see him snatched from his sphere while holding on his own immortal journey! What a key-note is struck when the tidings are told, "Behold, there is a man-child brought forth"—a key-note which is to ring and reverberate through eternal ages! This thought is very seldom in men's minds, when they hear of or witness a birth. They see only the poor paltry threescore and ten years of mortal life that are to follow, and not the awful roll of cycles of innumerable centuries! Perhaps men never feel less, or are less certain of the immortality of the soul, than when they watch the puny creature as it enters the stage, "wawling" and shrinking from the chill air of an inhospitable world. "That child live forever? that poor shrunken worm become a winged angel?" Besides, the fact of birth is so common, that to many it loses all its charms, and all its poetic interest. While parents, in general, think too much of their offspring, and act and speak as if they were the creators of the spirits as well as the begetters of the bodies of their children; and, to use the quaint language of a friend long since dead, dress up their young sinners, and bring them to be baptized, as if they were newly-arrived angels, many people go to the other extreme, and are apt to pooh the baby, and to wonder what parents see about their brats, and why they should be expected to kiss and fondle them. To me a child has always had a deeper significance; and I have always regarded it with a warmer interest; not, indeed, looking on it as an angel, but as a candidate for a life higher than the angelic, or for one lower than the demoniac—a drop of dew, destined either to be exhaled by the sun of heaven, or to be mixed with that miry stream which flows through this world down to the chambers of death; and have felt this thought invest a cradle with greater grandeur and an interest far more thrilling and profound, than, I candidly repeat it, had I seen a sun struggling up through chaos and fire-mist toward its finished and orb'd magnificence.

ELOQUENCE.—When the moon shines brightly, we are apt to say, "How beautiful is this moonlight!" but in the daytime, "How beautiful are the trees, the fields, the mountains!" and, in short, all objects that are illuminated: we never speak of the sun that makes them so. Just so, the really greatest orator shines like the sun,

making you think much of the things he is speaking of; the second-best shines like the moon, making you think much of him and his eloquence.

### SMALL CHANGE.

FIN FIDGETS.—Follow the Following Felicitous Flight of Fancy:

"A Famous Fish-Factor Found himself Father of Five Fine Flirting Females—Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. The First Four were Flat-Featured, ill-Favored, Forbidding-Faced, Freckled Frumps, Fretful, Flippant, Foolish, and Flaunting. Fenella was a Fine-Featured, Fresh, Fleet-Footed Fairy, Frank, Free, and Full of Fun. The Fisher Failed, and was Forced by Fickle Fortune to Forego his Footman, Forfeit his Forefather's Fine Fields, Find a Forlorn Farmhouse in a Forsaken Forest. The Four Fretful Females, Fond of Figuring at Feasts in Feathers and Fashionable Finery, Fumed at their Fugitive Father. Forsaken by Fullsome, Flattering Fortune-hunters, who Followed them when Fish Flourished, Fenella Fondled her Father, Flavored their Food, Forgot her Flattering Followers, and Frolicked in Frieze without Flounce. The Father, Finding himself Forced to Forage in Foreign parts For a Fortune, Found he could afford a Fairing to his Five Fondlings. The First Four were Fain to Foster their Frivolity with Fine Frills and Fans, Fit to Finish their Father's Finances; Fenella, Fearful of Flooding him, Formed a Fancy For a Full Fresh Flower. Fate Favored the Fish-Factor For a Few days, when he Fell in with a Fog, his Faithful Filley's Footsteps Faltered, and Fogs Failed. He Found himself in Front of a Fortified Fortress. Finding it Forsaken, and Feeling himself Feeble and Forlorn with Fasting, he Fed on the Fish, Flesh, and Fowl he Found, Fricassee'd and Fried, and when Full, Fell Flat on the Floor. Fresh in the Forenoon, he Forthwith Flew to the Fruitful Fields, and not Forgetting Fenella, he Flibbed a Fair Flower: when a Foul, Frightful, Fiendish Figure, Flashed Forth, 'Felocious Fellow, Flinging my Flower, I'll Finish you! Go, say Farewell to your Fine, Felicitous Family, and Face me in a Fortnight!' The Faint-hearted Fisher Fumed and Faltered, and Fast was Far in his Flight. His Five Daughters Flew to Fall at his Feet, and Forwently Felicitate him. Frantically and Fluently he unfolded his Fate. Fenella, Forthwith Fortified by Filial Fondness, Followed her Father's Footsteps, and Flung her Faultless Form at the Foot of the Frightful Figure, who Forgave the Father, and Fell Flat on his Face, For he had Perverted Fallen in a Fiery Fit of love For the Fair Fenella. He Feasted and Fostered her till, Fascinated by his Faithfulness, she Forgot the Ferocity of his Face, Form, and Feature, and Frankly and Fondly Fixed Friday, Fifth of February, For the affair to come off. There were present at the wedding, Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and the Fisher. There were Festivity, Fragrance, Finery, Fireworks, Fricassee'd Frogs, Fritters, Fish, Flesh, Fowl, and Farmety, Frontignac, Flip, and Fare Fit For the Fastidious; Fruit, Fuss, Flambeaux, Four Fat Fiddlers and Fifers; and the Frightful Form of the Fortunate and Frumpish Fiend Fell From him, and he Fell at Fenella's Feet a Fair-Favored, Fine, Frank, Freeman of the Forest. Behold the Fruits of Filial affection."

Thus, also, with the same letter, the inveterate Hood plays off his almost interminable jokes upon the poor dramatist:

"All Fume and Fret, Fuss, Fidget, Fancy, Fever, Funking, Fright, Ferment, Fault-Fearing, Faintness—more F's yet: Flush'd, Frigid, Flurried, Flinching, Fitful, Flat, Add Fannish'd, Fuddled, and Fatigued to that."

A SWIMMING STORY.—The following story about "Bob Crandell's" swimming is pronounced by "Bob" himself to be a fact:

"Bob Crandell visited England last summer. While stopping in the metropolis, he happened to drop into a coffee-house, where a lot of cockneys were speaking about the swimming powers of different individuals.

One gentleman said his friend William could swim five miles in forty minutes. Another allowed that Tibbets could do more than this. Just here, Bob asked if he might 'offer a remark.' 'Yes, certainly,' replied they. On this being decided, Bob opened: 'Your friend Tibbets is some swimmer, gentlemen, but his performance would be considered nothing in America. On the Mississippi men swim with such rapidity that they go ahead and pilot steamboats.' 'Nonsense.' 'No nonsense at all. To show that I am not joking in this matter, I'm willing to make a bet with any person who will take me up.' 'What is it?' 'That I can outswim any man in England, and give him an hour's start.' 'For what sum, sir?' 'Anything—from fifty pounds to a California gold mine.' 'We'll take that bet, sir, and stake a hundred pounds that you can't beat Mr. Mullins, and give him that start.' 'Very good; I will take the bet, gents, and here's twenty sovereigns to bind the bargain.' 'When will the swim come off?' 'Now—this instant.' 'That's preposterous; the day is too far spent.' 'Day? Why, my dear sir, I intend to swim a whole week. In the United States it is considered nothing to swim that length of time.' 'Possible?' 'Yes, sir. Harry Bloomer, of New Orleans, once swam from Charleston to Cuba. But this is wasting time. Let us proceed to business.' 'Where do you wish to start from?' 'Land's End.' 'Why there?' 'I intend to swim around the island, and want lots of sea-room.' The idea of swimming around Great Britain was something that cockneydom never heard of. 'Such a pull would kill a 'orse,' said Mullins, but Bob was used to such things. Mullins persisted, however, in his refusal to undertake anything so absurd; in consequence of which, Mullins's friends had to come out with a forfeit. During the remainder of Bob's stay in England, he was looked upon as 'the Merican prodigy—the man who talked of swimming from Lannun to Nova Scotia.'

**A TEMPTING OFFER.**—An advertisement which appeared in one of the daily papers, a short time since, ran thus:

"Stolen, a watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

**CONFUSION OF METAPHORS.**—A certain minister, after returning thanks in prayer for the "spark of grace" vouchsafed to his congregation, with fervent confusion of metaphor entreated Heaven "to be pleased to water that spark."

**TO A BABELET.**—A lady, many years beyond her "teens," and who, although she is not as particular as most maidens of forty, yet has a decided objection to hear babies cry, having heard an urchin, who was undergoing the *weaning process*, exercise his lungs in the most vigorous manner, addressed to the *qualler* the following sonnet:

"O babelet, why that tearlet,  
A gleaming in thy eyelet,  
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet,  
Should never know a sighlet,  
A smilset on thy liplet  
Should glisten, little lovelet,  
Of joy's cup take a siplet,  
Don't cry, my pretty dovelet."

**SAREY IS BITT.**—The following bug letter was actually written by the mother of a boarding-school miss, to her mistress, on the occasion of her complaints that she was bitten by those insects, of whose habits a writer treated so learnedly a short time since in the pages of *THE NATIONAL*:

"HONORED MADDAM:—As I have a good education myself, I am grieved for to see in what manner witch our Sarey is bitt by the bugges. And it is my witch for she to slepe in the bed she always do, and not for to go to sleep all around the beds in the house, for to fide all the bugges in the country, Honored Maddam:

witch is not rite, as you must no, nether oft she to be witched so to do. And so no more at present from,

"Honored Maddam, your humble servant,

"October 8.

S. GRIBBEL."

**HAMS.**—Here's something savory, which may particularly interest hotel-keepers:

"On one occasion a German, residing in the country, came into Buffalo with hams to sell. Among the rest, he sold a dozen or two to a German hotel-keeper, who afterward, in demonstrating the acuteness of his countrymen over the Yankee, said: 'You may talk pont your Yankees sheeting, but a Dutchman sheeted me much better, as a Yankee never vas. He prings me some hams—day vas canvases nice, so petter as you never see. I buy one, two dozen, all so nice—and if you pelieve—de sheet vas so magnificent that I eat six, seven, eight of dem hams, before I found out dey vas made of wood!'"

**THE TOLEDO COMMERCIAL** has a friend whose acquaintances call him Solomon, partly because Solomon was a very good man, and partly because his name was Solomon. "Yer see," said the gallant Solomon, "I was out in the woods one day, and I stepped on something which rattled! I looked down and saw my foot was on a tremendous big rattle-snake. And," said Mr. Solomon, in a bold voice, "if yer ever seed a scared critter, 'twas that ere rattle-snake."

Here's a neat little thing which we find floating about under the head of "A Tête-à-tête with the Milkmaid:"

"Becky, see the sunset glowing,  
O'er the fields a radiance throwing,  
Golden, pure, and steady;  
O, its beams illumine our spirit,  
(That's our cow-bell—don't you hear it?  
Get the milk pans ready!)

"Yes, dear Sally, look and listen!  
How the dew begins to glisten—  
Hark! the night-bird's sonnet!  
What a balmy breeze is blowing!  
(Head the brindle-cow—she's going—  
Run—I'll hold your bonnet!)

"Becky, does the twilight hour,  
By its bland and soothing power,  
With sweet musings fill you?  
Peace hangs round us like a mantle—  
(Soh! now, Sukey, come, be gentle!  
Stop that kicking, will you?)

"With music earth is overflowing—  
There, the hungry calves are lowing!  
(How those tins do rattle!)  
But I ain would wander, Sally,  
To some green and quiet valley,  
Minus horned cattle.

"Becky! life's a fleeting hour;  
Joy brings grief—e'en cream will sour—  
Yet 'tis vain complaining;  
Mortals now get milk and honey  
Only by hard work and money!  
(Set the pans for straining!)

**CANDID.**—An editor out West exhibited the other day an astonishing instance of absent-mindedness, by copying from an exchange one of his own articles, and heading it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

**A RARE ANIMAL.**—"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyna, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."



**OVERBOARD.**—The editor of a paper in Schenectady, in describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says that when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard.

**PEDANTIC.**—A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his language, came upon a youngster a few days since, sitting upon the bank of a river, angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him:

"Adolescence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to ingulph into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurements?"

"How did you like my sermon?" asked a young licentiate of one of his hearers, who at first declined to give a direct answer to the question. Being urged, however, he replied:

"O! the sermon was very well, what there was of it."

"How, how," asked the preacher rapidly, "wasn't there enough of it?"

"Well—yes," replied the other. "There was enough of it—such as it was."

#### THE DUKE'S NOSE.

"Pray, why does great Wellington's nose  
Resemble Venice? Duncombe cries.  
'Why,' quoth Sam Rogers, 'I suppose  
Because it has a Bridge of size (Sighs).'"

By the way, talking of nasal protuberances, how expressive is the poet's address

#### TO HIS NOSE.

"Knows he that never took a pinch,  
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?  
Knows he the titillating joy  
Which my nose knows?  
O, nose! I am as fond of thee  
As any mountain of its snows!  
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride  
A Roman knows!"

The following is an epitaph on the death of a young lady engaged to be married:

"The wedding-day appointed was,  
And wedding-dress provided;  
But ere the wedding day arrived  
She sickened and she did die."

In a similar strain sings the sighing swain:

"I light my segar, and when the smoke rises  
Up to my eyesee,  
I think of my true love,  
And then I sighs!"

## Recent Publications.

*Religion in America; or, an Account of the Origin, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States, with Notices of the Unecangelical Denominations.* By Robert Baird. This is a new and enlarged edition of a work published originally in Edinburgh in 1843. It was translated, soon after its appearance, into the German, French, Swedish, and Dutch languages. It has been almost entirely rewritten, and now presents a very complete abstract of the statistics, ecclesiastical polity, and distinguishing peculiarities of the various religious denominations in the United States. The information contained in its pages will be, of course, more important in Europe, but as a book of reference it is not without its value in this country.

*The Life of George Washington*, by J. T. Headley, is made up of a series of articles, written for Graham's Magazine, and now collected into a well-printed and copiously-illustrated volume. Mr. Headley's style is florid, occasionally to excess; but the main incidents in the career of Washington, more especially the various battles in which he was engaged, are described with dramatic skill. The author has had access, he tells us, to papers and documents which escaped the notice of previous biographers, and his volume will be quite acceptable to the general reader.

*The Fourth Annual Report of the New-York Young Men's Christian Association* is a document of more than usual interest, and we take pleasure in laying before our readers a brief abstract

of its contents, with a statement of the object and aims of the society, prepared for these pages by an active member of the association. It was organized on the 28th of May, 1852, with a membership of one hundred and seventy-three. In the preamble to the Constitution the founders declare themselves "actuated by a desire to promote evangelical religion among the young men of this city [New-York] and its vicinity, and impressed with the importance of concentrated efforts to aid in accomplishing that object, and desirous of forming an association in which they might together labor for the great end proposed." The object of the organization is "the improvement of the spiritual, mental, and social condition of young men."

There are five kinds of members: Active, Associate, Counseling, Life, and Honorary. Any man under forty years of age, who is a member, in good standing, of an evangelical Church, may become an active member by the payment, in advance, of two dollars annually. Active members only have the right to vote and hold office. Any man of good moral character may become an associate member by paying the same amount as an active member. Members of evangelical Churches in good standing, who by reason of age are excluded from active membership, may be elected counseling members on payment of five dollars annually in advance; or life members, by paying twenty dollars at one time. The present membership of the association is distributed as follows: Honorary, 12; Life, 116; Counseling, 8; Associate, 201; Active, 520. Total, 857.

It is the duty of the members of this asso-

ciation "to seek out young men taking up their residence in New-York and its vicinity, and endeavor to bring them under moral and religious influence by aiding them in the selection of suitable boarding places and employment, by introducing them to the members and privileges of the association, by securing their attendance at some place of worship on the Sabbath, and by every means in their power surrounding them with Christian associates." It is still further their duty "to exert themselves to interest the Churches to which they respectively belong in the object and welfare of the association, and labor to induce all suitable young men of their acquaintance to connect themselves with the association."

In the Board of Directors, six evangelical Churches are equally represented, namely, the Baptist, Congregational, Dutch Reformed, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian. The same is the case with the Standing Committees of the association, which are as follow: On the Sick; on Churches; on Employment; on Boarding-houses. These committees are expected to report at the regular meetings of the association, which are held on the fourth Monday evening of each month, in the chapel of the New-York University.

The association "provides for the delivery of public lectures and sermons upon subjects adapted to the spiritual and mental improvement of young men, and also suitable essays or reviews, to be read at the monthly meetings."

The association at present occupies the north-eastern angle of the University building, known as No. 32 Waverley Place. The rooms are open daily (Sundays excepted) from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. "The library numbers 1,887 volumes; and the reading-room is supplied with periodicals and journals, both religious and secular, from all parts of the Union as well as Great Britain."

From October to June, the association has a Bible-class, under the direction of Professor Howard Crosby, every Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock; and a devotional meeting every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. These meetings are held in the reading-room, and are occasions of great spiritual profit.

It was a happy thought of the Methodist Tract Society to publish a *Social Hymn Book*, which is just issued by Messrs. Carlton & Porter, in handsome style, and at a low price. The compilation was made by the Rev. Stephen Parks, and the volume is thus happily introduced by Dr. J. T. Peck, under whose editorial supervision it has passed through the press:

"Every Church needs a social hymn book. Standard collections of sacred hymns, for public worship, must be adjusted to a stern and elevated literary taste. They contain, of course, excellent devotional hymns, and can never be superseded; but there is a demand universally felt for something additional, which, in simplicity and freeness, shall speak out the religious sentiment of all classes, without responding to a severe and exacting criticism.

"Methodism sings in its heart. The spirit-harmonies of a free and a full salvation would make hymns and tunes if there were none. The outgushing joys of the inner life express themselves in the simple, familiar strains of native melody, and though they do not reject the highest styles of correctness and elegance, they give paramount influence to pathos and spiritual power.

"To meet this demand, and perhaps to take advantage

of it, individuals have published numerous social hymn books for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but they have generally given currency to a light and irreverent style of singing, tending to vitiate the taste, and dissipate rather than inspire true devotion.

"We have therefore deemed a choice selection of social hymns, avoiding the extremes of a severe literary standard, and of undue levity, but giving free utterance to the feelings of a living evangelical piety, a desideratum in our Church; and we believe it well supplied in this beautiful hymn book, compiled by a brother of good taste, and sent out under the auspices of the Tract Society."

"*The Modern Whitefield.*" *The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, his Sermons, with an Introduction and Sketch of his Life.* By E. L. Magoon. We have met with nothing recently so utterly repugnant to good taste as Mr. Magoon's introduction to these sermons. It is a specimen of unmitigated balderdash. Thus he introduces the volume:

"In perusing the present volume of Sermons, the reader will nowhere find their author rising in a chilling fog of lugubrious cant, or sniping out ineane formalism after the following mode: 'Dearly beloved brethren, and my esteemed and respected friends: Permit me to invite your serious and solemn attention to that portion of celestial truth which you will find recorded in the one hundred and seventy-seventh verse of the sixty-ninth chapter of Saint Ichabod's sixteenth epistle to the Simpletons.'"

Of Mr. Spurgeon's earlier days, and his lack of literary advantages, Mr. Magoon says:

"He was no pet of indulgent fortune, familiarized with golden spoons, and fondled in the lap of effeminate ease. Nor was he cautiously secluded in the hot-house of supercilious pedantry, to eat and sleep out a regular course of *hic, hæc, hoc*, with the plus excellence of sines and cosines, under the auspices of some erudite ignoramus, whose potency for turning the world upside down himself, and whose aptness to teach others how such work is done, consists mainly in a diminutive quantity of antique roots in a perfumed head, a pair of green spectacles on a pimply nose, and two lily hands buried near dyspeptic bowels. . . . Such an alumnus, we think, graduates with pretty high honors, and goes forth to his life-battle limited to the efficacy of no puny pocket-pistol of one barrel, loaded and discharged only by routine, and of too small a caliber to either kick or hit hard. Turks inscribe the choicest sentences of the Koran upon their swords, that the most important maxims of their religion may be illustrated in the closest alliance with effective blows. What right have you to boast of your sheepskin diploma, and claim precedence in the ranks of honor on account of college privileges, if your parent or patron, who paid dearly for the same, can say of the result only as Aaron once lamented with vain regret: 'I cast gold into the fire, and there came out this calf?' All honor to the generous founders and accomplished teachers of colleges; but let no one, in or out of them, claim respect any further than, with his own brains and heart, he proves himself to be respectable. How much *can do* stands in your boots? If any, go ahead; but if none, then shut up."

That will do for Mr. Magoon. In the sermons themselves the reader will look in vain for the reasons of this young preacher's wonderful popularity. His discourses are not remarkable for felicitous arrangement, nor for elegance of language, nor for pungent application. He is, indeed, occasionally quaint in his expressions; uses strong language; quotes a great deal of poetry, mostly stanzas from well-known hymns; and now and then tells an old anecdote or relates a startling incident. Here are his divisions of a sermon on the text, "I have written to him the great things of my law, but they were accounted as a strange thing," (Hosea viii, 12):

- I. Who is the author of the Bible? *I have written.*  
 II. The subjects of the Bible? *The great things of God's law.*  
 III. Its common treatment? *A strange thing.*

The words of the text, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," are thus elaborated:

- I. An invitation given. Come.  
 1. Because it is the tomb of your best friend.  
 2. Because angels bid you.  
 3. For it is a pure and healthy place.  
 4. Because it is a quiet spot.

- II. Attention requested.  
 1. It is a costly tomb.  
 2. It is an honored one.  
 3. One wherein no other man had ever lain.

- III. Emotion excited.  
 1. Emotions of deep sorrow.  
 2. Of joy and gladness.  
 3. Of solemn awe.

- IV. Instruction imparted.  
 1. Of Christ's Divinity.  
 2. Of thine own acquittal.  
 3. The doctrine of the resurrection.

As a fair specimen of the preacher's style take the conclusion of his sermon on the Church of Christ:

"Is there not something you can do? It is all very well to talk about what you have done; but what are you doing now? I know what it is with some of you; you shined brightly once, but your candle has not been snuffed lately, and so it does not shine so well. May God take away some of the worldly cares and snuff the candles a little! You know there were snuffers and snuffer-trays provided in the temple for all the candles, but no extinguishers; and if there should be a poor candle here this morning, with a terrible snuff, that has not given a light for a long while, you will have no extinguisher from me, but I hope you will always have a snuffing. I thought the first time when I came to the lamps this morning it would be to snuff them. That has been the intention of my sermon—to snuff you a little—to set you to work for Jesus Christ. O Zion, shake thyself from the dust! O Christian, raise thyself from thy slumbers! Warrior, put on thy armor! Soldier, grasp thy sword! The Captain sounds the alarm of war. O sluggard! why sleepest thou? O heir of heaven, has not Jesus done so much for thee, that thou shouldst live to him? O beloved brethren, purchased with redeeming mercies, girt about with loving-kindness and with tenderness,

'Now for a shout of sacred joy,'

and after that, to the battle! The little seed has grown to this: who knoweth what it shall be? Only let us together strive, without variance. Let us labor for Jesus. Never did men have so fair an opportunity, for the last hundred years. 'There is a time that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Shall you take it at the flood? Over the bar, at the harbor's mouth! O ship of heaven, let thy sails be out; let not thy canvas be furled; and the wind will blow us across the seas of difficulty that lie before us. O! that the latter day might have its dawning even in this despoiled habitation! O my God! from this place cause the first wave to spring, which shall move another, and then another, till the last great wave shall sweep over the sands of time, and dash against the rocks of eternity, echoing as it falls, Hallelulah! Hallelulah! Hallelulah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

We can imagine this to have been far more effective in the delivery than it can be, by any possibility, in the perusal. Indeed, there can be no doubt that much of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity depends upon his elocution—the tones of his voice, his gestures, his juvenile appearance, and his manifest earnestness. Immense multitudes throng to hear him whenever he preaches, and sinners are awakened under every

sermon. He tells us that he has "ascertained upward of twenty cases of conversion as the result of one discourse, to say nothing of those instances of a saving change wrought on his hearers, which will be unknown, until the world to come has made its important and unexpected revelation." We must give a specimen or two of his appeals to sinners. Here is one from a sermon on Christ crucified:

"Know thou this, moreover, O man, that one day, in the halls of Satan, down in hell, I perhaps may see thee among those myriad spirits who revolve forever in a perpetual circle with their hands upon their hearts. If thine hand be transparent, and thy flesh transparent, I shall look through thy hand and flesh, and see thy heart within. And how shall I see it? Set in a case of fire—in a case of fire! And there thou shalt revolve forever with the worm gnawing within thy heart, which ne'er shall die—a case of fire around thy never-dying, ever-tortured heart. Good God! let not those men still reject and despise Christ; but let this be the time when they shall be called."

Here is the conclusion of a discourse entitled "Thoughts on the last battle." The appeal to Gabriel is not original, but was, in the delivery, no doubt startling:

"As the Lord liveth, sinner, thou standest on a single plank over the mouth of hell, and that plank is rotten. Thou hangest over the pit by a solitary rope, and the strands of that rope are breaking. Thou art like that man of old, whom Dionysius placed at the head of the table; before him was a dainty feast, but the man ate not, for directly over his head was a sword suspended by a hair. So art thou, sinner. Let thy cup be full, let thy pleasures be high, let thy soul be elevated, seest thou that sword? The next time thou sittest in the theater, look up and see that sword; the next time thou art in a tavern, look at that sword; when next in thy business thou scornest the rules of God's Gospel, look at that sword. Though thou seest it not, it is there. Even now, ye may hear God saying to Gabriel, 'Gabriel, that man is sitting in his seat in the hall; he is hearing, but it is as though he heard not; unsheathe thy blade; let the glittering sword cut through that hair; let the weapon fall upon him, and divide his soul and body.' *Stop, thou Gabriel, stop!* Save the man a little while. Give him yet an hour, that he may repent. O, let him not die. True, he has been here these ten or a dozen of nights, and he has listened without a tear; but stop, and peradventure he may repent yet. Jesus backs up my entreaty, and he cries, 'Spare him yet another year, till I dig about him and dung him, and though he now cumbers the ground, he may yet bring forth fruit, that he may not be hewn down and cast into the fire.' I thank thee, O God; thou wilt not cut him down to-night; but to-morrow may be his last day. Ye may never see the sun rise, though you have seen it set. Take heed. Hear the word of God's Gospel, and depart with God's blessing. 'Whosoever believeth on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.' 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' 'He is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto him.' Whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out.' Let every one that heareth say, 'Come; whosoever is athirst, let him come and take of the water of life freely.'"

Mr. Spurgeon is a Baptist, and rather hyper-Calvinistic in his doctrinal peculiarities. He proclaims them with all frankness, but is not, we think, always very happy in their elucidation. In one of his sermons he says:

"'Unto us who are called.' I received a note this week asking me to explain that word, *called*; because in one passage it says, 'Many are called, but few are chosen,' while in another it appears that all who are called must be chosen. Now, let me observe that there are two calls. As my old friend, John Bunyan, says, the hen has two calls, the common cluck, which she gives daily and hourly, and the special one, which she means for her little chickens. So there is a general call, a call made to every man; every man hears it. Many are called by it; all who are called this morning in that sense, but very few are chosen. The other is a special call, the children's call. You know how the

bell sounds over the workshop, to call the men to work—that is a general call. A father goes out to the door and calls out, 'John, it is dinner-time'—that is the special call. Many are called with the general call, but they are not chosen; the special call is for the children only, and that is what is meant in the text, 'Unto us who are called, both Jews and Greeks, the power of God and the wisdom of God.' That call is always a special one. While I stand here and call men, nobody comes; while I preach to sinners universally, no good is done; it is like the sheet lightning you sometimes see on the summer's evening, beautiful, grand; but whoever heard of anything being struck by it? But the special call is the forked flash from heaven; it strikes somewhere; it is the arrow sent in between the joints of the harness."

Mr. Spurgeon has some squeamishness, however, about the doctrine of reprobation. He prefers a softer phrase, "preterition"—"God's wondrous preterition." Herein he reminds us of the poet's nice distinction:

"He did not do the deed,  
Some have more mildly raved;  
He did not damn them, but decreed  
They never should be saved."

But listen to Spurgeon:

"It is said, 'Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him.' You know what is sometimes meant by 'the world'—those whom God in his wondrous sovereignty passed over when he chose his people: the preterite ones; those passed over in God's wondrous preterition—not the reprobates who were condemned to damnation by some awful decree; but those passed over by God, when he chose out his elect. These cannot receive the Spirit."

The "modern Whitefield" is very severe upon the Arminians. He classes them with Puseyites and papists. Sometimes he ridicules them, but his satirical touches are harmless, pardonable when we remember his youth and inexperience. In a sermon on the Personality of the Holy Ghost he gives utterance to a wish that, if sincere, we suppose might have been gratified. Perhaps it is only a rhetorical flourish:

"But before closing this point, there is one little word that pleases me very much, that is 'forever.' You knew I should not miss that; you were certain I could not let it go without observation. 'Abide with you forever.' I wish I could get an Arminian here to finish my sermon. I fancy I see him taking that word 'forever.' He would say, 'for—forever;' he would have to stammer and stutter; for he could never get it out all at once. He might stand and pull it about, and at last he would have to say, 'The translation is wrong.' And then I suppose the poor man would have to prove that the original was wrong too. Ah! but blessed be God, we can read it—'He shall abide with you forever.' Once give me the Holy Ghost, and I shall never lose him till 'forever' has run out; till eternity has spun its everlasting rounds."

*The Martyr of Sumatra* is the title of a well-written memoir of Henry Lyman, a young man who was sent out as a missionary by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and who was put to death by the Battahs in Sumatra. He was a devoted soldier of the cross, and gave promise of doing great things for Christ far off among the Gentiles. The great Head of the Church, however, had higher work for him, and permitted him to be hurried home by the hand of violence on the 28th of June, 1834. He was but twenty-four years of age. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." (Carter & Brothers, 12mo., pp. 437.)

*Notes on the Gospels, Critical and Explanatory, incorporating with the Notes, on a new plan, the most approved Harmony of the four Gospels*, by Melancthon W. Jacobus, professor of Biblical

Literature in the Western Theological Seminary at Alleghany City, Pa. Of these notes we have seen those only on the Gospel of Saint John, which are printed in a neat duodecimo volume of three hundred and fifty pages. They are full, plain, and practical. The author, having availed himself of the labors of his predecessors, and drawn upon his own resources, more especially his personal observations in the Holy Land, has succeeded in preparing a volume worthy of his own reputation as an eminent Biblical scholar, and well-deserving a place in every family library. (Carter & Brothers.)

T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, is publishing in beautiful style the fictitious writings of Charles Dickens. We have *The Pickwick Papers*, with forty-eight illustrations, in two well-printed volumes; and, in the same style, *Nicholas Nickleby*, also in two volumes, and embellished with thirty-nine illustrations on steel, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. This is beyond comparison the best American edition of these well-known fictions, and it is the intention of the publisher to print the other works of the author in the same style.

*Africa's Mountain Valley; or, the Church in Regent's Town, West Africa*. By the author of "Ministering Children." (Robert Carter & Brothers.) Augustine Johnson was born in Germany, but emigrated to England when a young man, where he married and earned a scanty living as a day laborer. He was converted through the instrumentality of a Moravian minister, and sent as an assistant missionary to Sierra Leone. In this neat little volume we have an account of his labors, his sacrifices, and his success in the Lord's vineyard. 'Tis a pleasing tribute to his memory, well written, and full of hopefulness for the benighted land in which Johnson was permitted to toil but for the short period of seven years. We commend it to all friends of the missionary enterprise, and especially to those who pray for Africa's regeneration.

One of the best books of the season for the young of both sexes is, *Tales of Sweden and the Norsemen*, from the press of Carter & Brothers. The stories are eleven in number, well told, patriotic, and full of interest. The volume is embellished with several engravings.

The same publishers have reprinted from the English edition Walter Binning, *the Adopted Son; or, Illustrations of the Lord's Prayer*, a little volume well calculated to impress moral truths upon the reader, and to inculcate the duties of Christianity.

Of new books for Sunday Schools we have also from the press of Carlton & Porter, *The Inquisition in Spain and other Countries*, a well-written historical narrative; *The Little Water-Cress Sellers*, an English story; and *The Sunday Shop*, a tale designed to illustrate the duty of keeping holy the Sabbath day.

Our acknowledgments are also due to the Baptist Publication Society for an interesting original tale entitled *Jennie White; or, the Lovely Fruits of Early Piety*. It is worthy of a place in every Sunday-school library.

## Literary Record.

THE first and tenth volumes of the "Life and Works of John Adams," edited by Charles Francis Adams, have just been issued. They complete the series. Of the writings of our revolutionary worthies, none have been presented to the public with as much ability, care, and good faith, as those of John Adams. John Quincy Adams began to prepare them for the press, and wrote the earlier part of his father's biography; but the main portion of the labor devolved on Charles Francis Adams, who has devoted to it several years, and has set an example of thorough research and sound judgment which cannot be too highly commended. We understand that, in consequence of the unexpectedly large amount of material, of a public nature, which Mr. Adams has deemed it necessary to include in these ten volumes, much of the more private and familiar correspondence of his illustrious grandfather, addressed to his family and most intimate friends, is reserved for two or three additional volumes, to be issued in the same style, as soon as they can conveniently be prepared. These will be remarkably interesting as exhibitions of character and manners.

The long announced concluding volumes of the "Life of Alexander Hamilton," by John C. Hamilton, which, it is understood, have been delayed that the author might have access to the writings of his father's great rival in the federal party, will be published immediately.

We have now in print the works of Washington, in twelve volumes; of Hamilton, (exclusive of "The Federalist," in seven; of Jefferson, (very incomplete,) in nine; of Adams, in ten; and of Franklin, in ten. Those of three of their contemporaries—Samuel Adams, John Jay, and James Madison—are also demanded. The papers of Adams are mostly in the possession of Mr. Bancroft, who contemplates, we believe, their publication. Of Jay's, we apprehend that the public will get no more at present than are included in the excellent memoir by Judge Jay, of Bedford. Congress, at an enormous expense, published three volumes of "The Madison Papers," which are now entirely out of print; and Mr. McGuire, of Washington, has had printed, for private circulation, a handsome quarto volume of the correspondence of the Sage of Montpelier.

The fourth volume of Irving's "Life of Washington" is nearly finished. The work was at first announced to be completed in three volumes, but no one who has read the portion of it already published, will regret that it is to be extended to five. It must be admitted that Mr. Irving has thus far executed this crowning labor of his life in a most admirable manner.

It is more than twenty years since Mr. Tucker, for many years a professor in the University of Virginia, published the "Life of Thomas Jefferson," of whom he was a disciple and a very intimate personal friend. Mr. Tucker has completed his long contemplated "History of the United States," to appear in four octavo volumes. The first is printed and in the book-

stores, and the distinguished historian is now busily occupied in Philadelphia with the proofs of the other three, which will follow as fast as he can superintend the press.

The "Private Correspondence" of *Daniel Webster*, in two octavo volumes, uniform with Mr. Everett's edition of his works, will appear next month.

A Revolutionary biography is in preparation, which will attract more than a common degree of attention. It is a "Life of Baron Steuben," by Mr. Frederic Kapp, one of the most accomplished German citizens of New-York, who has investigated with great care the subject of our indebtedness to Germany during the war for independence, as well as the history of the Hessian contributions to the British army during the same period.

Prince Alexander Labanoff, of St. Petersburg, is such an intense admirer of the unfortunate *Mary Stuart*, that he has passed great part of his life in studying her history, and in collecting materials connected with it. About twelve years ago he published seven volumes of her letters, and recently he has brought out a Notice, in two hundred and twenty-six pages, of the numerous portraits of her which he possesses, and which he has got together after infinite pains and expense. These portraits are one hundred and thirty-six in number, namely, twelve paintings and one hundred and forty-four lithographs or engravings. He also possesses twenty-nine engravings of events in which the queen figured, and a great many portraits of cotemporary statesmen and sovereigns.

Colonel Benton, since the Missouri election, has been busily engaged upon his "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856," to be completed in fifteen volumes, octavo, double columns. It will embrace all that is essential of what is now to be found only in a hundred volumes, some of which are very rare as well as expensive and cumbersome.

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Mr. Jefferson have just been brought out by Mr. J. W. Randolph, of Richmond, in the "Early History of the University of Virginia," a volume of nearly seven hundred pages, containing the correspondence of Mr. Jefferson with Mr. Joseph C. Cabell, Mr. Jefferson's Bill for a Complete System of Education, &c.

The literary world will be delighted to know that we are at length to have a good translation of Plutarch. Mr. A. H. Clough, one of the best Grecians of our day, and a capital English writer, has been engaged upon the work many years, and it will be issued in Boston this fall, in four large volumes.

A curious advertisement lately appeared in the Paris papers. It offered for sale, by private contract, "the historical manuscripts, autograph and unpublished, of the late *King Louis Philippe I.*, forming three volumes in folio, with arms and escutcheons," and declared that "all explanations and guarantees would be given to



the purchaser as to the legal and legitimate possession of these manuscripts, as well as to the authenticity of them." It added, that they did not form part of those which were stolen from the palace of the Tuileries, when it was invaded by the mob in the revolution of February, 1848.

Mrs. Farnham, author of "Life in Prairie Land," has written a new work, under the title of "Life in California, as Noticed and Noted by a Lady," which is now going through the press in this city.

The Hon. Mr. Clemens, of Alabama, has in press "Bernard Lile, a Historical Romance, embracing the Periods of the Texan Revolution and the Mexican War."

The "Public and Private Correspondence of Charles, first Marquis of Cornwallis," is announced in London, and will, without doubt, be reprinted here. His lordship's distinction in history was mainly acquired in this country during our Revolutionary war, though he was afterward Governor General of India, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Ambassador Extraordinary to France, &c. His correspondence while he commanded in the Carolinas, and down to his surrender at Yorktown, will be very interesting to American readers.

The "Songs of Summer," from the pen of our contributor, R. H. Stoddard, some of which appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, have just been issued in a neat volume.

There will be few illustrated works especially designed for the holidays, but there is one announced of unusual magnificence, "The Court of Napoleon, or Society under the First Empire, with Portraits of its Beauties, Wits, and Heroines," by Frank R. Goodrich. This will be in quarto, in the style of "The Republican Court," and it is stated that the first edition will cost over \$30,000.

A new edition of "The Republican Court," revised and enlarged, with several additional portraits, engraved in the most admirable manner, will be published during the present month.

Mr. W. S. Chase, of Paris, is now engaged preparing an article on American Literature, for "L'Encyclopedie du XIX. Siecle," and calls on American publishers to send him such works as they would wish to have noticed.

A treaty for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property, between France and the city of Hamburg, has recently been promulgated by the French government.

Colonel H. Yorkum, a graduate of West Point, and formerly of the army, but now a member of the Texas bar, has written a "History of Texas, from its First Settlement to the Annexation," which is on the eve of publication in two large octavo volumes.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has received from the government of Austria a unique work, called *Phytotypia Plantarum Austriacarum*; or, "The Natural Self-printing Process, in its application to the vascular plants of the Austrian Empire, with especial regard to the nervations and the surface organs of the plants, by Constantine Von Ettinghansen and

Alois Pokhorney." It is in five volumes, and contains five hundred folio and thirty quarto engravings of the plants of the Austrian Empire, all of them perfect *fac-similes* of the originals, and executed in the best style of modern art. The plan by which the beautiful and exact copies of these plants, with their leaves, flowers, and roots, is thus effected, is simply this: the plant is placed upon a sheet of pure lead, which is very soft, and on it is laid a copper sheet of similar size; both sheets are then pressed powerfully together, so as to impress the print of the plant on the lead. The electrotyping process is then applied, and the plate is printed.

The London *Athenaeum* has recently had sent to it a number of American novels to notice, among which were "Zoe; or, the Quadroon's Triumph;" "The Good Time Coming;" "The Old Homestead;" and "Wolfsden." On all it is very severe, but more especially on the first; over which "triumph," the editor says, he has "groaned in spirit;" and concludes by adding, that "if American authors, of a certain class, would only study 'plainness of speech,' it would improve their books, and be a great blessing to their readers."

The fourth part of the Dutch translation of Macaulay's "History of England" has just appeared at the Hague.

Mr. Everett is preparing a third volume of his learned and brilliant "Orations and Speeches." The two volumes issued in 1850 contain each about seven hundred large octavo pages, and the new one will probably be of the same size. It will doubtless contain his historical discourse pronounced last year at Dorchester; his eulogium upon Washington, and his recent noble performance at Albany, on the history, condition, and prospects of astronomical science.

*William Tell*.—Some new materials for the history of William Tell and his times, have just been discovered in Zurich. They were found in "the Oldest White Book," (*das älteste weisse Buch*), written in the fifteenth century, which contains, besides copies of the oldest federal letters, a short chronicle of the earliest history of "the Three Cantons," and the story of William Tell of an earlier date than that of Melchior Russ. This is most probably the source of Gilg Tschudy's version, which he made use of and embellished.

*Bad Poetry*.—Out of one hundred and fifty-six poems in the French language, forwarded for competition for two prizes given by Monsieur de Decker of Brussels, the jury could not find one worthy of either first or second class reward: it was, however, insisted that their business was not to find out the really good, but the comparatively good, or rather the least bad. A Monsieur Hymans proved the successful competitor.

The Rev. W. R. Gordon, D.D., a writer of very decided abilities, has in press "A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism." This gentleman is absurd enough to treat this nonsense as a species of diabolism. It is no longer, we think, denied by any one that certain very curious physical phenomena, such as table-moving, &c., are of every day occurrence; but to suppose that

such things are done through a supernatural agency, is ridiculously absurd. Indeed, it is generally admitted that "Spiritualism" is the creed of tricksters and fools. The undoubted facts of rapping, tipping, &c., separated from all the juggleries in this line practiced by mountebanks, are deserving of serious consideration; and it may well be doubted whether the recent convention of men of science at Albany did not err in declining to appoint a committee to report on the subject at a future meeting.

Herder's literary remains are about to be given to the public; they consist of unpublished letters of Herder, and his correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Lessing, Jean Paul, Claudius, Lavater, Jacobi, Mendelssohn, and several other distinguished men.

Mr. David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, has nearly completed the printing of "The Forum," two large octavos of gossip and criticism of the Pennsylvania bench and bar, from the earliest

period. There is an abundance of rich material for such a work in New-York.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind Methodist clergyman, who was recently chaplain to the House of Representatives, and is known as one of our most brilliant lecturers, has in press "The Rifle, the Ax, and the Saddle-Bags," a medley of American character and manners.

Dr. Doran, whose "Knights and Their Days," "Habits and Men," &c., have been widely popular, has sent to his American publisher the advance sheets of a new work entitled "Monarchs Retired from Business."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, canon of Canterbury, and author of a well-known life of Dr. Arnold, has written two octavos, on "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History," which English critics with one accord pronounce the most masterly work yet produced on the lands of the Bible. It will be republished in this city this month.

## Arts and Sciences.

*Monuments in America.*—Monuments to our great men are in process of erection all over the country—from Bunker Hill to the battle-ground of New-Orleans. About three years since a grand celebration of the departure of the May Flower from Delft Haven, on the 1st of August, 1620, was holden at Plymouth, and the steps initiatory to the erection of a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers were taken at that time. We now learn that the trustees of the fund raised for this purpose have accepted a design by Mr. Harnnatt Billings, a Boston architect. The design is thus described:

"The design for the national monument to the forefathers, to be erected at Plymouth, consists of an octagon pedestal, on which stands a statue of Faith. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Below them, in panels, are also reliefs of 'the Departure from Delft Haven,' 'the Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower,' 'the Landing at Plymouth,' and 'the First Treaty with the Indians.' Upon the four larger faces of the main pedestal are large panels, to contain records of the principal events in the history of the Pilgrims, with the names of those who came over in the Mayflower, and below are smaller panels for records connected with the society and the building of the monument. Within the pedestal is a chamber with a stairway leading to the platform, upon which stands the figure of Faith, from which may be seen all the places of interest connected with the history of the forefathers. The whole monument will be about one hundred and fifty feet high and eighty feet at the base. The statue of Faith will be seventy feet high, and the sitting figures thirty-eight feet high, thus making it in magnitude the greatest work of the kind in the world, while as a work of art it will be a subject of pride to every American citizen."

Recent French newspapers give an account of the finding of some Roman remains in excavating for a railway station at Narbonne. The most remarkable of them are a statue in white marble of Silenus, and six inscriptions, three of them in Hebrew, three funeral ones in Latin.

One of the latter is of a man named Dometius, who is recorded to have died under the Consulate of Basileus Mavortius, who flourished in the first half of the sixth century, and who is remarkable from having possessed the copy of Horace from which the most ancient manuscript of the poet's works now existing was copied.

The State of Virginia has ordered from Crawford a statue of Washington, which is finished, and which will be brought to Norfolk by one of our national ships. The grounds in front of the President's house are ornamented with an equestrian statue of Jackson, and the battle-field of New Orleans has been similarly decorated. King's Mountain, the Thermopylæ of the Revolution, has its monument—the captors of Major André have a suitable memorial on the heights of Tarrytown—a pillar commemorates the gallant deeds of the Minute Men on the plains of Lexington—a monument marks the spot in Concord where the first British soldier fell in the Revolution, and the city of New-York has appropriated twenty-three thousand dollars for a monument to one of her bravest sons, Major General Worth. These and many more are recent works, and give bright promise for the future.

Highly interesting archaeological discoveries have been made lately in Jerusalem. An immense quantity of earth has been wheeled away from the "Via Dolorosa," and excavations made to a considerable depth below the natural level. In the course of these operations the workmen came to several chambers formed of solid square blocks of stone, and ornamented with Mosaic floors. A grotto has been exposed, hewn out of the living rock, with five columns supporting the roof. It is supposed, from traces found in it, to have served as a place of worship to the

earliest Christians, though probably the grotto itself was of a considerably anterior date. A beautiful Corinthian capital of a column, and large fragments of Verde antique marble have already been brought to light, and the laborers (one hundred in number, and principally Arabs) come almost daily on fresh treasures.

Professor Rietschel has finished his colossal group of Göthe and Schiller, and is exhibiting it in his studio at Dresden. It will be transported shortly to the foundry in Munich, where it is to be cast in bronze, and finally erected in Weimer.

It is proposed to erect in Chamounix a monument to the memory of De Saussure, and the other scientific pioneers in the ascent of Mont Blanc. Subscriptions are, we understand, already promised from America, France, England, Switzerland, and Italy.

There is every prospect of the further exploration of Northeastern Africa being vigorously carried out. Lieutenant Burton and his companions are about to start soon on their renewed Berbereh expedition; and the pasha has ordered preparations to be made for an ascent of the Nile, under the conduct of M. le Comte d'Escayrac de Lauture, author of a work on Soudan, and of other African books. This expedition is intended to leave Cairo this month.

*Herr Fodor*, a chemist, has just discovered a new composition, to supersede the rosin usually used by violin players. It is applied by means of a camel hair brush, remains good during one hundred hours' playing, and has no evil effect upon either the strings of the instrument or the hairs of the bow, and, it is asserted, gives a clearness to the tone.

*Madame Ida Pfeiffer*, the celebrated traveler, who is at present in Paris, has been admitted a Member of the Geographical Society of France. She has caused an announcement to be made to the Society that she intends going to Madagascar, with the intention of exploring the interior of that island, which is almost perfectly unknown to Europeans.

The uncovering of the monument of *Cesare Balbo* took place last month at Turin. The historian is represented sitting, at the moment when he interrupts his reading, in order to meditate. The open book, with his flat hand upon it, rests on his knee; the right hand, dangling down over the back of the chair, holds the folded spectacles; the thoughtful yet kind face is bent forward a little. The likeness is said to be great, and the work in all its parts admirable. On the pedestal there is nothing but the following simple inscription: "To the memory of Cesare Balbo, born in Turin 1789, died in Turin 1853—his fellow citizens."

Baron Klodt, the St. Petersburg sculptor, has begun the preliminary works for the erection of his statue of the late *Emperor Nicholas*. It is to stand on the *place* of the Blue Bridge, between St. Isaac's Church and the Palace of the Grand Duchess Marie. It will be an equestrian statue, raised on a pedestal; the four sides of which are to represent, in bassi-relievi, the most memorable events in the life of the Czar.

An archeological discovery of some interest has recently been made at Verdes, department of the Loire et Cher, in France. It consists of a mosaic, bricks, pieces of glass, &c., which are evidently the remains of one of the numerous villas which the Roman authorities built for themselves in France when it was under Roman domination. The mosaic and bricks are scorched or burned, so that it is assumed the villa was destroyed by fire. The bones of a number of men and animals were found buried close to the ruins.

From Italy we learn that an original sketch of a Holy Family, painted by Raphael for Francis the First of France, has just been discovered in Florence. The possessor of this treasure is an Italian refugee.

An Exhibition of Ornamental Art is being prepared for 1858, in London. It will contain those "works of Ornamental Art produced since the establishment of the Schools of Art as articles of commerce, which either in their original design, or in their entire or partial execution, have been carried out by those who have derived instruction from the Schools of Art." The articles are to consist of carvings in all materials, furniture, decorations, metal working of all kinds, jewelry and goldsmith's work, pottery, glass, and decorative woven fabrics.

According to a Milan newspaper, the Rev. Father Secchi, Director of the Observatory of Rome, has succeeded in taking photographs of the moon, and among them one in which the mouth of the volcano Copernicus is distinctly represented.

During some recent repairs of South Burlingham Church, Norfolk, England, a curious mural painting was laid bare by the scraping of the walls. The subject is Becket's murder, a very popular one in ancient ecclesiastical edifices in England. The painting is a fresco, and of much better execution than ordinary. From the costume in which the figures are represented, it appears to have been executed in the reign of Richard II., the characters, as was the practice with our ancestors, and, indeed, throughout Europe in the middle ages, being drawn in the costume of the day. Becket is depicted kneeling before an altar, on which stands a chalice. A cross-bearer, probably the faithful attendant, Edward Gryme, holds a processional cross in one hand, while the other is held up in horror at the sacrilegious outrage. Becket, in full attire for the mass, is assailed by his murderers, who are all attacking him at once. One stabs the prelate with his sword, another is inflicting a gash with the edge of his weapon. He is armed also with a shield, charged with a bend engrailed between two crescents, all within a bordure engrailed. A third figure strikes the victim with an ax, his left hand grasping a dagger. This personage, by the bear on his shield, is clearly Fitz-Urse. A fourth figure is drawing his sword, a circular buckler hanging by his side. Two of the knights have vizors, and their banberks of mail show beneath their tightly-fitting japons. Their feet have long pointed steel sollerets, and their hands are defended by gauntlets. The swords are suspended from richly ornamented baldrics.